



*Charles de Saint Denis
Seigneur de Saint Evremond.*

N. Parnementier pinxit 1701.

G. Vertue sculp.



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T H E
W O R K S
O F M O N S I E U R
DE ST. EVREMOND,

Made English from the French Original.

W I T H
The A U T H O R ' s L I F E ,
B Y
M r . D E S M A I Z E A U X .

To which are added,
The M E M O I R S of the Dutcheſs of
M A Z A R I N , written in her Name
by the Abbot St. Real, &c.

I n T H R E E V O L U M E S .

V O L . I .

L O N D O N ,

Printed for J. Churchill in Pater-noster-Row, J. Darby
in Bartholomew-Cloſe, J. Round in Exchange-Alley
E. Curll and R. Gosling againſt St. Dunſtan's Church
in Fleetſtreet, and T. Baker in Ludgate ſtreet.
M. DCC. XIV. (Price 15 s.)

THE
WORKS

OF
DE SARRACIN

Master of the Temple of the Order

WITH
The AUTHOR'S LIFE

BY

MR. DES MARCHAIS

THE MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR

AND THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE

BY THE AUTHOR'S SON

VOLUME I

AND

THE HISTORY OF THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLE

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Ludgate-ſtreet. M. DCC. XIV.

WORKS

OF MONSIEUR

DE ST. ENREMOND.

Made English from the French Original.

WITH

The Author's LIFE

BY

MR. DES MARTEAUX.

To which are added,

The MEMOIRS of the Duchess of

MARIN, written in her Name

by the Abbess of Reval, &c.

In Two Volumes

VOL. I.

LONDON.

Printed for A. and J. Churchill in Pall-mall, near
St. James's Church, in the Strand, by J. Dodsley in
Burlington-Close, J. Edwards in Es-
sex-Street, A. Coates and A. Gifford against St.
James's Church in Westminster, and T. Egerton
in Lincoln's-Inn, M.D.C.XIV.



To
The Right Honourable
CHARLES
Lord **HALIFAX.**

MY LORD,



HE Veneration I have always
had for the Memory of Great
Men, and my Desire to make
known to this illustrious Na-
tion such foreign Authors as have distin-
guish'd

guish'd themselves in polite Literature;
hath serv'd me instead of Merit with
YOUR LORDSHIP, and at the same
time render'd me the Object of your
Favour and Protection.

This, MY LORD, makes me hope,
that you will not disapprove the liberty
I take, to offer you this Translation of
the *Works* of Monsieur De St. Evremond,
in order to testify my profound Ac-
knowledgment to YOUR LORD-
SHIP.

Monsieur De St. Evremond's Merit was
perfectly known to you, and you have
more than once given him Marks of
your Esteem: Can you, MY LORD,
refuse his Works that kind and gracious
Reception which you were wont to
give his Person?

Tho you are not unacquainted with
the Niceties of the *French* Language,
yet I flatter my self, MY LORD, that
you will see with pleasure a Transla-
tion,

The Dedication.

tion, which may be of some use to the
English Nation.

'Tis the Love you have for your
Country that makes you protect Men
of Letters, and excite them, by your
Generosity, to apply themselves to
Works, which tend to form the Mind,
and to render the Taste more nice and
delicate.

The Writings of Monsieur *De St.
Evremond* are capable of producing that
Effect; since they are no less remarka-
ble for Delicacy of Thought, than for
Exactness of Sentiments: But yet to
make them useful to this Nation, it
was necessary they should be translated
from a foreign Language, and put in a
condition of being read by every *Eng-
lishman*.

Besides, MY LORD, to publish in
English the Works of Monsieur *De St.
Evremond*, is, if I may so say, no more

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than

than restoring to *England* a Good that of right belong'd to it before. 'Twas in this happy Country that he wrote the greatest part of them, during an Abode of above forty years; and *England* seems to have gain'd thereby the Right of looking upon his Productions as those of one of its own Authors. They only wanted to appear in the Language of the Country to which they owe their Birth, and perhaps even their greatest Beauties; since they contain such bold and lively Strokes, as are peculiar only to the Writers of a free Nation.

And indeed, Liberty inspires a noble and elevated Confidence, which naturally enlarges the Mind, and gives it an Emulation that inclines it to trace out new Roads towards attaining the Sciences; whereas a servile Dependence terrifies the Soul, and fills the Mind with a timorous Circumspection, that renders it mean and groveling, and even debars the use of its most refin'd

The Dedication.

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fin'd natural Talents. You know, MY LORD, that *Greece* and *Italy* never had illustrious Writers, but whilst they preserv'd their Liberty; the Loss of that was follow'd by the Decay of Wit, and the Ruin of polite Learning. *Greece*, formerly the Seat of the Muses, is now involv'd in a frightful Barbarity, under the Slavery of the *Ottoman* Empire; and *Italy*, which, under the influence of a *Roman* Senate, was so fruitful in great and learned Men, now subject to the Tribunal of the Inquisition, produces no considerable Works of Erudition or Politeness.

Even in *France*, the number of the Learned hath decreas'd, in proportion as the People lost their Liberty. The Reign of *Francis I.* the Father and Restorer of Letters, produc'd a great number of such; and under *Henry IV.* we find a *Scaliger*, a *Casaubon*, a *Tbuanus*, a *Montaigne*, a *Pasquier*, and a *Malherbe*. Those great Genius's were follow'd, under the Reign of *Lewis XIII.* by se-

veral illustrious Persons, who may be look'd upon as their Disciples; *Salmafius*, *Blondel*, *Bochart*, *Sirmond*, *Petavius*, all Men of immense Learning; those great Philosophers, *Gassendus* and *Des Cartes*; those excellent Wits, *Balzac*, *Voiture*, *Sarrafin*, *Corneille*, &c. But the almost absolute Power which *Richieu* afterwards exercis'd, cast a damp and distrust upon Mens Minds, and stop'd the Progress of Letters. They made indeed an Effort to recover under the Ministry of Cardinal *Mazarin*, during which People enjoy'd a greater Liberty; and 'tis to this Disposition of the time that we owe *Pascal*, *Moliere*, *Racine*, *Despreaux*, and *La Fontaine*. And if since then there have been any great Genius's (as doubtless there have been and are) they were so constrain'd, as either to have said nothing at all, or to have spoken what they thought, by halves. Thus *La Bruyere* complains, That the French are cramp'd in Satyr; *Regis*, the famous Philosopher,

losopher, could not, in ten years time,
 obtain a Licence for publishing his
 Course of Philosophy, and had it at
 last only on this condition, to retrench
 whatever displeas'd his Censors; and
 Monsieur De Fontenelle, Nephew and
 Disciple to the great Corneille, hath been
 oblig'd to depart from the Freedom which
 he us'd in the first Works he publish'd.
 And were we to judg of the State of
 Literature in *France* by the Writings of
 its present Authors, we might say, That
 an ill Taste hath got the Ascendant;
 that they distinguish themselves neither
 with respect to Learning nor Wit; and
 that they corrupt even their Language
 by unnatural and irregular Turns, and
 by affecting a short sententious Stile.
 And I make no question, MY LORD,
 but you are of Opinion, that this, as
 I was saying, is rather to be attri-
 buted to the Nature of the Govern-
 ment, than to the Genius of the Na-
 tion.

I think my self very happy
 in publishing this Translation
 in *England*,

England, more fortunate, continues to produce excellent Books of all kinds. It abounds in Men of Wit and Learning, who equal, if not surpass, the great Personages who have preceded them: And as it enjoys this Advantage above all the Nations of the Earth, so this it self may serve for a Demonstration, that it alone of all Nations is truly free. But that, MY LORD, which crowns its Happiness, is it not to be under the Government of a QUEEN, who hath nothing so much at heart, as to maintain the Liberties of her Subjects, and to bless them with Peace and Plenty? The Muses therefore, who were ever Friends to Ease and Tranquillity, will doubtless make their most vigorous Efforts to produce a rich Harvest of such Works, as may worthily answer so August a Protection.

I think my self very happy, MY LORD, in publishing this Translation
of

The Dedication.

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of the Works of Monsieur De St. Evremond, under such favourable Auspices. 'Tis true, several Pieces of that celebrated Author have been already done into *English*: but besides that that Translation was made from *French Impressions*, which Monsieur De St. Evremond disown'd, because of the infinite number of Faults that were in them; the Translation it self was so defective, that it became needful entirely to new-mould the greatest part of it, and carefully to rectify the rest by the *Genuine Works* of Monsieur De St. Evremond, publish'd from his own Manuscripts.

The Honour that Monsieur De St. Evremond did me, in pitching upon me to publish his Works in his Life-time, and the share I had in their Publication after his Death, engag'd me to suppress those unfaithful Translations, which would have dishonour'd his Memory; and to take care, that nothing of his should come abroad, which

which did not faithfully represent his Thoughts.

Besides this, you will find here, MY LORD, a great many of Monsieur De St. Evremond's Pieces, which never appear'd in *English*: But some others I did not think proper to insert, because they relate to certain Facts that would not affect an *English* Reader; or because they are not important enough to deserve translating.

I have prefix'd to the first Volume the *Life* of Monsieur De St. Evremond, with new Improvements; and at the end of the last Volume, I have added the *Memoirs* of the Dutchess of Mazarin, and a Collection of some Works attributed to Monsieur De St. Evremond; for which he had a great Value, tho he had no hand in them.

I shall have cause, MY LORD, to congratulate my self, if you are not displeas'd

The Dedication.

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displeas'd with the Pains I have taken, to make all these Works appear in the best Condition I was able.

How fair a Field soever those excellent Qualities, which distinguish YOUR LORDSHIP in such an extraordinary manner, might furnish me with, in this place; yet I shall not, MY LORD, undertake to enter upon Particulars, as not being either presumptuous enough to believe my self capable of giving them the Praises they deserve; nor weak enough to imagine I might add to their Worth by any thing I could say.

And I am not even without Apprehension, MY LORD, lest I may have already given too great a loose to my Vanity of acquainting the World, that you honour me with your Favour; and to the Hopes I have, that you will not disapprove the Liberty I take to assure you, on this occasion, that I am, with
the

the deepest Sense of Respect and Gra-
titude,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most Humble and

Most Obedient Servant,

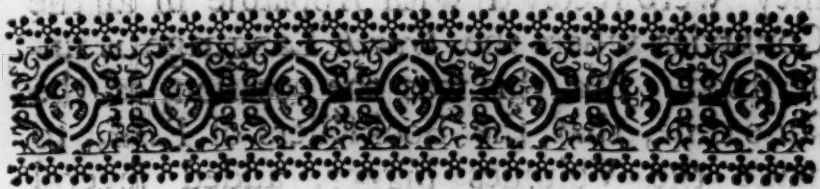
P. Des Maizeaux.



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HO a great many of Monsieur De St. Evremond's Pieces were publish'd during his Life, yet 'tis certain he had no hand in the Impression of them; on the contrary, he oppos'd it as much as he could. But as he did not scruple to communicate several of his Manuscripts to the Dutcheß of *Mazarin*, or to some other of his particular Friends, those whom he made use of to transcribe them often took a Copy for themselves, which they afterwards sold at their own Price to the Booksellers of *Paris*. Those surreptitious Copies being huddled very hastily, were generally extremely defective; which, together with what was added to or diminish'd from them at *Paris*, in order the better to accommodate them to the Popish Religion or the *French* Government, had so disfigur'd them, that Monsieur De St. Evremond could scarce know them to be his own. Yet with all the Faults that had crept into them, there remaining

remaining still a great many fine Passages, they were receiv'd with Applause in all the Countries where the *French* Language is understood. But this was the occasion, at the same time, that the Booksellers of *Paris*, to make the Volumes bigger, added several things to them from time to time, which Monsieur *De St. Evremond* had no share in.

Such a general Approbation engag'd some Persons, who have not been pleas'd to name themselves, to publish in the year 1692 a Volume of those Pieces in *English* (a), with the Title of *Miscellaneous Essays* (b); where they thought fit to give an Account of the Genius of the Author, and the Character of his Writings. "Whoever reads these Essays, (says the judicious Author of a little Discourse, or *Character*, which is prefix'd to that Volume;) "will acknowledg, that he finds "there a Fineness of Expression, and a Delicateness of Thought, the Easiness of a Gentleman, the Exactness of a Scholar, and the good Sense of a Man of Business: That "the Author is thorowly acquainted with "the World, and hath convers'd with the "best sort of Men to be found in it. His "Subjects are often Great and Noble, and

(a) There was publish'd in 1684, a little Volume, containing an English Translation of Monsieur *De St. Evremond's* Reflections upon Tragedies, Comedies and Operas.

(b) Here is the Title at large: *Miscellaneous Essays*; By Monsieur *St. Evremond*. Translated out of *French*. With a Character by a Person of Honour here in *England*; continu'd by *Mr. Dryden*. London, printed for John Everingham.

“ then he never fails to write up to them ;
 “ when he speaks of the antient *Romans*, you
 “ would believe you were reading one of
 “ the same Age and Nation : the same Spirit,
 “ the same unaffected Greatness appear in
 “ both. If the Subject he chuseth be of a
 “ lower Nature, he is sure to write that
 “ which is not common upon it ; there is
 “ still somewhat new and agreeable, and be-
 “ yond what you could expect. However
 “ you were affected when you began to read
 “ him, he gains upon you insensibly, and be-
 “ fore you have done, you take a pleasure to
 “ be of the same Opinion with him.

“ The Variety and Choice of his Subjects
 “ pleases you no less, than what he writes up-
 “ on them : He perpetually entertains you
 “ with new Objects, and dwells not too long
 “ upon any of them. As for Method, it is
 “ inconsistent with his Design, neither pre-
 “ tends he to write all that can be said : He
 “ sets not up for a Teacher, but he instructs
 “ you unawares, and without pretending to
 “ it : Every thing appears so natural, that
 “ the Art is hidden, and yet the Observer
 “ finds all the Strokes of a Master’s Hand :
 “ He knows exactly when to give over. All
 “ is so well, you’ll wish he had said more ;
 “ and yet when he concludes, you believe he
 “ could not have ended better. He hath
 “ truly study’d Nature in that point, that it
 “ is with the Mind as with the Body, they
 “ are to be treated alike : the Desires of both

“ should be satisfy’d, yet so that you are to
 “ rise with an Appetite.”

Mr. Dryden, in another little Discourse which immediately follows in the same Volume, and which likewise contains the Character of Monsieur De St. Evremond, and of his Works (c), says, “ There is not only a
 “ Justness in his Conceptions, which is the
 “ foundation of good Writing; but also a
 “ Purity of Language, and a beautiful turn
 “ of words, so little understood by Modern
 “ Writers; and which indeed was found at
 “ Rome but at the latter end of the Common-
 “ wealth, and ended with Petronius, under
 “ the Monarchy.”

He afterwards makes some Observations on the Censure Monsieur De St. Evremond hath pass’d upon the Character of *Aeneas* in *Virgil* (d), and then adds: “ Be this said, with
 “ all manner of Respect and Deference to
 “ the Opinion of Monsieur St. Evremond; amongst whose admirable Talents, that of
 “ Penetration is not the least: He generally
 “ dives into the very bottom of his Authors,
 “ searches into the inmost Recesses of their
 “ Souls, and brings up with him those hidden
 “ Treasures, which had escap’d the Diligence
 “ of others.”

(c) These two little Pieces are inserted at large, at the end of the second Volume of this Edition, amongst the Works attributed to Monsieur De St. Evremond, pag. 203, & 205.

(d) See Monsieur De St. Evremond’s Reflections upon the French Translators, Vol. II. pag. 54. & seq.

This Volume of Monsieur De St. Evremond's *Essays* was so well receiv'd by the Publick, that the Bookseller made all the haste he could to publish another ; and in the translating of it, he imploy'd Dr. Drake, Mr. Brown, Mr. Savage, Mr. Manning, and some others, who did not think fit to let their Names be known. This *Second Volume* came out in the year 1694. Mr. Brown dedicated it (e) to the late Earl of Sunderland, and in the Dedication he compares Monsieur De St. Evremond to Montaigne, and even gives him the preference over that incomparable Writer. " I believe it will be agreed on all hands, says he, that since the Declension of the Roman Eloquence and Empire, there never was a truer or nicer Judg of Men and Manners than our Author, or one in whom a fruitful Wit and a profoundness of Reason were so happily reconcil'd. Amongst his own Countrymen, or indeed any where else, I find none that can dispute the Prize with him but Montaigne ; who was in truth an extraordinary Genius, and hath left those Remains behind him, that will entertain and instruct, as long as Mankind preserves any Taste for Wit and good Sense. Tho he writ in a very impolite Age, and his Language derives an unhappy Tincture

(e) Mr. Brown's Name only appears in the Title, which runs thus : Miscellaneous Essays, by Monsieur De St. Evremond, upon Philosophy, History, Poetry, Morality, Humanity, Gallantry, &c. Vol. II. Done into English by Mr. Brown.

" from one of the worst Provinces of *France* ;
 " yet there is something so forcible, so vigo-
 " rous, and so masculine in his Expression,
 " that after all the considerable Improve-
 " ments the *French* Tongue hath receiv'd
 " since his time, it still pleases, nay it charms
 " and affects us. Now as all this, and a
 " great deal more, may deservedly be said
 " in his Praise ; yet his warmest Admirers
 " must be forc'd to confess with me, that
 " Nicety was never his Talent ; that amongst
 " his infinite variety of Citations (for as our
 " Author says very well of him, he's no
 " troublesom Host ; but when his own Con-
 " versation fails him, he hath some Friends
 " to keep it up, till he hath got breath again)
 " some never deserv'd to be mention'd, and
 " others are urg'd *mal à propos* : In short,
 " that his way of writing is too Pindarical,
 " and his Excursions too frequent. 'Tis true,
 " he is so complaisant to his Reader, as never
 " to leave him in any barren uncultivated
 " Places ; he gives him an agreeable *Vista* of
 " Groves and Meadows : The Scene varies
 " every moment, and consequently must de-
 " light him ; but still he makes him wander,
 " still he leads him out of the way, or at
 " least, for the sake of one beautiful Prospect,
 " carries him a Mile or two about ; and this
 " at long run cannot fail to disgust nice Per-
 " sons, who are in pain till they arrive at
 " their Journey's end. On the other hand,
 " *St. Evremont* is not only Master of all the
 " good

“ good Qualities of *Montaigne*, without any
 “ of his Defects, but possesses several others,
 “ to which the former was either altogether
 “ a Stranger, as Gallantry and a Delicate-
 “ ness of Discernment, or else was but slight-
 “ ly acquainted with. To dismiss this Com-
 “ parison; he hath a greater Depth of Pene-
 “ tration, a greater Justness in Reasoning, a
 “ better Taste of polite Learning, and a
 “ more exquisite Knowledg of the World:
 “ Not to speak of his Language, which will
 “ admit no Comparison.”

By this, and the preceding Passages, one may see the high Value our best *English* Authors did set on the Works of Monsieur De *St. Evremond*, under whatever Disadvantage they appear'd.

Mr. *Brown* speaks afterwards of the *Trans-*
lation of that Second Volume. “ My Friends,
 “ and I, *says he*, did our best Endeavours,
 “ but found, to our expence, it was equally
 “ difficult to imitate and translate *St. Evre-*
 “ *mont*. The Periods every where so harmo-
 “ nious, and yet so unaffected; the Language
 “ so comprehensive, and yet so clear; so po-
 “ lite, and yet so natural; that tho we could
 “ pretend to have reach'd his meaning in all
 “ Places, which is no easy matter in an Au-
 “ thor so very nice and penetrating; yet we
 “ cannot, without a sensible regret, observe
 “ how much we have fallen below the Ori-
 “ ginal.” I wonder Mr. *Brown* should say,
 that he and his Friends cannot pretend to have

reach'd Monsieur De St. Evremond's meaning in all Places; for why did they undertake to translate his Works, if they were not sure to reach his meaning in all Places? Yet we shall soon see there was something more than Modesty in that Confession.

At length, all that had appear'd in English under the name of Monsieur De St. Evremond, was collected into one Body, and publish'd in the year 1700, in two large Volumes in Octavo, with the Title of *The Works of Monsieur De St. Evremont* (f). The Editor desires the Reader, in a short *Advertisement* prefix'd to the first Volume, to take notice, That “this Translation of the Works of Monsieur De St. Evremont was done from a Copy of the last French Edition, corrected in many Places by the Pen of the Author, and on that account preferable to any yet publish'd:” which seems to insinuate, as if it were a new Translation, tho it was indeed the same which had appear'd before. The truth is, it had been compar'd with a French printed Copy, wherein Monsieur De St. Evremond made several Corrections with his own Hand, and had partly mark'd the Pieces which were falsely attributed to him (g). But for all these Corrections, there remain'd still in that Edition a prodigious number of

(f) Printed for A. and J. Churchill.

(g) Those Pieces amounted very near to the Bulk of one of the Volumes, for they made up 27 Sheets, and each Volume consisted but of 32 or 33.

Faults ; and it was very far from having the perfection of the Original, as I am going to demonstrate, by comparing the Editions of 1692 and 1700, with that we now publish.

In the *Fragment of Friendship without Friendship*, after Monsieur De St. Evremond had been speaking of the Strayings of the Heart, and of the Disorders it causes in Love as well as in Friendship, unless directed by the Dictates of Reason; they add, in the Volume publish'd in 1692 (b).

“ Behold the end of Love and Friendships.

“ Upon the Heart, by Reasons just and reasonable, whose Division the Mind can take, there is no Rupture to be apprehended ; for either it remains the whole Life, or it is insensibly disengag'd with Discretion and Diligence. It is certain that Nature hath put in our Hearts something of Laughter, if one may say so, some secret Principle of Affection, that conceals what's tender, that explains it self, and is communicable with Friends. But the use of it hath not been receiv'd and authoris'd amongst Men, but only as much as to render Life more peaceable and more happy.”

I desire the Reader to give me leave to make two Remarks here : The first is, That I cannot apprehend how the Translator of this Volume could honestly put into *English*

(b) Pag. 355, 356.

(for the *French* printed Copy he went by is no less corrupted here (i) than the Translation) and give the Publick so great a Piece of continu'd Nonsense as this is. If he had but made the least use of his Judgment, might he not soon have perceiv'd that his pretended Original was so much corrupted, that it was impossible to make any Sense of it; and that consequently it was not capable of being translated? But this is not the only Passage where the Translators of Monsieur *De St. Evremond's* Works are contented to substitute *English* Words for as many *French*, without troubling themselves whether or no there resulted a false or a ridiculous Sense from them, or indeed whether there was in them any Sense at all.

My second Remark is, That those Criticks of the first Rank, who think it so easy a matter to fill up the *Lacunæ*, or to restore the true reading of *Greek* or *Latin* Authors, and who so boldly pronounce, *It must be read thus, or thus* (k); would perhaps be more timorous and circumspect, if they consider'd the difficulty they would have been at, had they undertaken to restore the Passage of Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, which I have just quoted, or that of any other Modern Author, whose Language they were perfect Masters of. They could very easily have made the Trial.

(i) See the Life of Monsieur *De St. Evremond* in *French*.

(k) Ita legas, me Auctore, &c.

They

They needed only, for example, desire some of their Friends to transcribe a few Passages out of our Poets, or other *English* Writers, and to leave purposely in them a *Lacune*, or to change some Words or Lines ; and to take afterwards upon themselves to fill up those *Lacunæ*, or re-establish those Words or Lines : and by the trouble they would find to hit only upon the Terms and Phrases of the Author, they might draw very mortifying Inferences with respect to the Emendations they attempt to make in the *Greek* and *Latin* Writers, whose Language, I believe, no body now will pretend to understand so well as they do their own.

To return to the Passage of Monsieur De St. Evremond above-mention'd, it was thus publish'd in the Edition of 1700 (1), wherein this *Fragment of Friendship without Friendship* (which of all Monsieur De St. Evremond's Pieces, was, I think, worst treated) appear'd in somewhat a better Condition than it had done before, by means of the *French* Copy, corrected in many Places by the Pen of the Author :

“ And this is the common Fate of Love
 “ and Friendship. But if the Heart grounds
 “ its Affections upon just and solid Reasons,
 “ there is no Rupture to be apprehended ;
 “ for either it lasts so long as a Man lives, or
 “ it insensibly breaks off with Discretion

(1) Vol. I. pag. 409.

“ and

“ and Speed. It is certain, that Nature
 “ hath plac’d in our Hearts something gay
 “ and laughing, some secret Principle of Af-
 “ fection, which conceals its own Tender-
 “ ness from others, but opens and communi-
 “ cates it self to its Friends. But the use
 “ of it hath been no further receiv’d and au-
 “ thoriz’d amongst Men, than as it may ren-
 “ der Life more easy and happy.”

This Passage is here much more tolerable, as I said, than it was in the Edition of 1692; yet still ’tis very far from faithfully representing the Thought and the Expressions of the Author. There remain in it even some Lines which have no Sense at all: for, pray, what is that *something gay and laughing* which Nature hath plac’d in our Hearts; and what are we to understand by that *secret Principle of Affection, which conceals its own Tenderness from others, but opens and communicates it self to its Friends?*

But the Author himself wrote the Passage after the following manner, and as it stands in this present Edition (m).

“ This is the common Fate of Love, and
 “ Friendship grounded on the Heart. As
 “ for those just and reasonable Ties directed
 “ by Judgment, there is no Rupture to be
 “ apprehended; for either they last for Life,
 “ or insensibly wear off with Discretion and
 “ Decency. It is certain, that Nature hath

(m) Vol. II. pag. 189. The Printer hath by mistake put 180.

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“ plac’d in our Hearts a loving Faculty (if I
 “ may so speak) some secret Principle of
 “ Affection, some hidden Stock of Tender-
 “ ness, which opens and communicates it
 “ self in time. But the use of it hath been
 “ no further receiv’d, &c.”

I thought my self oblig’d to shew, by
 this Example, how much the Works of Mon-
 sieur *De St. Evremond*, publish’d during his
 Life, were defective, and how faithfully all
 the Ridicule and Nonsense of the Transcri-
 bers was preserv’d in the *English* Translation.
 ’Tis very hard to conceive how the Transla-
 tors could imagine that Monsieur *De St. Evre-*
mond was capable of writing such Stuff: and
 if they were so just as not to attribute it to
 him, how could they be at the pains to trans-
 late it into their Language, and to publish it
 under his Name? But after all, ’tis possible
 they thought of nothing of this; and that
 looking upon themselves, not in the quality
 of Criticks, who are oblig’d to use their
 Judgment, but only as Fellows honestly paid
 for turning into *English* a certain number of
French Pages, they thought themselves bound
 to furnish, as Men of punctual Probity, the
 whole Task that was prescrib’d them, with-
 out being in the least concern’d about the
 clearness of the Thoughts, or the exactness
 of the Argument. What would make us be-
 lieve that this was in good earnest their View,
 is, That we see in other Places, where the
French Impression had suffer’d no Alteration,
 but

but was conformable to Monsieur De St. Evremond's Manuscripts, they have nevertheless committed very gross Faults, and made him say quite other things from what he had written; nay, such Fooleries and Impertinences, as most assuredly he was no way capable to be guilty of. Here are some Examples of it, which I extract from the Edition of 1700.

In the *Judgment upon Seneca, Plutarch and Petronius*, Monsieur De St. Evremond comparing *Seneca* to *Plutarch*, with respect to their manner of treating Morality, says (n), "That *Plutarch* natural, and first persuaded of the Truths he advances, easily persuades others; but that *Seneca's* Mind labours and strains, to wind up it self to Virtue; and as if she was a perfect Stranger to him, he has need to surmount himself (o)." Instead of that they made him say (p), That *Seneca* labours and sweats in the Cause of Virtue, and as if she were a perfect Stranger to us, takes pains to recommend her: Which is not the same thing; for Monsieur De St. Evremond doth not say, that *Seneca* treats of Virtue, as if she were a perfect Stranger to us; but that he excites himself to Virtue, as if she were a perfect Stranger to him.

(n) See Vol. I. pag. 163. of this Edition.

(o) L'esprit de Senèque se bande & s'anime à la Vertu, & comme si ce lui étoit une chose étrangère, il a besoin de se surmonter lui même. *OEUVRES MESLEES* de Mr. de St. Evremond, Tom. I. p. 241; Edition d'Amsterdam, 1699.

(p) Vol. I. pag. 218. Edit. of 1700.

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In the *Conversation with the Duke of Candale*, Monsieur De St. Evremond observes (q), "That the Jealousy of maintaining one's Liberty, is common to all Mankind, but that different People make it to consist in different things. Some, adds he, throw off all manner of Superiority; and with some others, the Choice of their Superiours supplies the place of Liberty (r):" Whereas they made him say (s), "Some are uneasy to bear any Superiority, whereas others think it no diminution to their Liberty to chuse a Superior." Which in changing the Turn of the Expression, alters likewise the Author's Thought.

Here are some other Examples taken from the Discourse to the Mareschal De Crequi, who had ask'd Monsieur De St. Evremond, "In what Situation his Mind was, and what were his Thoughts of Things in general, in his Old Age." Dr. Drake was the Translator of this Piece, as appears by the Title of it. Monsieur De St. Evremond says therein (t), That for the ten years past, which he had spent in foreign Countries, he had had the Happiness to enjoy the Conversation of several Persons of Wit, and of as much Merit as

(q) Vol. I. p. 230. of this Edition.

(r) Les uns rejettent toute superiorité; le choix des Superiours tient lieu de Liberté à quelques autres. *OEUVRES MÉSLEES*, Tom. II. pag. 68, 69. ubi supra.

(s) Vol. I. pag. 350. Edit. of 1700.

(t) Vol. I. pag. 344, 345. of this Edition.

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Quality, whose Society had been the greatest Comfort of his Life. He afterwards adds, "I formerly thought that there were no well-bred and polite Men but in our Court (u): That the Effeminacy of warmer Climates, and the want of Barbarity in the colder, hinder'd the Natives from being rais'd to this pitch, except very rarely: But Experience hath at length convinc'd me, that there are such everywhere; and if I have not discover'd it in soon enough, it is because it is difficult for a Frenchman to relish any but those of his own Country, &c. But Dr. Drake makes him say (w), "I have formerly thought that there were no Men of Honour but in our Court;" which is so absurd a Mistake, that I cannot imagine how he could be guilty of it. 'Tis true, the French Expression, *honnetes gens*, signifies Men of Honour and Probity, as well as polite and well-bred Persons: But is it not a Maxim known to the very School-boys, That when we translate an Author, and that one of the Terms he uses hath different Significations, we must not take the next that comes uppermost in our Thought, at a venture; but choose that which best agrees with his End and Intention? And if Dr. Drake had made the least use of his Discernment

(u) J'avois cru autrefois qu'il n'y avoit d'honnêtes gens qu'en notre Cour. *OEUVRES MÉSLEES*, Tom. III. pag. 25. ubi supra.

(w) Vol. II. pag. 22. Edit. of 1700.

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(a) Ibid

would not he have perceiv'd that the Court of
France, which is the thing Monsieur De St.
Euremond is speaking of, and the whole Se-
ries of the Discourse, requir'd him to under-
stand that Expression of *Politeness of Manners*,
and not of *Honour and Probity*? Did he then
mean to expose Monsieur De St. Euremond to
the Laughter of the English, by representing
him as a Man capable of fancying, there were
no Men of *Honour and Virtue*, but in the
French Court?

In the next Page (x), Monsieur De St.
Euremond had said, "When I am depriv'd of
the Conversation of the Men of Business, I
have recourse to that of the Learned (y); and
if I meet with Men skill'd in polite Litera-
ture, I think my self no great Loser, by ex-
changing the Delicacy of the present for that
of past Ages." Dr. Drake hath translated
it (z): "When I want the Company of
Men of Conversation, I have recourse to
the Learned." Which is absurd and con-
tradictory; for it is saying, that the Learned
are not Men of Conversation; and that tho
Monsieur De St. Euremond look'd upon them
as such, yet he sought to converse with them.

Some Pages further Monsieur De St. Eure-
mond says (a), "That next to the Study of po-

(x) Ibid. pag. 346.

(y) Quand je suis privé du commerce des gens du
monde, j'ai recours à celui des Savans. Ibid. p. 27.

(z) Pag. 23. ubi supra.

(a) Ibid. pag. 348.

"*lite Learning* (for which he had a more parti-
 "cular Affection) he lov'd the Science of those
 "great Lawyers and Civilians, who might them-
 "selves be Legislators; who re-ascend to that
 "Original Justice that settled Human Society;
 "that know what Liberty Nature allows in
 "establish'd Governments, and how far the
 "natural Liberty of private Persons is re-
 "strain'd for the Publick Good, by necessary
 "Politicks (b)." Dr. Drake hath translated
 these last words thus (c): "That know
 "what Liberty Nature permits in establish'd
 "Governments, and what for the Publick
 "Good, eases private Men of the Burden of
 "Politicks." Which doth not in any wise
 represent the Author's Sense; or to speak
 more properly, which hath no Sense at all
 in it.

Now let us give two or three more Exam-
 ples out of other Pieces.

In Monsieur De la Fontaine's Answer to the
 Letter which he receiv'd from Monsieur De
 St. Eremond, after having testify'd how
 much he was sensible of the Praises the latter
 had given him, he adds (d):

(b) Qui connoissent ce que la Nature nous laisse de Liber-
 té dans les Gouvernemens établis, & ce qu'en ote aux par-
 ticuliers, pour le bien public, la nécessité de la Politique
ibid. p. 29.

(c) Page 25. *ibid.*

(d) Vol. II. p. 307. of this Edition.

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To whom the ready World submit,
Standard of Authors, Judg of Wit (e).

But instead of that they said (f):

‘ You, whom all Europe does propose,
‘ The Standard both of Verse and Prose.’

which was putting a mean unworthy Flattery into the mouth of Monsieur De la Fontaine; since being an excellent Poet himself, he very well knew that Monsieur De St. Evremond was not the Standard of Verse, and that no body in Europe ever thought him so.

In the Letter to Mr. * * *, “ who could not endure that the Earl of St. Albans should be in love in his old Age,” Monsieur De St. Evremond, to justify the old Men who have an Inclination still to love, says gallantly (g); “ The greatest pleasure that old Men have left them, is to live; and nothing convinces them more that they live, than that they love (h).” Instead of that, they wrote thus (i): The only pleasure that old Men

(e) Tout le Monde vous propose,
Pour modele aux bons Auteurs.

OEUVRES MESLEES, Tom. III. p. 182. ubi supr.

(f) Vol. II. p. 172. Edit. of 1700.

(g) Vol. II. p. 233, 234. of this Edition.

(h) Le plus grand plaisir qui reste aux vieilles gens, c'est de vivre; & rien ne les assure si bien de leur vie que leur Amour. OEUVRES MESLEES, Tom. V. p. 41. ubi supr.

(i) Vol. II. p. 459. Edit. of 1700.

have left them, is to love; and nothing secures their Life so effectually as that.

In the Character that Monsieur De St. Evremond hath drawn of himself, he says, speaking of his Religion (k),

“ *Justice and Charity supply the Place*

“ *Of rigid Penance, and a formal Face (l) :*

but instead of turning his Thought into English Verse, as Monsieur De St. Evremond had purposely done in French Verse, or at least of representing it faithfully in Prose, they made him say (m), *As for Religion, he makes his Piety consist more in Justice and Charity, than in Repentance*: where it must first be observ'd, that there is no Opposition between *Justice and Charity*, and *Repentance*; and in the second place, that they attribute to Monsieur De St. Evremond an abominable Thought, by making him exclude *Repentance* from his Religion. It requir'd but a very small Attention, to perceive that the French word *Penitence* signify'd here nothing but the Fastings, Austerities and Mortifications that the Church of Rome prescribes,

(k) See the Life of Monsieur De St. Evremond, p. cxxvi.

(l) De Justice & de Charité

Beaucoup plus que de Penitence,

Il compose sa Pieté.

Portrait de Mr. de St. Evremont fait par lui meme; see before the Vth Volume of the OEUVRES MESLEES, ubi supr.

(m) See the Character of Monsieur De St. Evremond by himself, prefix'd to the 1st Volume of the Edition of 1700.

and which we express very well in *English* by the word *Penance*, in contradistinction to *Repentance*.

But here's already more than needed, to convince the Publick, with what enormous Faults the *English* Translation of Monsieur *De St. Evremond's* Works abounded: whence will easily appear the necessity there was of sending them once more abroad in a Dress more agreeable and useful to the *English* Reader; and that should, at the same time, do more Justice and Honour to their Author. This is the Method I have follow'd.

The Edition of Monsieur *De St. Evremond's* Works, which Dr. *Silvestre* and my self have publish'd from the Manuscripts of the Author, is the foundation upon which I have built: But as there are several Pieces in this Edition, which, to be understood, do suppose a thorow knowledg of the *French* Tongue, or that only concern certain Facts, or Allusions to such Passages, as happen'd between Monsieur *De St. Evremond* and some of his Friends; I did not think that such small Pieces, whereof the greatest part are in Verse, would be at all to the Taste of *English* Readers, or indeed deserv'd to be publish'd in their Language. We have been already blam'd for inserting several of those Pieces in the *French* Edition; and the Censure would be still more justifiable, if, in the *English* Translation, I had done the same. I therefore hope, that I shall not be censur'd for having

having omitted all the Poems of Monsieur De St. Evremond; which, to confess the Truth, are not those of his Works that have been the most esteem'd. Neither have I given three Comedies of Monsieur De St. Evremond; whereof the first is a kind of Satyr against the French Academy; the second was written to expose French Operas, where every thing is unnaturally sung; and the third, which is partly an imitation of Ben. Johnson's *Sir Politick-would-be*, is a lively Picture of the Ridicule of certain Persons of different Nations, as of a Chimerical English Politician; of a French Gascon Marquis; of a German Traveller, &c. 'Tis certain that the two first Comedies would not have been intelligible in English; and as for the third, some were of Opinion it would not do so well in English: but whatever Deference I pay to their Judgment, if I understand that the greatest part of the Readers wish to see it in their Language, I shall take care they may have it as correct as possible.

As I have retrench'd some of the Notes of the French Edition, which I had made to explain to the French Readers certain things regarding England; so have I likewise added several new ones here, to enable the English Readers the better to understand what concerns certain Facts or Persons, which are not sufficiently known on this side the Seas (n).

(n) There is a Note relating to Mr. Waller, which, I know not how, continues still in this Edition, Vol. I. p. 347. and is not only

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I shall not inlarge in this place upon the Works of Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, nor say any thing of his Person, to avoid repeating what Dr. *Silvestre* hath so well done in his *Preface*, and what I have my self so particularly treated in our Author's *Life*.

I shall rather take notice, that as in publishing the Original Works of Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, we have excluded all the *Pieces* that were not his; so in the Year 1706 I publish'd at *Amsterdam* a Collection of the best of those latter, under the Title of *Mélange curieux*, &c; which was so well receiv'd beyond Sea, that it hath been several times reprinted as well in *France* as in *Holland*. I have, in like manner, added here, at the end of the second Volume, a Collection of the same *Pieces*; but I have been much more nice in the choice of them: nor have I inserted any but such as Monsieur *De St. Evremond* approv'd of so far, as to say, that he could wish he were the Author of them.

To these I have prefix'd the *Memoirs of the Dutcheß of Mazarin*, written in her Name by the Abbot *De St. Real*, and which make a part of the Collection printed beyond Sea; not doubting but the *English* Readers will be glad to peruse the Adventures of a Lady so well known in this Country, and whom Monsieur *De St. Evremond* hath, by his Writings,

useless, but even inexact; and this I think my self the more oblig'd to observe, because the Author of Mr. Waller's *Life*, prefix'd to his Works, hath attributed it to Dr. *Silvestre*.

still render'd more famous. These Memoirs reach to the time she retir'd to *Chambery*, where she liv'd in a kind of Privacy till she came hither: and as in the Life of Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, I have related the most considerable Events of her Life, since her Arrival in *England*; so in joining these two Works, the Reader may have, in some manner, a compleat History of this Dutches, who was no less famous for her Beauty than her Misfortunes.

I have carefully revis'd the Translation of the Works attributed to Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, and particularly that of *Madam Mazarin's Memoirs*, which was full of such blundering and comical Mistakes (o), that I might here sufficiently divert the Readers, were it not high time to finish this *Advertisement*, which is but too long already.

For the rest, I must not forget to inform the Publick, that the *Memoirs of the Life of the Earl of Rochester*, in a Letter to the Dutches of *Mazarin*, set before his Works, were not written by Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, to whom they are ascrib'd. Never was any thing more remote from his Genius and Manner. I am bound to say as much of the *Reflections upon the Doctrine of Epicurus*, which he hath particularly disown'd, and which in effect are very different from what he thought

(o) The Author calls himself *P. Porter Esq*; I made use of the Edition of 1676.

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of this famous Philosopher. They were first translated by Mr. Brown in the Year 1694, and publish'd as a genuine Work of Monsieur De St. Evremond; but in the Edition of 1700, where they were likewise inserted, they were preceded by a short Advertisement (p), wherein the Editor was sincere enough to tell the World, that this Discourse 'was not written by Monsieur De St. Evremont (as he himself owns in his Epistle (q) to the Modern Leontium.)' After this, there is reason to wonder it should be translated afresh, and publish'd under the name of Monsieur De St. Evremond, at the Head of Epicurus's *Morals*, printed two or three Years ago, pretended to be translated from the Greek (r), and which, as well as the Reflections join'd to it, are but a mere Translation from the *Morale d' Epicure*, publish'd at Paris in the Year 1685 (s) by the Baron Des Coutures. In a word, there is nothing of Monsieur De St. Evremond's in the Book printed in 1707.

(p) In this Advertisement 'tis assur'd, that this Discourse is built upon Monsieur De St. Evremond's Hypothesis, and written after his manner: which is a double Falsity.

(q) In the Second Volume, p. 285. of this Edition.

(r) The Title at full length is: Epicurus's *Morals*, translated from the Greek, by John Digby Esq; with Comments and Reflections taken out of several Authors. Also *Isocrates's* Advice to *Demonicus*; done out of Greek by the same hand. To which is added, An Essay on Epicurus's *Morals*, written by Monsieur St. Evremond, and made English by Mr. Johnson.

(s) The English Translator made use of the Edition of the Hague in 1686. See the *Histoire Critique de la Republique des Lettres*, tant ancienne que moderne. Tom. 11. p. 289, 290.

and intituled, *The Miscellaneous Remains of Cardinal Perron, President Thuanus, Monsieur St. Evremont, &c. abridg'd and done into English, with a Preface*: and the Reader may rest assur'd, that his most considerable Works are contain'd in these two Volumes; as well as, that, whatever any one may be tempted to attribute to him hereafter, doth by no means belong to him.

There remains for me now but to say two things: The first whereof is, that I have taken care, *Monsieur De St. Evremond's Picture* in this Edition should be much liker than any that hath hitherto appear'd, having also added a very exact Print of his *Tomb*: And the other thing is, that not having been always within distance to review the Sheets, before they were printed off, I hope none will impute to me the *Faults* that may have escap'd the Corrector's Care, and which may any way disturb the Sense,

London, Octob. 5. 1713.



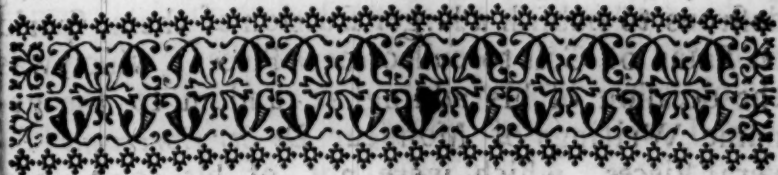
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P. SILVESTRE, M.D.



Correct Edition of Monsieur De St. Evremond's WORKS has been so long desir'd, that I persuade my self this, which now appears, will meet with a favourable Reception from the Publick. All the former Editions of them, either in *France* or *Holland*, being so extremely defective, this may really pass for the first. Those who have not been acquainted with Monsieur De St. Evremond, ought to be inform'd, that he never put any thing himself to the Press, and that the Books which have hitherto been publish'd under his Name, were printed from Copies which were handed about, for the most part curtail'd, and commonly very faulty. The two first

* This Preface was prefix'd, and chiefly relates, to the French Edition of the Works of Monsieur De St. Evremond, first publish'd from the Author's Original Manuscripts in the Year 1705.

Volumes

Volumes of his Works that appear'd, were so quickly sold off, that the *Paris* Bookseller, being desirous to publish a larger Edition of them, spar'd no Pains or Cost to collect new Pieces; which was the occasion of his adding at random to the genuine Writings of Monsieur *De St. Evremond* several Pieces, which were not of his composing. This Abuse came to such a height in all the following Editions, that at last whole Volumes were printed, in which nothing of Monsieur *De St. Evremond's* was to be found; such as the *ST. EVREMONIANA*, and the *Collection of Monsieur De St. Evremond's Works*, printed by Anisson in 1701. I will not mention the *Memoirs of the Life of Count D*, before his Retirement, digested by Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, printed at Paris in two Volumes, 12mo; for it would be an Affront upon the Judgment of the Publick, to suppose they could be impos'd upon by the Title of that Romance.

We must likewise observe, that in the *Paris* Editions all the proper Names have either been entirely left out, or at least disguised; and that many Passages which appear'd to be too free, have been wholly cut off. In the Editions of *Holland* those Faults were so far from being corrected, that they were multiply'd: instead of supplying the Omissions, the Editors added some insipid Pieces; and there was such a strange mixture of good and bad things, that Monsieur *De St. Evremond* was not able to know himself in those Editions.

He was solicited from *France* to revise his Works, and his Friends at *London* daily press'd him to give such an Edition of them as he could own; but he still persisted in denying their Request. After the last Peace, the Booksellers of *Paris* made him such advantageous Offers, as would have tempted any Man of a Temper more interested than his was. In short, nothing could move or prevail

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upon him. " I lie under a great Disadvantage,
 " (*says he, in a Letter to Mademoiselle de l'Enclos*)
 " upon the account of those small Treatises which
 " are printed under my Name. There are good
 " ones, which I do not own, because they do not
 " belong to me; and among those which I have
 " compos'd, there is a mixture of abundance of
 " idle and foolish Pieces, which I do not think it
 " worth my while to disown. At the Age to
 " which I am now arriv'd, one Hour of Life well
 " employ'd is of more Value with me, than the
 " Advantage of an indifferent Reputation. How
 " hard a matter is it to cure one's self of Self-
 " Love! As an Author I cast it off, but I take it
 " up again as a Philosopher, as feeling a secret
 " Pleasure in neglecting that which others pursue
 " with so much Eagerness." I remember that as
 I was one day talking with him on this Subject, and
 saying, That since he would not take the pains to
 revise his own Works, he ought at least to give
 that Satisfaction to several People, to mark the
 Pieces which he disown'd. He answer'd, " There
 " is perhaps a mixture of Vanity in my Conduct:
 " There is such a Piece printed amongst my Works,
 " which I would own with all my Heart, and
 " which is better than what I have written."

But altho Monsieur *De St. Evremond* still refus'd
 to publish his Writings, yet he chang'd his Mind
 some time before his Death, and fix'd his Eyes
 on Mr. *Des Maizeaux*, in order to commit the
 care of that Matter to him. Pursuant to this De-
 sign, he read over his Works along with him;
 mark'd what was and what was not his, on one of
 the Books printed under his Name; corrected many
 things; and communicated to him Explanations
 of such Passages as wanted a Commentary: In fine,
 he imparted to him his Manuscripts, and revis'd
 with him the Copies which he had made of them.

His

His great Age and Infirmities leaving no room to hope he should live long, Mr. *Des Maizeaux* lost no time in getting all the Helps and Assistances that were necessary; nor did he want any thing of this kind, except some few Pieces, when he was oblig'd to go into the Country. In the mean while, Monsieur *De St. Evremond* finding himself weaker than ordinary, did several times signify his great Desire to see him, and even beg'd Dr. *La Fevre* (a) to write to him to come with all speed. But having departed this Life before Mr. *Des Maizeaux* could come to Town, his Manuscripts, which he had often promis'd to leave to me, were deliver'd to me by his Direction after his Death. This laid me under an Obligation, in some sort, to set about an Edition of his Works, in concert with Mr. *Des Maizeaux*. The Method we observ'd in this, is as follows.

We lopp'd off every thing that Monsieur *De St. Evremond* disown'd; good or bad, all was left out without distinction, if it was not his. Our Accuracy in this matter was so great, that excepting one Piece only (b), about which we still entertain some Doubts, the Publick may be satisfy'd that every thing which appears in this Edition, was really written by Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, unless where it is expressly mark'd as belonging to another. We have been at great pains in revising all that had been formerly printed, by comparing it with the Manuscripts. Having several Copies in my hands, we made choice, from among the different Readings, of that which to us appear'd the most natural, and supply'd by one Manuscript that which

(a) A Physician of London.

(b) An Ode to the Duke of Nevers; it was found among Monsieur *De St. Evremond's* Papers, but we will not be positive that it is his.

was wanting in another. In fine, as to the Punctuation, which of all things Monsieur *De St. Evremond* was most careless about, we follow'd that which made the best Sense, and gave the most beautiful Turn; by which method we restor'd that Perspicuity and Distinctness which was wanting to several Periods. We have added many Pieces which never saw the Light before; and in that Number, if I mistake not, you will find some which are nothing inferior to the first. We have been particularly careful in publishing as many Letters and Billets as we could collect: For if they contain nothing of much Importance, you will at least find in them Monsieur *De St. Evremond's* Genius. We ought not always to judg of an Author by a perfect and finish'd Work: We are pleas'd to behold him in his natural Dress; nor is there any thing more proper to represent him such as he is, than what he writes familiarly, and without Premeditation. To say no more on this Head, the Collection we have made of things of this kind has cost us abundance of Pains. There are several of those Pieces which Monsieur *De St. Evremond* had not himself, and which we were oblig'd to make an Inquiry after every where. Dr. *Le Fevre* has furnish'd us with a good many of them. Besides, having been particularly acquainted with Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, and having convers'd very familiarly with him for the space of forty years, he has let us into the meaning of abundance of Facts, and clear'd up several Particulars, which we were ignorant of.

We have taken care thro the whole Work to fill up the Gaps, and set down at length such proper Names as were either quite effac'd or disguis'd. We have likewise added Notes, that consist sometimes of a Passage which the Author quotes in *French*, or to which he alludes; at other times they

they consist of an Explanation of a Fact, or they point out the Persons who are meant; and if it is necessary, in order to the understanding of the Text, something is said of their Character. They who know all those things already, will think that we have put into them things that are too common; but where one Reader complains of that, there will be twenty who would have wish'd that we had swell'd the *Notes* considerably, and that we had explain'd to them the meanest Trifle. But we have endeavour'd to keep a just Medium betwixt these two Extremes.

Altho' one would think it should not signify much in what order those detach'd Pieces, which make up this Collection, were plac'd; yet it has been thought proper to place them, as near as may be, according to the order of time in which they were written. I say, *as near as may be*, because it has not always been possible to find it out, and we have been often forc'd to guess at it. This is certainly the most natural order; and, by the way, it were to be wish'd, that in making a Collection of an Author's Works, the Collector would publish them in the same order in which the Author writ them. By this one would be able to judg of the Progress he made, and distinguish the time in which he wrote best; just as we distinguish in the Works of certain famous Painters those Pieces which they drew in the Rise, Height and Decay of their Reputation: and the same Pleasure we take in observing the different Ways and Manners that a Painter has often chalk'd out and follow'd, we should have in beholding the Change that sometimes appear'd in the Style and Turn of an Author.

At first we had resolv'd to distinguish the Pieces which had not hitherto appear'd, by some particular Mark; but we alter'd our Mind, because among the Writings which had already been printed,

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ted, there were some that had been entirely new-model'd, and so may pass for new Pieces: for which reason it would have been difficult to determine under what Class to have rang'd them. We are likewise to observe, that the Author having revis'd his Works at different times, made new Additions to them; and thus he might be condemn'd upon the account of some Anachronisms, if every thing should be taken too strictly. We have remark'd this in a Note on the *Comedy of the Academicians*; but we thought it was necessary to repeat it in this place, because it may be suted to some other Pieces.

After having given an Account of this Edition, I shall not take up any time in praise of Monsieur *De St. Evremond's* Works. He has long enjoy'd the Approbation of the Publick, so that from henceforth the Publick is concern'd to justify its own Taste and Judgment in this matter. 'Tis fifty years since the Writings of Monsieur *De St. Evremond* have been read and esteem'd: And thus if long Prescription can fix the Merit, and answer for the Duration of Works, we have that of half an Age. This is already a pretty favourable prejudice for the first Pieces; and those which he compos'd afterwards, were yet more esteem'd. We may add, that, if under all those Disadvantages we have been speaking of, the Works of Monsieur *De St. Evremond* have met with so many Approvers, there is no room to doubt of their being abundantly more kindly receiv'd, as they now appear in far better plight.

But after all, we are not so far prejudic'd in his favour, as to think that every thing he has written carries the same force with it. Among the rest, there are some Pieces of Poetry which are worse than indifferent: Wherefore we were tempted to suppress some of this kind, which he had compos'd in his Youth; but they having been already printed,

ted, we thought our selves oblig'd not to cancel them, lest the Publick might imagine we had set up for Judges, and would needs decide about the Value and Worth of every thing. As for such as were never printed, we have us'd greater Freedom. We were not willing to publish all the Trifles which he wrote in haste, and which he would not take the trouble to correct; but only made the best choice we could. I foresee that all Readers will not be equally touch'd with those Works. There is in such a Piece a fine Thought, a nice Raillery, which will escape most People. In order to be able to perceive this, it were requisite to be exactly inform'd about the Character of the Persons with whom one corresponds; we should know certain Facts and certain Circumstances, which give occasion to a Quibble or Banter, and which without that will appear most insipid. This is unavoidable in Works which consist of Wit. The only way to remedy this Inconvenience, would be to illustrate every thing with good Notes: But besides that this would be an infinite Labour, it is not always allowable to name Persons, especially if they are alive; and there are abundance of things which are not fit to be said. We have only made an Essay of it upon two or three Pieces which regard *Morin* (d). I desire that they who have formerly read them, without finding any Wit in them may read them over again, and I promise my self they will find quite another Spirit. By this they may judg of the rest; and if there be any Passages which they do not understand, they will suspend their Judgment, and render at least this Justice to the Author, that he may have had in view another Sense than what presents it self at first sight.

(d). A famous Gamester.

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Since I am insensibly drawn in to defend Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, I shall in few words answer two Objections which may be made against his Works. The first regards that odd Medley of serious and comical, of grave Matters and Trifles. Would it not have been sufficient, say certain austere and difficult Persons, to have made a Collection of all that is good and solid? Why was not every thing left out, that is not only useless, but also waggish? Those People, who would have us apply our selves only to useful Studies, ought to consider, that our Author is not a Doctor who writes to instruct and dogmatize, and that he is not a Man engag'd by his Profession to give the Publick an Account of his Time and Studies. He is a Gentleman, who having much Leisure, seeks how to pass away the time agreeably; who writes sometimes on one Subject, sometimes on another, only for his own Amusement; he is a Man of Wit, who proposes to divert himself, as well as a certain number of Gentlemen, with whom he converses. It would most certainly be unjust to judge of him with too much Rigour; and the Injustice would be yet greater, to oblige those, who publish his Works, to suppress all such as are purely diverting.

The other Objection turns upon Monsieur *De St. Evremond*'s Style. They say, it is not always clear; that there is sometimes Obscurity in it, and often Affectation. You find in it, say they, a too exact and labour'd Measure, and too frequent Antitheses. I will not pretend to justify Monsieur *De St. Evremond* in every thing; but this I may say, That his Thoughts were just, and his Expression noble: His Turn is fine, his Diction pure, bold and equal. He will ever pass for one of our best Writers; and even his very Negligences are happy. He knew them as well as any Man, but he would not scrupulously subject himself to the Rules introduced

duc'd by our modern Purists. He complain'd of the too great Exactness of our Authors, who, by endeavouring to polish the *French* Language, robb'd it of all its Nervousness and Force. He could not bear those who write in a manner always exact, but too uniform; and one of the Advices he gave in order to write well, was to vary as much as possible the Construction and Turn of the Phrase. But we have said enough of the Works, 'tis time to speak of the Author.

CHARLES DE ST. DENIS, Lord of *ST. EVREMOND*, was of a noble and antient Family in *Lower Normandy*. The true Name of his Family was *Marcquetel* (e); but for a considerable time his Ancestors had taken that of *St. Denis*, from the Lordship of *St. Denis du Guast*, in the *Cotentin*, betwixt *St. Lo* and *Coutance*.

The Baron of *St. Denis*, his Father, commanded the Company of the *Gendarmes* of *Henry de Bourbon*, last Duke of *Montpensier*, Governor of *Normandy*. He marry'd *N. of Rouville*, Sister to the Marquis of *Rouville*, who was appointed Superintendant of the Finances; and of this Marriage he had six Sons, all well bred, and Men of Parts. Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, who was one of the younger Sons, surviv'd all his Brothers; and of that numerous Family, there are no Males left but the Descendants of the eldest Brother. The Marquis of *St. Denis* makes a considerable Figure in *Normandy* at this day.

Monsieur *De St. Evremond* was sent to *Paris* very young, to the College of *Clermont*, where he commenc'd his Studies; and after having gone thro a Course of Philosophy, he went to *Caen*, where he study'd Law. But his Genius not being turn'd that way, he was sent to the Academy, where he staid but a few Months; for he was scarce sixteen years of Age,

(e) The Author of the *MELANGES D' HISTOIRE ET DE LITERATURE*, under the name of *Vigneul-Marville*, says, that it was *De Margotelle*.

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when he enter'd into the Service: He soon got a Company of Foot, and was at the first Siege of *Arras*. Afterwards he was in the Horse-Service, and enter'd into the Troop of Guards of the Duke *D' Anguien* (f). He was at the Ingagement of *Friburg*, and the year following at the Battel of *Nortlingen*: He was then Lieutenant of the Guards to the Prince of *Condé*; and having been commanded with two Squadrons to take Post on an Eminence, he suffer'd so great a Fire from the Enemy, that almost his whole Troop was destroy'd. He was wounded himself in the left Knee by the shot of a Faulconet, and the Surgeons were in doubt for six Weeks whether they should cut off his Thigh; but perceiving there were some hopes of Cure, they delay'd coming to that hard Extremity, and perfectly recover'd him, after he had been under their hands for several months. His Wound broke open again at *London* thirty years after, but was so well cur'd, that he had no other Inconveniency by it but a little Weakness in that Leg.

He continu'd to serve in *Germany* and *Flanders* under the Prince of *Condé*, and got the Esteem and Friendship of most of the Generals. His Capacity appear'd in the different Posts thro which he pass'd, and his Valour appear'd oftner than once in the Field, as well as in Duels, where he always came off with abundance of Honour. Besides, he distinguish'd himself from the common sort of Officers, by a more fine and polite way of thinking, by a just and elegant manner of Expression. Those Qualities made him be taken notice of and esteem'd by Monsieur *De Turenne*, the old Marshal *D' Etrées*, the Marshal *De Grammont*, the Marshal *D' Albret*, and many other Persons of the first Rank. But his greatest Friendships were with the Count *De Grammont*, the Count *D' Olonne*, the Duke of *Candale*,

(f) *Lewis II. last Prince of Condé, who was call'd Duke D'Anguien in his Father's Life-time.*

the Marshal *De Clerembaut*, and the Marshal *De Crequi*. This last honour'd him with his Friendship so long as he liv'd, and gave him most convincing Proofs of it at a Time, and in Circumstances wherein it is rare to find true Friends.

The first years that Monsieur *De St. Evremond* was near the Prince's Person, he was very much in his Favour. He was one of those with whom his Highness lov'd to retire, and converse familiarly; and he was often admitted even to be a Companion in the Prince's Pleasures. The Prince dispatch'd him oftner than once to Court about important Affairs; nor must I forget, that when he sent him in 1646, to carry the News of the taking of *Furnes* to the Queen Mother, his Highness charg'd him to wait on Cardinal *Mazarin*, to make the first Proposal to him of the Siege of *Dunkirk*, and to regulate with that Minister whatever was necessary for the execution of so great a Design. Tho this got him a figure in the Army, yet he could not resist the natural Inclination he found in himself to discover and take notice of Mens weak Side; a Talent which he exercis'd much afterwards. The Marshal of *Clerembaut* and he did make it their Business to observe the Sentiments and minutest Actions of the Prince; and tho both of them own'd they admir'd his great Qualities, yet they did not keep measures with him in their Raileries, and perhaps did not always show him that Respect they ought to have done. This lasted several Months; but they could not play their Game so cunningly as to hide it from the Prince. From the Temper he was of, one may easily judg his Resentment was more than ordinary, particularly against Monsieur *De St. Evremond*. In a short time after, happen'd the Imprisonment of the Princes, and the Civil Wars, and the Prince was forc'd to retire to the *Low Countries*. But after the Peace was made, his Highness was so generous as to pardon

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don him, and shew'd much kindness to him when he saw him again at *Paris*. After this the Prince gave him Assurances of his Affection and Esteem, upon several occasions.

After the taking of *Dunkirk*, he went to serve in *Catalonia*. The Troubles happening the following Years, he always kept firm to the King's Party, and obtain'd a Marshal de Camp's Breviat, with a Pension of a thousand Crowns (g). He had several Commands in *Guienne* during the Civil Wars, and no body was in greater Credit than he with the Duke *De Candale*, who commanded a small Army in that Province. The Troops were then paid very irregularly: The Officers had only Assignments upon the Towns and Communities, and every one made the best bargain he could. Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, who knew how to make the best of all Occurrences, and being supported by the Interest of Monsieur *Fouquet*, who was very intimate with him, manag'd his Affairs very well in *Guienne*. He own'd himself, and often made merry with it, that in two years and a half he had made fifty thousand Livres good Mony in that Place; a *Precaution*, said he, *which was of great use to me all the rest of my Life*.

A short time after that, he was ingag'd in a very troublesom Affair. The Duke *De Candale* was very well with Cardinal *Mazarin*; and we may even say, that this Minister made all the Advances, and that he omitted nothing in order to draw him in to his Interests. However, in the Accommodation which the Province of *Guienne* made, the Duke follow'd measures which were displeasing to the Cardinal; but he not daring to attack Monsieur *De Candale* directly, thought his best way was to mortify Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, who was accus'd of having had part in those Counsels. Upon a very slight

(g) We have the Originals of the two Breviats, dated from Compiègne the 16th and 17th of September, 1652.

Pretence; that is to say, for some Jest he made at the Amb Table, in which Monsieur *De St. Evremond* had no of Quali more share than the rest of the Company; the Car- ber was dinal caus'd him to be put in the *Bastile*. After he of about had lain there above three months, he was set at li- having t berty; but the frightful Idea of the *Bastile* never the King went out of his mind, and this Fright was the his Lord chief reason that oblig'd him to depart *France*, a new Acc we shall relate in the Sequel. fixing hi

The *Pyrenean* Treaty being then on foot, and the Some Plenipotentiaries of the two Crowns come to the *Mazarin* Congress, Monsieur *De St. Evremond* went thither was rel with several Persons of Quality. He was too able ble to and too acute not to perceive the Game of Cardinal *Fouquet* *Mazarin* and Don *Lewis de Haro*: Those two Mini- mond; sters endeavour'd to trick one another, but at bottom riddle t they were both equally desirous of Peace, tho they ry few went upon different Motives. When Monsieur *De* sign, w *St. Evremond* left *Paris*, he had promis'd to write to in Bret some of his Friends, and give them an Account of with t what pass'd at the Conference. Among these, there his Jou were a good many who desir'd the Continuation of liere, i the War; the Marshal *De Crequi* was one of the first Notes of them, and so Monsieur *De St. Evremond* thought was ta he should oblige him by ridiculing the famous Trea- all, the ty of the *Pyrenees*, which at that time was lock'd secur' upon as disadvantageous for *France*. No question whom but he express'd himself with too much Freedom, dam A or rather rally'd the Prime Minister too severely in Frien that Letter, which was the Cause of his Disgrace. sieur This is what he own'd himself; but he could not the P foresee that this Letter should be made publick. perin We shall see presently how this came about. ing t

King *Charles II.* return'd into *England* soon after ver b the Peace, and was complimented upon his happy *Clere* Restoration by all the Princes and States of *Europe*. was The King of *France* distinguish'd himself above all Prin the rest, by sending the Count *De Soissons*. This inter Embassy was most magnificent, both by the Rank of Mini the

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made at the Ambassador, and the great Retinue of Persons of Quality who accompany'd him; of which number was Monsieur *De St. Evremond*. For the space of about six months that he staid at *London*, besides having the Honour of being particularly known to the King and the Duke of *York*, he saw many English Lords whom he had known in *France*, and made new Acquaintance; which was the reason of his fixing his Abode in *England* afterwards.

Some time after his return to *France*, Cardinal *Mazarin* died, and the Ruin of Monsieur *Fouquet* was resolv'd upon. The Reader will hardly be able to imagine how the Disgrace of Monsieur *Fouquet* occasion'd that of Monsieur *De St. Evremond*; and therefore I desire I may be allow'd to unriddle this matter, which is understood but by very few. The Court, the better to cover their Design, went to take a Tour in *Anjou*, and from thence in *Bretanny*. Monsieur *De St. Evremond* went along with the Marshal *De Clerembaut*; and when he took his Journey, he left a Box with Madam *Dupleffis Bel-liere*, in which there was some ready Mony, some Notes, and all his Papers. When Monsieur *Fouquet* was taken up, they were not satisfy'd with seizing all the Papers he had at his House, but they likewise secur'd the Papers of his Friends, and of those with whom he had enter'd into the strictest Ties. Madam *Dupleffis* being Monsieur *De Fouquet*'s particular Friend, her Papers were also seiz'd; and thus Monsieur *De St. Evremond*'s Box was carry'd away with the Papers which were thought to belong to the Superintendent. There they found the Letter concerning the Peace of the *Pyrenees*, which till then had never been seen by any but the Marshals *De Crequi* and *Clerembaut*; it was shewn to the King, and nothing was forgot that could irritate the Mind of that Prince. It being an uncommon thing for Courts to interest themselves in the Reputation of a deceas'd Minister, it will doubtless be thought strange, that

any Persons should be found, who had the Memory of the Cardinal so much at heart, as to make a capital Crime of some Railleries. But you must know, that Messieurs *Le Tellier* and *Colbert*, who rais'd themselves upon the Ruins of Monsieur *Fouquet*, were the Creatures of his Eminence; and that both of them affecting a pious Acknowledgment and Gratitude for their Master and Benefactor, did represent to the King, That this unmerciful lashing of the Prime Minister, who had govern'd the State during his Minority, was attacking the Regency of the Queen his Mother, and turning the beginning of his Reign into Ridicule. Those Insinuations had their Effect; and Monsieur *De St. Evremond* being advertis'd in time of the bad Impressions which had been given of him, did, by the Advice of his Friends, absent himself. At first he retir'd into *Normandy*, to the House of one of his Relations; but not thinking himself safe there, he was oblig'd to change his Retreat often. He went from one Province to another, always travelling by night, and never lodging but with Persons who were of his Acquaintance. At last being weary of that wandering Life, and finding that the Endeavours of his Friends in his Favour were uselefs; but above all apprehending the *Bastile*, where he had serv'd a very severe Apprenticeship some Years before, he resolv'd to depart *France* towards the end of the Year 1661. He first came to the *Spanish Low-Countries*, and from thence to *Holland*, where he staid but a short time, and then came over to *England*, where he waited on King *Charles II.* who receiv'd him very graciously. He soon liv'd in great Familiarity with the Dukes of *Buckingham* and *Ormond*, the Earls of *St. Albans* and *Arlington*, my Lord *Crofts*, and some other Lords: But above all, he liv'd in great Friendship with my Lord *D'Aubigny*. He apply'd himself to reading, nor did he neglect the Conversation of learned Men. He came acquainted with Mr. *Waller*,

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one of the politeſt Men in *England*, with the famous Mr. *Hobbes*, Mr. *Cowley*, Dr. *Iſaac Voſſius*, and ſeveral other learned Men.

How agreeably ſoever he ſpent his time in *England*, yet he often thought of returning to his own Country, and of being reſtor'd to his former Poſts. In this View he wrote to ſuch of his Friends who had moſt Credit at the *French* Court, and omitted nothing in order to obtain leave to return. But finding the Minds of the Miniſtry inflexible, he fell into a deep Melancholy, and into a ſort of a languishing Diſtemper. He was advis'd to croſs the Sea, in order to divert his uneaſy Thoughts; and he was the more eaſily perſuaded to this, that the Plague began to rage at *London*, and the Court was already reſolv'd to remove. He went away in 1665. and came to *Holland*, where he recover'd his Health after ſome months ſtay in that Country. There he was particularly acquainted with Penſionary *De Wit*, and the moſt conſiderable Perſons of the State. He was very intimate with the Marquiſs *D'Eſtrades*, the Baron *De Liſola*, and moſt of the foreign Miniſters at the *Hague*: But above all, he us'd to wait on the Prince of *Orange*, who tho he was diveſted of the Poſts which his Anceſtors enjoy'd, and reduc'd in a manner to a private Station, yet gave Signs, at thoſe Years, of an extraordinary Genius, of that warlike Temper, and that noble Ambition, which he afterwards made appear in the whole Courſe of his Life:

The Treaty of *Breda* began a little after: Monſieur *De St. Evremond* went thither to ſpend ſome months, and was acquainted with almoſt all the Plenipotentiaries. From thence he took a Tour to *Brufſels*, and then return'd to the *Hague*. The Prince of *Tuſcany* (h), who travel'd *incognito*, call'd there in his way to *England*. There was a Houſe hir'd for him, which was the very ſame where Monſieur *De St. Evremond* lodg'd. He made ready to remove, as well as

(h) *The Grand Duke now living.*

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the rest who had Apartments in it; but the Prince sent him word, it was his Desire he would continue in it. All the while his Highness was at the Hague Monsieur *De St. Evremond* duly paid his court to him, and had the Honour commonly to eat at his Table. From that time the Great Duke still entertained much Esteem and Favour for him, and gave him Assurances thereof, both by very obliging Letters and Presents, which his Royal Highness sent him from time to time.

Monsieur *De St. Evremond* had been above four Years in *Holland*, when Sir *William Temple* told him from *K. Charles II.* that his Majesty desir'd he would return to *England*. He came with all speed to *London*, where the King receiv'd him with extraordinary Goodness, and settled a Pension upon him of three hundred Pounds Sterling, which was always duly paid. He had sustain'd a great Loss by the Death of my Lord *D'Aubigny*; but he recover'd a great many old Friends, and was soon brought acquainted with the young Courtiers. Reading and the Conversation of polite Persons was all his Business; and we may affirm, that he liv'd as agreeably as a Stranger and an Exile could wish. But what contributed most to the Comfort and Sweetness of his Life, was the Arrival of the Dutches of *Mazarin* in *England*. Then all his divided Cares were united in one, and all his Application was terminated in so extraordinary a Person. He became one of her most zealous and most constant Admirers: She was the Subject of his finest Performances in all the kind of Writing. In a thousand places of his Works he has celebrated her incomparable Beauty, the Agreeableness of her Wit, and the Charms of her Conversation: But all the Elogies he made her, are far short of what was due to her Merits. And to tell the truth, I know not which of them was most indebted to the other, Madam *Mazarin* to her Panegyrist, for having display'd to all the World her rare and admirable Qualities; or Monsieur *De St. Evremond* to Ma-

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the Prince of *Madam Mazarin*, for furnishing him occasions of writing a thousand things, which will always be much to his Honour, in the Opinion of People of a delicate and fine Taste. He found at her House whatever was most honourable and polite in *England*, and whatever was most remarkable among foreign Ministers: He found those whom the Charms of *Madam Mazarin*, and those whom the Freedom of her House did ordinarily draw thither. But what he esteem'd above all the rest, was that he saw *Madam Mazarin* every day, and that was his chief Business. If Time, which destroys the greatest and most beautiful things, which effaces even Names and Titles, could make us forget the Beauty, Rank and Fortune of *Hortensia Mancini*, the Works of Monsieur *De St. Evremond* would establish Immortality to her. Her Name and Titles are better secur'd, than if they had been engraven on Marble and Brass. The Reader will pardon what I have been saying of *Madam Mazarin*. She had so large a share in the Writings, which Monsieur *De St. Evremond* compos'd in *England*, that I could not avoid enlarging upon that Matter, nor was it possible to think of so accomplish'd a Person, without lamenting her Loss.

When Monsieur *Colbert De Croissi* was Ambassador in *England*, he us'd his Endeavours to have Monsieur *De St. Evremond* recall'd. He wrote several times to Monsieur *Colbert* his Brother, and press'd him to explain himself on that head. Monsieur *Colbert* promis'd he would make no opposition, in case any one would take upon him to speak of it to the King; but he said he could not act directly in an Affair in which he was in some sort a Party. And so this Attempt succeeded no better than former ones had done.

After the Death of K. *Charles II.* the Earl of *Sunderland*, who was Secretary of State, and President of the Council, propos'd to K. *James* to create a new Place for Monsieur *De St. Evremond*: This was a sort of a Secretary to the Cabinet; for it was design'd he should write the King's private Letters to foreign

foreign Princes. Monsieur *De St. Evremond* excus'd his not accepting such an Employ, by alledging it was not proper for a Man of his Age. He beg'd my Lord *Sunderland* to return his most humble Acknowledgments to the King, and to tell his Majesty, that after seventy Years of Age that he had liv'd, it was fit he should enjoy the small Remainder of his Life, and entirely throw up all Business.

The Revolution, which happen'd in the end of the Year 1688, and which produc'd a new face of Affairs in *England*, was so far from hurting Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, that it was much to his Advantage. He went to pay his Respects to the Pr. of *Orange*, as soon as he was arriv'd at *London*, and was receiv'd by him with abundance of Distinction. When that Prince was rais'd to the Throne, he show'd him Marks of his Goodness on all manner of occasions, which were often attended with solid Favours. When his Majesty was entertain'd at any Great Man's House, he very often nam'd him for one of the Guests, and was extremely pleas'd with his Conversation. Being assur'd of the Protection and Good-will of the new King, he dreamt of nothing but of ending his Days peaceably in *England*, when it was told him he had leave to return to *France*. It was before the Declaration of War in 1689, that the Count of *Grammont* acquainted him with this by Order of the Ministry. Several of his Friends did sollicite him, at the same time, to come to *Paris*, and made him very obliging Offers: But whether his extreme Passion to return was abated thro Age, or whether he was satisfy'd with that kind of Life, and with the Society which he had chosen; he answer'd the Count *De Grammont*, That he was too old to be transplanted from one Country to another: that besides, he lov'd better to continue at *London* out of choice, where he was known to all the better sort; where People were accusom'd to his Wen and his white Hair, his Behaviour and Temper of Mind; than to return to *France*, where he had lost all his Acquaintance,

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where he should be like a Stranger, and where he should scarce know any other Courtier but the Count *De Grammont* himself.

The rest of *Monsieur De St. Evremond's* Life was too equal, and too much of a piece, to detain us long. It is sufficient to say, That he liv'd at *London* like a Philosopher. Reading and Conversation were more than ever his chief Business, and the rest of his time was employ'd in composing little Pieces for his own Amusement, and that of a certain number of Persons who met every day at *Madam Mazarin's*. The Death of this Lady touch'd him to the quick, and sometimes he could not name her without shedding Tears. Upon this occasion some of his Friends renew'd their Sollicitations, and press'd him to leave *England*; but he continu'd firm in his first Resolution;

He enjoy'd to the last a sound Judgment, a happy Memory, and as perfect Health as one could have wish'd at his Age. Eight or ten Months before his Death, he began to complain of a difficulty in making Water, which was occasion'd by an Ulcer in his Bladder. This Distemper grew upon him insensibly, and produc'd sharp Pains and Watchings, which weaken'd him, and at last took away his Appetite, which till then had been always very good. Finding himself past Recovery, he made a Will, and dispos'd of the little which he had to his Domesticks and some of his Friends. He died on the $\frac{2}{3}$ th of *September* 1703. being in his Senses to the last, and spoke as long as he could be understood. His Age was never exactly known; but by the most just Calculation that could be made of it, he could not be less than ninety two Years of Age. He was buried in *Westminster-Abby*, near the learned *Casaubon*, *Cambden*, *Barrow*, and the Poets *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Cowley*, &c. His Friends took care to have his *Busto* made by an able Sculptor: It is plac'd above the Inscription that contains his *Epitaph*, which is engraven on white Marble (i).

(i) See at the end of the Life of *Monsieur De St. Evremond*.

Before we conclude this Preface, let us say something of his Person and Character. Monsieur *De Sevres* was of a tall proper Stature, and a good Shape; and having perform'd his Exercises well in his Youth, he preserv'd a natural and easy Gate at very old Age. His Eyes were blue, lively and full of Fire, his Look ingenious, and his Smile arch. He had fine black Hair; and tho it was become perfectly white, and but very little remain'd, yet he would never take a Perriwig, but contented himself with a Calot. Above twenty Years before his Death, there arose a Wen above the upper Part of his Nose, which grew to a considerable Bigness, but did not much disfigure him; at least those who were us'd to see him, were not much offended at the Sight of it.

His Conversation was jovial and easy, his Repartees smart and biting, his Manners obliging and polite: In one word, we may say of him, that in every thing he look'd like a Man of Quality. Being a rigid Observer of the Rules of Civility, he never fail'd to return a Visit; but it was always without that Affectation of Ceremony, which spoils the Sweetness and Agreeableness of Correspondence.

He was not a Man of great Learning, but what he had read, he understood thorowly. In reading he was more concern'd to study the Genius and Character of an Author, than to burden his Memory with pompous, and oftentimes useless Learning.

He wrote with Ease; and tho his Stile seems to be labour'd and study'd, yet he had acquir'd so great a Habit of Writing, that it cost him no Pains. However, we are not to imagine, because of this, that he never corrected his Works. On the contrary, after a certain time he revis'd them, added to them, and sometimes curtail'd them: But very often he was more lucky in his first Thought than he was in his Corrections.

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as the Publick did. And we may even say, that he was a little too much prejudic'd in favour of his Verses; otherwise he made them with a great deal of Facility. He was a passionate Lover of Musick, and understood it so well, as to be able to compose Tunes. He prick'd the CONSORT OF CHELSEY, A PROLOGUE IN MUSICK, and several other Pieces, which you will find among his Poems. 'Tis true, that as to Overtures, Thorow-Basse, Chorus's, and the whole Symphony, he left them to be compos'd by some able Musician. Being a great Admirer of a fine Voice, and yet more of Instruments when they were well play'd upon, he never miss'd any Consort or Diversion of that kind.

All the while he serv'd in the Army, he was very careful to perform all the Duties of a good Officer; and out of it he was a Lover of Pleasure, a good Companion, and a Lover of good Cheer. The Count D'Olonne, the Marquis De Boisdauphin and he were call'd LES COTEAUX (k), because they would needs refine upon the Taste and Delicacy of the Table. In foreign Countries he always lov'd good Cheer; and when all other Passions left him, this accompany'd him to his very Tomb.

Altho he was naturally inclin'd to Satyr, or rather to a fine Raillery, or an ingenious Irony; yet his Politeness, and his Knowledg of the World, made him very circumspect and reserv'd. In his old days he affect'd to praise and commend every thing, and even to applaud too highly Favourites and People in Places. This was rather an Effect of Fear and Distrust, the ordinary Companions of old Age, than a Change of his Temper and Inclination. He has express'd this Disposition in those four Verses:

*My Taste of Satire is no more,
And I malicious Praise give o'er:
But when with Truth I can commend,
'Tis pleasant then to please a Friend.*

(k) See Monsieur De St. Evremond's Life, pag. xx.

He

He not only liv'd to a very old Age, but during the whole Course of his Life enjoy'd a firm and vigorous Health. He preserv'd to the last a gay facetious Humour, which had nothing of Austerity in it, nor none of the Peevishness of Old Age. He lov'd the Company of young People, and was touch'd with all their Pleasures. The Diversions he was not in condition to enjoy, made a lively and agreeable Impression on his Mind, and he lov'd to hear them talk'd of.

He was naturally slovenly, which was occasion'd chiefly by his having Dogs, Cats, and all sorts of Animals always with him. He us'd to say, that in order to divert the Uneasinesses of old Age, it was necessary always to have before one's Eyes something alive and animated.

He brought from *France* all the Money he could recover, leaving some Bills with the Marshal *De Crequi*, who settled a Pension for Life on him for them of 200 Crowns. When he went the second time from *Holland* over to *England*, he gave 500 *l.* Sterling to the Duke of *Montague*, who in lieu thereof settled an Annuity upon him of 100 *l.* per annum during Life. This, together with what he receiv'd from *Normandy*, and the Gratifications which he had from *K. Charles II.* and *K. William III.* supply'd him with the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life.

This is sufficient to give you an Idea of *Monsieur De St. Evremond*; if there are any Strokes wanting to his Picture, you may see that he drew himself. He concludes it with these Verses, which inform us wherein consisted his Religion:

*Justice and Charity supply the Place
Of rigid Penance, and a formal Face:
His Piety, without inflicted Pains,
Flows easy, and Austerity disdains.
God only is the Object of his Care,
Whose Goodness leaves no room for black Despair:
Within the Bosom of his Providence,
He places his Repose, his Bliss, and sure Defence.*

London, April 1. 1705.

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A T A B L E

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REFLECTIONS

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*That we ought to despise FORTUNE;
and not care for the COURT.*

IT is more difficult to make the World acquiesce in this *Maxim*, than in any other: For they who receive Favours, and even those that have but bare Pretensions, or Expectations, are apt to ridicule a Notion so contrary to their own.

I own, one can hardly believe, That any reasonable Man did ever pretend to make that Opinion Universal: I suppose it was calculated for the Unfortunate, with no other Design, than to cure distemper'd Minds of an unprofitable Uneasiness; in which Case I cannot find fault with it.

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If

If a Man be allow'd to call a Mistress ungrateful and cruel, whom he has courted without Success; those who think themselves ill used by Fortune may, with more Reason, claim the Priviledge to forsake her, and, at a distance from her, to seek for a Repose that may ballance the Advantage she has deny'd them. What Injury do we do her to pay her in the same Coin, and return Contempt for Contempt? Therefore I don't think it strange, for a Man of Honour to despise the Court; but I think it ridiculous in him to persist in the despising it.

There is another Sort of Men every where intolerable: Such are those who can't leave the Court, and are vex'd at every Thing that passes there; who interest themselves in the Disgrace of the most indifferent Persons, and find fault with the Preferment of their own Friends.

They look upon all the Good and Ill that's done to others, to be downright Injustice; and they are equally provok'd by Favours, tho' never well deserv'd; and by Punishments, tho' never just. Yet if you can listen to these Persons they'll talk of nothing but Constancy, Generosity, and Honour: Every Thing they say, is always attended with a melancholy Air, that makes you Sad, instead of affording you any Comfort. They find a certain Pleasure in Complaining, which cancels our Gratitude for their Pity. Wherever you will, you may expect to find the World compos'd of two Sorts of Persons; the one mind Business, the other pursue their Pleasures.

The first fly the Approach of the Miserable, and are afraid of becoming so by Contagion. If one has a mind to get into their Acquaintance, he must conceal his Misfortunes, and endeavour to be serviceable to them, in some respect or other.

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Those that give themselves up entirely to their Diversions, have something more of Humanity in them, and are easier of Access. Their Mistresses and Confidants make good use of those Follies, by which they are possess'd. Their Souls are more open, but their Conduct is more uncertain: *Passion*, with them, always prevails above Friendship; and they look upon the Duties of Society, as an insupportable Burthen. Therefore, to converse with them, you must follow the Course of their Pleasures, confide but little in them, and get what you can from them.

The greatest Art consists in knowing well these two Sorts of Persons. As long as you are engag'd in the World, you must comply with its Maxims; because nothing is more unprofitable, than the Wisdom of those Persons who set up for *Reformers* of the Age. 'Tis a Part a Man cannot act long, without offending his Friends, and rendring himself ridiculous.

In the mean time, most of these *Reformers* have their Views, their Interests, and their Cabals. 'Tis to no purpose to expose them; for all that is said of them, either at Court, or upon the Stage, does not discourage them. Harken to their Remonstrances, and they will immediately become your *Masters*; give no Attention to them, and you must expect they'll be your *Enemies*. As long as Fortune smil'd upon them, they enjoy'd her Favours; and when they happen to fall into Disgrace, they seek to raise and advance their Interest, by affecting a Reputation of Integrity. To what purpose is it, for a Man to hate in another, the Fortune he would not neglect for himself? Their Aversion is levell'd at those that stand for Favours; their Envy at those that obtain them; and their Animosity at the Persons that distribute them: To have their Esteem, or

their Friendship, one must be dead, or at least very miserable.

I know that a Man of Sense is always to be pitied in Adversity, and a Fop always to be despis'd, let his Fortune be what it will: But to hate Favourites, purely out of Hatred to *Favour* and to love the Miserable, meerly out of the Consideration of their Disgrace, is a very odd sort of Conduct, uneasie to one's self; insupportable to others; And always prejudicial. Nevertheless, difference of Temper shews all these different Effects in the Life of Courtiers.

We have already observ'd, that there are many Persons at Court, that break with their Friends at the very moment that any Misfortune happens to them; that have neither Friendship nor Affection, but what is measur'd by Interest. Whosoever is not useful to them, never wants Defects and he that may be serviceable to them, is possess'd of all Perfections.

There are others, who don't content themselves with deserting the Unfortunate; but even insult over them in their Misfortunes. The more cringing and abject these Men are in their Adulation to the *Favourites*, the more forward they are to affront those that are fallen into Disgrace.

To speak the truth, if the morose Humour of those who rail at Fortune continually, is extravagant, the Prostitution of those, who sacrifice even their Friends to her, is as infamous.

There is just a *Medium* between Baseness, and false Generosity; there is a true Honour that regulates the Conduct of reasonable Persons. An honest Man may be allow'd to have his Ambition and Interest; but he ought not to pursue them by any other than lawful Means. He may have Address and Skill, without *Subtily*; *Dexterity*, without *Deceit*; and *Complaisance*, without *Flattery*.

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When he is a Friend of the Favourites, he partakes agreeably of their Secrets : If they happen to fall, he shares in their Misfortunes, as he did in their Favours.

The same Address that knew how to please them, can give them Comfort ; he makes their Misfortunes less troublesom, as he render'd their Pleasures more agreeable ; he manages his good Offices with Dexterity, without offending their Loyalty, or injuring their Fortune ; and thus he acts more conveniently for himself, and more to the Advantage of his Friends.

Generally speaking, he is more hearty than those who seek their own Glory, in assisting others ; who aim at nothing but to recommend themselves, by giving Testimonies of their Constancy, and who prefer the Noise of a good Action, before the Good of those they design to oblige.

Of these two Sorts of Persons, the first pretend to keep at a distance from the Unfortunate, that they may be more capable of serving them ; the others run after them, to tell them how they are to manage themselves. Whilst the first are conceal'd, and only think how to relieve the Afflicted, the others love nothing so much, as to exercise a wild and imperious Generosity, and to domineer over those that stand in need of their Credit.

I have gone too far in this Discourse : I shall conclude it with a Word or two, concerning the Opinion one should entertain of Favourites.

In my mind, their Greatness ought never to dazzle our Eyes ; We may judge of them, within our selves, as we do of other Men ; either esteem or despise them, according to their Perfections or Defects ; love or hate them, according to the Good or Ill they do us. I am likewise of Opin-

nion, that we ought never to be wanting to pay that Acknowledgment which is due to them; carefully conceal the Sights and Disgusts we receive at their Hands; and when Honour or Interest would carry us to Revenge, respect the Inclination of the Master, in the Person of the Enemy; Not to confound the Publick Good with our own; and never to make a *Civil War*, of private Quarrel.

To despise, or hate them, are free Motions; so long as we keep them to our selves; but when they carry us to Things wherein the State is concern'd, we are accountable to It for our Actions; and its Justice has a Right to punish such a Criminal Conduct.

*MAN, who is desirous to know all Things,
knows not himself.*

TO MONSIEUR ***

YOU are become more unsociable of late than you us'd to be: Study has something cloudy and melancholy in it, which spoils that natural Chearfulness, and deprives a Man of that readiness of Wit, and freedom of Fancy, which are requir'd towards a polite Conversation. Meditation has still worse Effects in Civil Society. Wherefore let me advise you to take care, that you lose not by it with your Friends, what you think to gain with your self.

I know very well, that the Disquisition which employs you at present, is both serious and important; you desire to know what you are, and

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what you ſhall be in another World, when you ſhall ceaſe to be in this? But pray tell me, can you imagine that thoſe Philoſophers, whoſe Works you read with ſo much Application, have found what you enquire after? They have ſearcht it, as well as you, but they have ſearcht it in vain. Your Curioſity has been of all Ages, as well as your Reflections, and the Uncertainty of your Knowledge. The moſt Devout cannot always command their Belief; or the moſt Impious their Incredulity: And 'tis one of the Miſfortunes of our Lives, that Natural Reason cannot aſſure us, whether there be another Life, or no.

The Author of Nature was not pleaſed to allow us to be perfectly acquainted with our ſelves; and amidſt the too curious Deſires of knowing every Thing, he has reduc'd us to the Neceſſity of being ignorant of our ſelves. He animates the Springs of our Soul, but conceals from us the admirable Secret that makes them move; and that knowing Artificer reſerves to himſelf the ſole Knowledge of his Work.

He hath plac'd us in the miſt of numberleſs Variety of Objects, with Senſes capable of being affected with them: He has given us a Mind that makes continual Efforts to know their Nature. The Heavens, the Sun, the Stars, the Elements, whole Nature, and even the Supreme Being on whom it depends, are ſubject to its *Speculation*, if not to its *Knowledge*. But, are we affected with the leaſt Pain? Our fine Speculations vaniſh away: Are we in danger of Death? There are few People but would give up the Advantages and Prerogatives of the Mind, to preſerve this baſe and groſs Part, this earthly Body, which Philoſophers ſet ſo little Value upon.

I return to the Opinion, which, I ſuppoſe, you will not approve, and which, however, I believe

be true enough, viz. That no Man was ever convinc'd by Reason, either that the Soul was certainly immortal, or that it is really annihilated with the Body. Solomon,

'Tis not to be doubted, but that Socrates believ'd the Immortality of the Soul: We see it in what remains of the History of his Life; and the Opinions which Plato fathers upon him, seem to confirm it. But yet Socrates does not assert it himself; for when he appears before his Judges, speaks of it like a Man that desires it, and mentions Annihilation like a Philosopher that fears it not.

This, SIR, is the noble Assurance which Socrates gives us of the Immortality of the Soul: we see what Proofs Epicurus will give us of Annihilation. Epicurus is unacquainted with any Thing but the Body: With him the Soul, the Mind, the Understanding, all is Matter, all subject to Corruption and Dissolution. But does he not seem to contradict, at his Death, the Maxims he taught during his Life? Posterity affects him; his Memory becomes dear to him; he flatters himself with the Reputation of his Writings, which recommends to his Disciple Hermachus. His Mind which was so far engag'd in the Opinion of Annihilation, is affected with Tenderness for it self, laying up Honours and Pleasures for a State different from that it is going to quit.

From whence, think you, proceed the Contradictions we find in Aristotle and Seneca, about this Matter, but from the Uncertainty of an Opinion which they could not fix in the most important Question; and, at the same time, the most remote from our Knowledge? From whence proceeds this Diversity of Opinions? 'Tis because they are troubled by the different Notions of present Death, and future Life. Their Soul, which is a Stranger to it self, establishes or overthrows its

ever own Opinion, according as it is seduced by the
certainly various Appearances of Truth.

Body. Solomon, who was the greatest of all Kings, and
his belief the wisest of all Men, seems to furnish the Impious
what with Arguments to defend their Errors, even at
the O the very time when he advises the Good to con-
a to continue firm in the Love of Truth. If any one
it brought to have been free from Error, Doubts and
dges, Inconstancy, surely it was Solomon: Yet we see
and me by the Unequality and Changeableness of his
that fear Conduct, that he was some times tired with his
Wisdom, as he was at others, weary of his Folly;
which show his Virtues and Vices gave him, by Turns,
Soul: I Disgusts; that some times he thinks all things are
us of govern'd by Chance; and that at other times he
with an ascribes all to Providence.

Soul, th Let the Philosophers, let the Learned seriously
all subject examine themselves, and they will find not only
not fear an Alteration, but even an absolute Contrariety in
he taught their Opinions. Unless Faith subjects our Reason,
his Me we pass our Lives betwixt Belief and Unbelief; in
himself endeavouring to persuade, while we are unable to
which he convince our selves.

is Mind I know very well that some Instances may be
of Ann brought in, which seem to contradict what I
self, lay assert. A Discourse upon the Immortality of the
different Soul, has prompted some Persons to seek Death,
to enjoy the sooner the Felicity that was promis'd
e. Con them in another Life. But when we once come
z, about to this pass, 'tis no longer Reason that leads us,
an Op but rather Passion that hurries us away; 'tis no
impor more the Discourse that has an Effect upon us,
ne most but the Vanity of a noble Death, which we fool-
nce pro ishly prefer before Life; 'tis a Weariness of pre-
because sent Miseries, and a Hope of future Enjoyments;
of pre a blind Love of Glory; 'tis a Distemper: In a
which word, 'tis a Fury that offers Violence to natural
rows its Instinct, and puts us besides our selves,

Believe

Believe me, S I R, a serene undisturb'd Mind is seldom moved by the reading of *Plato*. It belongs to God alone to make Martyrs, and engage us by his Promise to leave the Life we enjoy, for another which we know nothing of. For a Man to pretend to convince himself of the Immortality of the Soul by Reason, is a kind of Distrust of the Promise God has given us about it; and, in in some Measure, renouncing the only thing that may secure it to us.

What has *Des-Cartes* gain'd by his pretended Demonstration of a purely spiritual, and ever-thinking Substance? What has been the Result of such refined Speculations? Why, he has made the World believe that Religion did not convince him, without perswading either himself or others by his Arguments.

Therefore, S I R, read, think, meditate, and reflect, as long as you please, and you will find, after all your Reading, Thinking, Meditating, and Reflecting, that it belongs to Religion alone to decide, and that Reason ought to submit.

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The Duke of LONGUEVILLE's
Retreat to his Government of † Nor-
mandy.

THE Duke of *Longueville* entring the old Palace, the first Person he met with was Monsieur de * *St. Luc*, who had been sent from *St. Germain*s to the Marquis of ‡ *Hectot*, in order to endeavour to bring him back to the Court-Interest. He told him, with a joyful Countenance, *St. Luc*, 'Tis not long ago since I bated you heartily ; and I, my Lord, replied *St. Luc*, I hate you no less now, than you did at that time. If I had not been impos'd upon, you would not be here ; and if you had not been impos'd upon first, I would not have been suffer'd here.

This short Conversation being over, the Duke of *Longueville* shew'd an Inclination to go to the Parliament, who met in order to consider whether they ought to admit him. Some of his Friends oppos'd it, alledging, That he thereby expos'd himself, and the whole Fortune of his Party ;

† Mr. de St. Everemond wrote this ingenious Satyr, to turn into Ridicule most of the Gentlemen of Normandy, who had declared against the Court in the Year 1649. After it had for some time been bandied about in Manuscript, it was printed in a loose Sheet ; at which the Author was not displeas'd, since the War being declar'd, he thereby did the Court a Piece of Service. It was afterwards inserted in the Memoirs of the Duke of la Rochefoucault ; but full of Faults, and without the Author's Name. Cardinal Mazarin set a great Value upon it, as was observ'd in Mr. de St. Evremond's Life.

* The King's Lieutenant-General in Guienne, under the Duke of Epemon.

‡ Son to the Marquis of Beuvron.

Party : Whereupon they caus'd some Persons to go to the Top of a high Tower, in order to observe the Countenance of the People ; and upon their Report, that they heard Huzza's on all Sides, the Duke went out immediately, attended with those that had followed him, and repaired to the Palace, being receiv'd every where with repeated Acclamations.

He surprized the Gentlemen of the Parliament who did not expect so sudden an Adventure, and having taken his Seat, he spoke to them in these words : *Having ever had a great Respect and Affection for you, I am come hither, notwithstanding the Hazard to which a Man of my Quality may expose himself, to offer you my Life and Fortune for your Preservation. I know, that most Governours do not follow this Method ; and that after they have got from you all the Service they can in peaceable Times, they abandon you as soon as they see you in Danger. For my own Part, as I have a Thousand Obligations to you, so I design to take this Opportunity to acknowledge them : And, both as a Governour, and as one sensibly oblig'd to you, I come to do you all the Service that lies in my Power, in so perilous a Conjunction.*

The First * President returning no Answer to this Speech, but rather shewing, by his melancholy Looks, how much he was concern'd at the Duke's Presence, all the other Gentlemen gave him Demonstrations of Joy, which were animated by the Mouth of a Counsellor of the Great Chamber, named *Du Mesnil-Costé*, who made him this fine Complement : *' Most Gracious Prince, The same Difference that is between the Wolf and the Shepherd, is found, on this Occasion, between Count d'Harcourt and your Highness. Count*

d'Harcourt

* *Mr. Faucon de Ris, descended from an Italian Family.*

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Pharcourt is come, either as a *Wolf*, or as a *Lion*, but still as a ravenous Beast, to devour us. We would not open our Doors to him, lest we should receive an Enemy into our Bowels; And all the Favour we have shewn him, was to suffer him to go round our Walls; which he has done, casting upon us an Eye sparkling with Wrath, *Tanquam Leo rugiens*. As for you, Great Prince, you are come like a true Shepherd, to secure our whole Sheepfold; *Bonus Pastor ponit Animam pro Ovibus suis*. There's no doubt but you'll do the same; *atque ideo*, My Lord, we commit to you the Guard of this City, and the Safety of the whole Province: 'Tis your Part to watch for our Preservation; and ours to second your Care with all the Assistance that shall lie in our Power.

This Speech being ended, the Duke of *Longueville* rose, and having saluted every particular Member with his usual Affability, he went out of the Palace, accompanied by his Friends, and follow'd by the People with their repeated Acclamations.

The Gentlemen of the Parliament, reflecting on the Joy the Citizens had shewn at the Sight of their Governour, began to be apprehensive of an absolute Slavery; to prevent which Misfortune, they resolv'd to make their own Terms with him. But whether the Duke of *Longueville* foresaw their Intention; or in order to settle a perfect Confidence with them, he thought fitting to prevent them, and assure them, that they should ever have the Disposal of All. He told them, ' That the Affairs in question, did properly regard the Parliament, and not himself; that he neither design'd, nor ought to have any other Employment, than that of leading an Army for the Welfare of the State, and their particular Service; vice;

‘ vice ; That all the Levies should be made by
 ‘ Their Orders ; That they themselves should ap-
 ‘ point Commissioners, out of their own Body
 ‘ both for the Receipt and Payment of the Mo-
 ‘ neys ; And, in short, That as they were prin-
 ‘ cipally concern’d in the Success of this Affair
 ‘ it was but reasonable they should be privy to
 ‘ all the Councils.

Those Gentlemen return’d him Thanks for the Honour he did them ; assur’d him they would make as many Ordinances as he should desire without examining any Thing ; that, being the King’s Guardians, they would, at his Pleasure, dispose of their Pupil’s Estate ; and that they would run all Hazards to serve him, provided he would suppress the * *Long-Vacation*, and restore the Assembly to their Ancient Privileges. The First President, and Advocate-General, thinking themselves unable to serve the King, went to *St. Germain*s to give an Account of their Disability.

In the mean time, the Duke of *Longueville*, having secur’d the People and Parliament, bent all his Thoughts on the raising of Forces. But having yet no Funds, he resolv’d, however, to dispose of Employments, in order to entertain every Body with Hopes ; and began to make the Establishment of an Army, which was then but imaginary. The most eminent Persons being assembled, ‘ He return’d them Thanks for the Ardour
 ‘ they shew’d in his Service : Adding, That for
 ‘ his own Part, he would ever acknowledge the
 ‘ Affection of those who follow’d his Fortune ;
 ‘ and that he was ready to entrust them with the
 ‘ most

* *The French says Semestre, which signifies a Committee of the Parliament, that sits during the Long-Vacation.*

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most important Employments, expecting a proper Opportunity to gratify them with substantial Favours.

At these fine Words, those illustrious Persons made profound Bows: A moment after, nothing was heard but Compliments, which insensibly advanced to Assurances of Fidelity, and Protestations of their readiness to spill the last Drop of their Blood. This was attended with several fine Speeches on the present State of Affairs, and some of them, animated with Zeal for their Party, open'd a material Counsel. *Why*, said they, *do not we beat the Iron whilst 'tis hot? You have, my Lord, abundance of Nobility and Gentry with you; and great Numbers of young Men in the City: You may make up a Body of Gentlemen; a Body of their Valets-de-Chamber, to whom you may join the * Cinquantaine, and the Archers; two great Battalions of the most substantial Burghers: And with these Troops go and surprize the King at St. Germain. Yes*, answer'd the Duke of Longueville, *this may be adviseable: But it being our chief Enterprize, we must take right Measures to carry it on; We shall debate it in the first Council. In the mean time, to avoid Confusion, which usually ruins all Parties, we must dispose of Employments, that every one may know his Post.*

Varicarville, so highly respected by the Wits, would accept of no Employment: Having learnt of his Rabbi, that in order to understand the Old Testament perfectly well, a Man must apply himself to nothing else, and even reduce himself to a † Herb-Diet, to keep his Head free from all
gross

* A particular Troop of the Archers, or City-Militia.

† Varicarville had with him a Jewish Rabbi, who suffer'd him to eat nothing but Herbs.

gross Vapours; nevertheless, the Aversion he had against the Favourites, not permitting him to be idle on such Occasions, he desired to be Superintendant in Civil Matters, and to settle all Things according to the Prince of Orange's Memoirs: But as ill Luck would have it, he had left behind him, at *Paris*, a Manuscript of Count *Maurice*, which might have been of great Use to him for the Artillery and Provisions; which, in all Probability, was the Reason, that there was neither Ammunition nor Bread in that Army.

Saint-Ibal put in for the Honour of bringing the Enemy into *France*: But he was answer'd, that the Generals of *Paris* reserv'd it to themselves. He then desir'd a Full-Power to treat with the *Poles*, *Tartars* and *Muscovites*, and the sole Management of Chimerical Projects, which was granted him.

Count *de Fiesque*, fruitful in Military Chimera's, besides the Post of Lieutenant-General, which he had at *Paris*, obtain'd a particular Commission for the Beating up of Quarters, and other blunt and sudden Exploits, which may be resolv'd upon, whilst one is singing an Air of * *la Barre*, or dancing a Minuet.

The Marquis *de Beuvron* was made a Lieutenant-General, on Condition that he should remain in the *Old Palace*; that Place, and the Government, being both of so great Importance, that too much Care could not be bestow'd on their Preservation.

The Marquis *de Matignon*, ever Illustrious by his Sufficiency, and now Famous for the memorable Siege of *Vallogne*, commanded the Troops of *Cotantin*, saying, He had a mind to have the little

* A famous Musician of those Days.

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† See
Cap. 39.

the Army under him, and be as independent on the Duke of Longueville, as Count Wallenstein was on the Emperor.

The Marquis d'Heftot stood up for the Command of the Horse, which was granted him, because he was better mounted than the rest; was about the same Age with Monsieur de Nemours, when he commanded the Cavalry in Flanders; and had an embroider'd Coat entirely like his.

Ausonville was pitch'd upon to be Governour of Rouen, as a Man civilly skill'd in War, and as able to make military Harangues to the People, as Pléssis-Besançon. The Governour was made Major-General, that he might not obey others; and the Major-General Governour, that he might not be oblig'd to quit the City: For 'twas one of his Maxims, That he ought not to go out, upon any Account whatsoever; and he alledg'd the Example of several considerable Towns, that had been lost, through the Absence of their Governours.

Hanerie and Caumenil desir'd to be made Majors-General: Hanerie, because he had been like to be made Ensign to the King's Gensdarmes; and Caumenil, because he was within an Ace of being made Colonel of * Monsieur's Regiment.

Boucaule could not pretend that he ever saw an Army; but he alledg'd, that he had been a Hunter all his Life-time, and that Hunting being a Picture of War, according to † Machiavel, Forty Years spent in Hunting, were, at least, equivalent to Twenty Campaigns; wherefore he desir'd to be made a Major-General, which he was accordingly.

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Flava-

* The Duke of Orleans.

† See his Discourses on the First Decad of Livy, Lib. III. Cap. 39.

Flavacourt said, That to be a good Captain, a Man must have seen Armies routed, as well as victorious; as *Barriere* (his Brother-in-Law) had read in the Duke of *Roban's* * Book: Which being laid down as a Maxim, he pretended that no Man could contend with him for the Advantage of his own Experience, every Body still remembring the Disorder he was in, when *d'Estauges* † was taken Prisoner.

They had a mind to bestow the Command of the Ordnance on *St. Evremond*; and, to speak the Truth, as he stood affected for || *St. Germain's*, he could have wish'd to serve the Court, by accepting a considerable Employment, in which he had no manner of Skill. But having promis'd *Court d'Harcourt* not to serve at all, he kept his Word with him; both out of a Principle of Honour, and not to be like the *Normans*, most of whom had broke their Promise. Upon these Considerations, he generously refus'd the Money that was offer'd, but which would never have been given him.

Campion did not put in for any great Employment; and only desir'd to be made *Mareschal of Battalia*, in order to learn the Trade of War, ingenuously owning he was a Stranger to it: But pretending to know the Country, to the smallest Rivulets, and the most inconsiderable Passages; which Science he had learned when he went a Hunting with the Duke of *Vendosme*.

Servigny was contented with the same Employment; but he found he was a Bubble to his own Modesty,

* Entitled, *Le Parfait Capitaine, ou l'Abregé des Guerres des Commentaires de Cesar*; &c.

† In the War of Paris.

|| The King was then at that Place.

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Modesty, when he saw, that there was no Skill requir'd to be a Major-General. However, he set up also for a Droll, and had the Honour to make his Highness laugh.

Rucqueville, that old Servant, would not take up with any Employment; and his long Experience in War remain'd useless, under pretence of his Vapours. The Duke of *Longueville*, to soften his Disgust, for not being made Governour of *Caen*, augmented his Pensions: But all in vain, *Rucqueville* saying openly, That he would, indeed, take his Master's Money, but could never forbear speaking ill of him.

Franquetot-Barberousse was a long while before he chose his Side: *Boncœur* * entertaining his Irresolution by the Friendship of the Mareschal de *Gramont*. During his long Consultations, however, he insensibly set up for a Doer of good Offices, hugging himself with the Vanity of a false Credit. Afterwards, being inform'd by Letters from his Friends, that Peace was seriously negotiating, he determin'd to act no longer a neutral Part. He read *Cæsar's Commentaries*, to fortify his Mind, which was not yet fully resolv'd: When he came to the Passage of the *Rubicon*, he stopt short, as that great Captain had done; and having mus'd a while upon the Matter, he cry'd out, like him, *Let's pass the Rubicon, a lucky Cast may win All*. He thereupon goes out in a great Emotion, without looking either upon *Boncœur* or the little † *Harry*, well-knowing, that the sight of Women and Children may soften the fiercest Spirits; and without acquainting any of his Friends, he attends the Duke of *Longueville*, and thus bespeaks him: ' *My Lord,*

M 2

I ever

* So his Wife was call'd.

† Son to *Franquetot*.

‘ I ever was your Servant, tho’ not with so particular a Devotion, as to be thereby oblig’d to serve you on this Occasion: But now I design to embrace your Interest, and am come to assure *your Highness*, that I entirely devote my self to you.

The Duke felt a great Joy, and such as cannot be contain’d within the Heart, and therefore makes, generally, some Impression on the Face; But the same was moderated, when *Barberousse* had explain’d himself thus: ‘ The Declaration I make is not so general, but that I add a Condition to it; I design to continue here, when you go into the Field, which, however, cannot be ascribed to Want of Courage, but to an unlucky *Strangury*, which hinders me from going on Horse-back. Not that I design to be useless in the Party neither: I will negotiate with *Madam de Matignon*, for whom I ever entertain’d an Affection; and besides, as you have no Body here that can write Relations, I shall take care to publish your Atchievements. These last words were a great Comfort to the Prince; for to speak the Truth, they had great Occasion for a *Gazetteer*, and he was glad to find one so skill’d in *Narratives*.

Fontrailles came in the Nick of Time to see the Great Affair of *la * Bouille*. During his Stay in *Normandy*, the Duke of *Longueville* made him privy to all his Counsels, as he did *Varicarville* and Count *de Fiesque*; but *Fontrailles* could not relish such a

Confi-

* *Mr. de St. Evremond* going to *Rouen* during this War, met the Duke of *Longueville* at *la Bouille*, (a Village within three Leagues of that City) with his little Army; and gave him Notice of the Approach of the King’s Troops, and thereby an Opportunity to save his own: As was mention’d before in *Mr. de St. Evremond’s Life*.

Confidence, being apprehenſive of engaging himſelf too far in the Prince's Intereſt, and of being intruſted with the Secret of a ſecond Enterprize againſt *Pontoïſe*. So juſt an Apprehenſion oblig'd him to quit the Party, and to carry Count *de Fieſque* away with him, repreſenting to him, That conſidering how they govern'd their General, all the Diſorders that might happen would be charged upon them, if things were carried to Extremity.

The Duke *de Retz*, from whom they expected great Supplies, came attended only by a Page, who carried his Arms and his two truſty † Squires. Some found Fault with his coming without Troops; but they were ſoon ſatiſfied, when he ſhew'd 'em a long Liſt of the Barons who deſired to be employ'd. For Two hundred thouſand Crowns, he might have engag'd the *Bretons* to take the Field; but for want of that petty Sum, the Credit of ſo great a Lord remain'd altogether uſeleſs. 'Tis true, he promiſed not to ſpare his own Perſon, and to ſerve as a Duke and Peer in the Army of *Rouen*, with the ſame Affiduity as he had ſerved in *Flanders*: He aſſured them beſides, that *Montplaiſir* would ſoon join them; and even gave 'em ſome Hopes of the || *Tapinois*.

As for the reſt, *Belle-Iſle* was in a very good Poſture of Defence; there was a Garrifon at *Mache-coul*; and *Montmirel* was well guarded. The Duke's way of living with the Officers was very obliging: And whoever was ſo happy as to have

M 3

a Buff-

† When he was in *Flanders*, he had always two Gentlemen of the Horſe by his Sides, and a Page that carried his Arms.

|| So was Monſieur *Id'Aubeterre* nicknamed: Becauſe when he was in the Army, he often ſtole away from his Company to go to the Trenches, and other Places of Danger; from whence he ſometimes returned wounded, to the great Surprize of his Friends, who did not expect any ſuch thing.

a Buff-Coat, or a Black Velvet Jacket, might depend upon his Friendship.

Thus you see the different Employments of the most considerable Persons of the Party. If any Body wonders that I say nothing of their Actions, 'tis because I know nothing of 'em: For as I relate Truth with the utmost Exactness, so I mention nothing but what I saw. In the mean time, I account my self happy that I was acquainted with the Animosity of that Insurrection, rather by Observation, than by my own Experience. 'Tis a Trade for *Fools* and *Desperado's*, which Men of Sense and Honour, and such as are well to pass, ought not to meddle with.

Bubbles came in daily by Companies; the Outlaw'd and the Needy repair'd to them from all Parts; and there never was so great Talk of *Generosity*, without *Honour*; never so many *fine Speeches*, without *Sense*; never so many *Designs*, without *Action*; or Undertakings without *Effects*: In short, 'tis all *Fancy*, all *Chimera*; nothing substantial, nothing real, besides *Want* and *Misery*. Hence it is, that private Men complain of the Great ones, who *deceive* them, and the Great ones of private Men who *abandon* them. *Fools* are undeceived by Experience, and draw off; Men of desperate Fortunes, who see no Alteration in their Condition, go and seek elsewhere some other unlucky Adventure: Being no less disgusted with the Leading-Men of the Party, than with the Favourites.

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A LETTER

To MADAM ***

I Remember, Madam, that when I went to the Army, I begg'd of you to love the Chevaliér of *Grammont*, in case I should be so unfortunate as to meet my Death there; in which Particular, I have been so well obey'd, that you do not hate him at all during my Life, to learn (I suppose) how to love him the better after my Death. You are very punctual in obeying my Orders, and should I continue to give you the same Commission, in all Appearance, you would see it carefully executed.

You may imagine, Madam, that I design to hide a real Grief under a pretended Banter; and being so well acquainted with my Passion, you cannot without Difficulty perswade your self, that I can suffer a Rival without Jealousie. But perhaps you don't know, Madam, that if I dare not complain of you, because I love you too much, I dare not complain of him, because I love him little less. And if I must of Necessity be angry, teach me whom I am to be most angry with; either with him who goes to rob me of my Mistress, or you who steal my Friend from me.

Let the Matter be how it will, you need not give your self much Trouble to appease my Indignation. My Passion is too violent, to indulge in the least my Resentment; and my Tenderneſs will always make me forget the Injuries I have received from you. I love you, tho' perfidious; I love him, tho' treacherous; and only fear that a sincere Friend is no Favourite of either. Fare-

well; let us enter, I beseech you, into a new unknown sort of Confederacy, and by a strange Mystery, let his, let your, and my Friendship, be only one and the same thing.

A LETTER

To the same.

I Thought you had utterly forgot me, but by a *more* refined and ingenious Conduct, you treat me as if you just began to know me.

Upon my Integrity, I never saw such a civil Letter in my Life, and at the same time so very little obliging as yours. You have hit upon so nice, so delicate an Indifference, that I cannot complain of you without Regret, nor commend you without the just Imputation of Silliness. *Generosity, Gratitude, Obligation*, are common Expressions in your Letter. It seems you have, for my Sake, been at the Expence of learning all the Terms that have been used in Compliments, and have forgotten all those that express any Sentiment of Love. It must be confess'd, Madam, that you imitate your Mother's Stile perfectly well. At first Sight, I thought I had receiv'd a Token of her Ladyship's Remembrance. Besides this, Madam, that doleful *Fargon* of being over-whelm'd with *Misfortunes*, does not at all become you; but seems to proceed from a Person that labours under a mysterious Discomposure.

As for your self, who never acted the *Sham-Mourner*, how came you to pitch upon me, a-God's Name, to tell your doleful Story, and entertain me

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me with the Shew of fuch noble Misfortunes ?
Am I then good for nothing in the World, but to
be the Confident of your affected Melancholy, and
ftudied Sorrow ?

As it is impoffible for you, Madam, to become
indifferent to me, I was asking M *** after
you, who told me that you danced from Morning
till Night, and that one could not pafs the Time
more merrily than you did.

Adieu, *miferable* *Person*, over-whelm'd with a
long Train of *Misfortunes*, full of *Gratitude* and *Ac-*
knowledgment to thofe, who take any Part in
your *Miferies*. Adieu, more *Tenderly*, a Thou-
fand times, than you write *Civilly* to me. I con-
jure you to believe that you have not *Civility*
enough to difcourage me ; and that I would rather
chufe to be all my Life-time, the Confident of
your Sorrow, than to have nothing at all to do
with you.

A L E T T E R

To M A D A M * * *

YOU are upon the Point of making a very
forry Gallant of a very good Friend ; and
I perceive that what I call'd Satisfaction, when I
was with you, is now become infenfibly fome fort
of a Charm. I talk no more of turning things
into Ridicule ; and the very fane Perfon who fet
fuch a Value upon your malicious Fancies, now
discovers in you more affecting Qualities, which
give him a Difguft for your firft Endearments.

You always appear'd very engaging to me ; but
now I begin to feel with Emotion, what I was
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used to see only with Pleasure. To speak plainly to you, I am afraid I may be in Love with you, if you will suffer me to love you: For at this present Writing, I am in such a Condition, that I can let it alone, if you don't like it.

You must not expect from me any fine Thoughts, or noble Raptures: I am wholly incapable of them, and freely leave them to the Admirers of Madam C. Let the Drawing-Rooms make the most on't: At least, permit Madam de N. to define Love by her own Fancy; and don't envy the vain Imaginations of those miserable Creatures, who upon the Ruins of their Faces, value themselves upon their Wit that still continues with them, at the Expence of their Beauty that has deserted them.

Finding me so clownish in the Contempt of refined Sentiments, you'll imagine, perhaps, that I am a Hero as to the Exercises of the Body: Pray hearken how the Case stands with me. I am indifferent in every thing; and neither Nature nor Fortune have done any thing for me but what is common.

As I cannot see, without Envy, those People that are Sumptuous and Magnificent in their Expences, so I cannot, without some Displeasure, behold those that are too much given to their Pleasures; and if I dare speak my Thoughts, I hate in some measure, the *Vivannes* and the *Sauvours*, because I cannot resemble them.

My Affairs go always at the same rate; I never allow my self any Extravagance; and I stand in need of a little Oeconomy to make things even at the Year's end, and pass a Winter's Night.

Not that I am reduced either to Want or Infirmary: But to explain my self frankly, my Expence is small, and my Efforts indifferent.

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Thus have I laid before you the Condition of my Affairs: Tell me now whether with these Qualities I may presume to fet up for your Lover, or whether I am still to continue your Friend?

As for my self, I am resolv'd to take what part you assign me; and if I pass from Friendship to Love without Difficulty; I am able to return from Love to Friendship, with as little Violence.

The CHARACTER of the Countess
† d'OLONNE.

I Don't expect to be more successful in your Character, than our Painters have been in your Picture, where I may safely say, the best Performers have lost their Reputation. Hitherto, we never beheld any Beauties so accomplish'd, but they were oblig'd to these Masters, either for bestowing some new Graces upon them, or else for concealing some of their Defects. You alone, Madam, are above those Arts, whose peculiar Character it is to Flatter and Embelish. They never took the Pencil to draw your Face, without a shameful Foil of their Skill, and doing an infinite Injustice to the Original; in short, without making so accomplish'd a Person, as your self, lose as many Advantages, as they usually bestow upon those that don't possess them.

If

† Catherine Henrietta d'Angennes, Countess d'Olonne, was Daughter to Charles d'Angennes, Lord of La Loupe, Baron of Amberville, by Mary du Raynier.

If you are not much oblig'd to the Painters, you are much less, I'm sure, to the Curiosity of your Dress. You owe nothing either to the Skill of other People, or to your own Industry, and may safely rely upon Nature for the Care she has taken of you. As there are few Persons, upon whom Negligence sits well, I would advise them not to depend too much upon it.

To say the Truth, the generality of our Ladies are no farther agreeable, than their Attire makes them so. Every Ornament they put on, to set them off, conceals some Defect: But every Thing that's taken from your Dress, restores you some Grace or other; and 'tis as much your Interest, to return to the Primitive Simplicity of Nature, as it is for their Advantage to avoid it.

I will not amuse my self with any general Praises, that are many Ages old. The Sun shall not furnish me with a Comparison for your Eyes; nor the Flowers for your Complexion. I might speak of the Regularity of your Face, and Delicacy of your Features; of that charming and agreeable Mouth; of that Neck, so well turn'd and polish'd; of those bewitching Breasts: But after a Man has made the most curious Observations, there are a Thousand Things may be thought of in you, which cannot be well describ'd; and a Thousand Things better felt than thought of.

Take my Advice, Madam; Don't trust the Care of your Glory with any other Person; for certainly you are no where so well as you are in your self. Appear in the midst of your *Pictures* and *Characters*, and you will eclipse all the Images that 'tis possible to frame of you.

After having well admir'd you, what I find the most extraordinary is, that you have collected, in your self, the several Charms of different Beauties;

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Beauties; *You are Miftrefs of thofe Graces* that furprize, that please, that flatter, and affect us.

Your Character, properly fpeaking, is not a particular Character; 'tis that of all the Fair: One Man maintains his Heart againft an Imperious, that fuffer'd himfelf to be conquer'd by a Delicate Beauty: Delicacy gives difguft to another, who willingly furrenders his Heart to an imperious Miftrefs.

You alone are the *Foible* of all the World. The fiery Lover finds in you an unexhaustible Subject for his Raptures: Tender Souls find all that is proper to feed their Tendernefs and their Languifhings. Different Tempers, various Humours, contrary Inclinations, all are fubject to your Empire.

Thofe Perfons that were born neither to give nor receive Love, preserve the firft of thefe Qualities, and unhappily lofe the other. From hence it proceeds, that there is fome refemblance between the Warmth of your Friends, and the Paffion of your Lovers; that 'tis impoffible to admire you without a Concern; and that the Judgment of the moft indifferent Spectators is never free. From hence, in fhort, it proceeds, that every one loves in your Company, except your felf alone, who continue infenfible.

Thus far I have paid part of what I owe to your Beauty; and 'tis none of your leaft Commendations, that I have been able to praife you fo long. 'Tis but juft I fhould have fome Confideration of my felf now; and that in fpeaking of your Wit and Humour, I fhould be allow'd to indulge my own.

I will deliver nothing but Truths: And left you fhould imagine them to be difadvantageous to you, I will begin with the Charms of your Converfation, which are not at all inferiour to thofe of your Face.

Yes,

Yes, Madam, we are no less affected with Hearing, than with Seeing you. You may inspire Love, even when you are veil'd; and make *France* resemble *Spain*, in being the Scene of Adventures of the *Fair Invisible*.

Never was more Politeness, than we find in your Discourse; and, what is surprizing, nothing can be so lively, and yet so just; so happy, and yet so well conceiv'd.

But let us conclude Praises, which, when they are too long, never fail to be tiresome, tho' they are never so true: And now, Madam, prepare to hear with Patience what I found amiss in you. If you cannot without Difficulty, hear your Defects, I am sure I could not without a greater Difficulty discover them. I was oblig'd to make very profound Enquiries, and after a long and painful Study, I will tell you what Faults I have taken notice of.

I have often seen you too respectful and condescending to ordinary Persons; and while this Humour lasted, submit your Judgment to that of many others, which was much inferiour to yours.

I am likewise of Opinion, that you suffer your self to be too much sway'd by Custom. That which at first sight you rightly judg'd to be Gross and Dull, has, after a short time, appear'd Just and Delicate without Reason; and when you come to rectify these Errors, 'tis rather by a Change of your Humour, than by any Reflections of your Mind.

Sometimes, *Madam*, you fall into the contrary Defect, and by thinking too much, overlook the Truth; so that your Opinions are rather more strongly imagin'd, than solidly conceiv'd.

As for your Actions, they are equally Innocent and Agreeable: But as you may very well neg-

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lest those Formalities, that are, in truth, but so many Fetters of Life, you must expect the *Censure* of Fools, and the *ill Nature* of those People whom your Merit has made your Enemies.

Those Ladies, who are your profess'd Enemies, are forc'd to own to us, that you have receiv'd a Thousand Advantages from Nature. But upon some Occasions we are oblig'd to own to them, that they might be better manag'd, and that you don't always make so good Use of them, as others would do.

I shall end all with the Unequality of your Temper, which you your self now and then describe so pleasantly; 'Tis vexatious to those that suffer under it: As for me, I always find that it quickens my Passion; and I see, that when we most complain of any one's Humour, 'tis then we are most affected with the Person. However it is, we are so far from being able to take any Advantage over you, that we are at a loss what Measures to take with you. We easily disoblige you, without thinking of it; nay, the very Design to please you, has more than once made us so unfortunate as to displease you.

Believe me, Madam, a Man must be very happy to find out your easy Moments, and very critical to *nick* them. What we may truly say, after we have well examin'd you, is, that no greater Misfortune can befall a Man, than to be in Love with you, yet nothing so difficult as to avoid it.

These, Madam, are the Observations of a Spectator, who to judge the more impartially of you, has endeavour'd to keep himself free. The Method he took to continue so, was to shun you as much as was possible for him. But 'tis not enough for one not to see you, after he has once beheld you; and this Remedy, which as to other Women

men is infallible, does not entirely secure us with you.

Perhaps you will tell me, that a Man who has any tender Sentiments, is not generally so rigid in his Judgment. But so soon as you will take the Pains to let me know what you dislike, I will immediately retract what I have said. 'Tis impossible to think disadvantageously of you, but in your Absence; for to repeat what I have already told you, *Do but appear, Madam, in the midst of your Pictures and Characters, and you will soon eclipse all the Images the most fruitful Fancy can form of you.*

A L E T T E R

To the Countess d'Olonne, sent with the foregoing Character.

I Send you herewith your Character, which tells you the general Sentiments of the World concerning you; and will inform you, that there is nothing so Beautiful in all *France* as your self. Don't be so rigorous to your own Merits, as to deny your self that Justice which all the World pays you. Most of our Ladies suffer themselves to be easily persuaded, and entertain flattering Errors with Pleasure; and it would be very strange, indeed, if you could not be prevail'd upon to believe a pleasing Truth.

Besides the publick Opinion, you have the Judgment of *Madam de Longueville* on your side. Submit to so Authentick a Testimony, without further

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Monsieur de St. Evremond.

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further scruple; and since she believes it, believe your self to be the most charming Creature that was ever beheld.

From your Beauty, Madam, I pass to the Mischiefs it has occasion'd, and to the infinite Numbers of those that daily languish and dye for you. 'Tis not my Design to render you Compassionate; on the contrary, if you would follow my Advice, it shall cost one or other of your unfortunate Admirers his Life. Our Poets, and Romance-Mongers, have too long banter'd us with feign'd Deaths; I demand a true one of you, which will be an undisputable Title to your Perfections. Among Five or Six languishing Persons, of my Acquaintance, chuse whom you please to honour with your *last Rigours*: And you'll easily lead him from *Languishment* to *Death*. Dispatch him quickly for your own Satisfaction, and that of,

Madam,

Your, &c.

A L E T T E R

To M A D A M * * *

HOW violent soever my Friendship is, it has left me Judgment enough to write to you with less Passion and Concern than I us'd to do. And to tell you the Truth, I am somewhat ashamed to send you Country Sighs, which have neither the Sweetness, nor Delicacy of those you hear. But let them be what they will, I must of necessity

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necessity venture them; and endeavour to make you remember me, at a time when all the World labours to have me forgotten.

I don't question but that the Interview of your pious Mother, and the rest of your godly Family, was attended with abundance of Tears: To be sure, to such a Mother's Tears, you paid a civil and respectful Return, like a well-bred Daughter. But then you know the World too well, to have any real Tenderness for the Disquiet of those *Prudes*, whose Virtue is nothing else but a meer Artifice to deprive you of those Pleasures, which themselves regret.

'Tis enough that you shew'd once your Obedience, and sacrific'd your Repose to a Complaisance, which, perhaps, you did not owe her. She is unjust, if, after she has exacted so severe a Submission from you, she pretends to regulate your Inclinations, and constrain the only Thing she has left in your Power.

We love that which pleases, and not what is barely permitted to us: But if you must ask leave of your Parents, before you Love, I am so well acquainted with their Humour, that I dare assure you, you'll have but little occasion to be acquainted with that Passion, so long as you live.

But perhaps this Discourse may be altogether useless; and considering your present Circumstances, I ought rather to be apprehensive of those Persons that advise you to Love, than those that forbid it. Perhaps you may follow the Advice I give you, and laugh at the Reprimands of your Mother. How do I know but that this poor Mother of yours, to whom I wish so much Mischiefe, may be in my Interests; and that to stifle a growing Passion in its Birth, she does not allow you

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you the Liberty to Love a Person so remote from you ?

Hitherto I have had all the Reason in the World to commend your Constancy and Resolution ; but I doubt whether a meer *Idea* will be able to dispute it long against a *Face*, and *Memory* against *Conversation*. I have too great an Uneasiness upon me, to leave any longer the Advantage of being present with you, to those Gentlemen that behold you ; and within a few Days, no manner of Business shall hinder me from throwing my self at your Feet. In the mean time, till I come to entertain you with my Passion, remember how many Thousand Oaths you have sworn to love me as long as you live.

A LETTER

To M A D A M * * *

AS nothing is so Honourable as an ancient Friendship, so nothing is so Scandalous as an old Passion. Undeceive your self, *Madam*, of the false Merit of being Faithful ; and take it for a certain Truth, that nothing is so injurious to the Reputation of a Beauty, as Constancy. Who knows whether you resolv'd to love but one Person, or whether you could get but one Lover ? You *fondly* imagine that you practise a Virtue, while you make us suspect that you have many Defects.

But, *consider*, how many Disquiets attend this wretched Virtue ; and what a vast Difference

there is between the *Disgusts* of an old *Engagement*, and the *Endearments* of a growing *Passion*. In a new *Amour* you will find *Delights* in every *Hour* of the *Day*: 'Tis an unexpressible *Pleasure* to find that *Love* grows upon us every *Minute*: But in a *Passion* of an old standing, our *Time* lingers very uneasily, in still loving less. We may converse well enough with *Persons* that are indifferent to us, either out of *Decency* and good *Manners*, or through a necessary *Obligation*: But how can we pass our *Lives* with those we have loved, when we love them no longer.

I have only four *Words* more to say to you, and I desire you to make some *Reflection* upon them. If you like what's disagreeable, it argues an ill *Taste*; if you have not the *Resolution* to quit what displeases you, 'tis a downright *Weakness*. But do what you will, you'll be easily justify'd with me: For there's no *Foible* but I will forgive in you, without pretending to any great *Indulgence*.

*When the Fair Sex transgress the Laws,
They need no Advocate:
Nature alone best pleads their Cause,
And justifies the Fault.*

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A LETTER

To the Count * d'Olonne.

YOU left me Yesterday in a Conversation, that insensibly became a furious Dispute; in which every thing was said, that can be alledged *Pro* and *Con*, either for the Disgrace or Advantage of Learning. You may easily guess at the contending Parties; and you know they had both of them a great Concern in maintaining their Cause, † *Bautru* having no great Obligation to Nature for his Genius; and the *Commandeur* ‡ may say, without being ungrateful, that he owes his Talent neither to Arts nor Sciences.

The Dispute was occasion'd by the Commendations bestow'd on the Queen || of *Sweden*, for the great Variety of her Knowledge: When the *Commandeur*, all on the sudden, rose from his Chair, and taking off his Hat with a particular Air, *Gentlemen*, says he, If the Queen of *Sweden* had known no more than the Customs of her own Country, she had continued there still. To learn our Language and Fashions, to put herself in a Condition of making a Figure eight Days in *France*, she has lost her Kingdom. See what her Knowledge and fine Learning, which you cry up so much, are come to!

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Bautru

* He was of the House of la Trimouille.

† William Bautru, Count of Serrant. See Bayle's Dictionary.

‡ The Commandeur de Jars, of the Family of Rochefoucault.

|| Queen Christina was then (1656) in France.

Bautru seeing such an Injury done to the Queen of Sweden, whom he so highly esteems; and to Learning in general, which he has so great a Value for, without any Regard for the Company, began with a great Oath, and said: 'Tis a Piece of the highest Injustice, to impute to the Queen of Sweden as a Crime, the noblest Action of her Life. As for your Aversion to the Sciences, I don't at all wonder at it: This is not the first time you have shew'd your Contempt of them. If you read the most common Histories, you would know that her Conduct is not without Example. Charles V. was no less celebrated for Abdicating his Kingdoms, than for his Conquests: Did not Dioclesian quit the Empire, and Sylla the Dictatorship? But all those things are utterly unknown to you; and 'tis downright Madness to dispute with an Illiterate. To conclude, Where can you find me an extraordinary Man, who was not a Man of Letters, and acquired Knowledge.

He began with Monsieur * the Prince, and went on as far as Cæsar; from Cæsar to Alexander the Great; and would have traced up the Matter much higher, had not the Commandeur interrupted him with so much Vehemence, that he was forced to hold his Tongue.

In troth, says he, You tell us mighty Feats here, with your Cæsars and Alexanders. For my part, I don't know whether they were Learned or Unlearned; it signifies nothing to me. But this I am sure of, that ever since I knew the World, no Gentlemen were put to study, but only such as were designed for the Church; and even the Generality of them, content themselves with the Latin of their Manual. As for those that were designed for the Court, or for the Army, they went fairly and honestly to the Academy, to learn to ride the great Horse, to dance, to fence, to play upon the Lute, to vault,

* So the French used to call the Prince of Condé.

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vault, a Tincture of the Mathematicks, and that was all. There were in France several Thousand Soldiers, who were all of them fine Gentlemen. Thus the * *Thermes* and the † *Bellegardes* were formed. Latin! In my time, Latin! it had been a Scandal for a Gentleman to be acquainted with it.

I know the great Qualities of Monsieur the Prince, and am his humble Servant. But I must tell you, that the late Connestable of Montmorency knew how to maintain his Credit in the Provinces, and his Interest at Court, and yet was not able to read. Little Latin, I say.

It happen'd luckily for the Commandeur that his Adversary had the Gout; otherwise he had reveng'd the Quarrel of Latin, with something more effectual, than meer Bluster and Words. The Contest was renewed afresh; the former being resolved, *Sidias* || like, to die a Martyr for his Opinion, and the other still maintaining the Cause of Ignorance, with a great deal of Honour and Resolution; when a charitable * Prelate, who chanced to be in the Room, interposed to accommodate the Difference; being ravished to meet so favourable an Opportunity to show his Wit and Learning. He cough'd thrice very methodically, and then turning himself towards the Doctor, he thrice sneer'd (as your Men of the World do) at our pleasant *Ignoramus*; and when he thought he had compos'd his Countenance well enough, *Digitis gubernantibus Vocem*, he spoke after this manner:

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I must

* Paul de la Barthe, the Marechal de Thermes.

† The Duke of Bellegarde, Great Master of the Horse. See the *Memoires des Hommes illustres de Brantome*, Vol. III.

|| The Hero of a small Treatise of Theophilus, wherein a Pedant's well characterized. See the Second Part of his Works about the Beginning.

* Mr. de Lavardin, Bishop of Mans.

I must tell you, Gentlemen, I must tell you, that Learning adds to natural Abilities; and likewise that the Gifts of Nature give a Grace to Learning. A Genius of it self, without Rule and Art, is like a Torrent that runs down with Impetuosity: And Knowledge without natural Parts, resembles those dry and barren Fields, that are so disagreeable to the Sight. Now Gentlemen, the Business is how to reconcile what you have so unadvisedly divided; and to re-establish an Union where you have made a Divorce. Learning is nothing in the World, but a perfect Knowledge, and Art is nothing but a Rule that directs Nature. Wou'd you, Sir, addressing himself to the Commandeur, be ignorant of the things you speak of, and value your self only upon a natural Genius, which is irregular, and far from Perfection? And you Mr. Bautru, Will you renounce the natural Beauty of the Mind, to render your self a Slave to troublesome Precepts and borrow'd Knowledge? Come, Come, replied bluntly the Commandeur, Let us make an end of this Discourse; I wou'd rather bear with his Knowledge and his Latin, than with the long Harangue you have made us here.

The good Man Bautru, who was not of an irreconcilable Nature, was immediately appeas'd; and to quit Scores with the Commandeur, prefer'd his agreeable Ignorance to the magnificent Words of the Prelate; who, for his Part, went off with a profound Contempt for both, and a deep Satisfaction in himself.

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A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR ***

YOU acquaint me, Sir, that you are in Love with a Protestant Lady ; and that were it not for the Difference of Religion, you could resolve to marry her. If you are of such a Constitution as not to be able to bear the Thought of being separated from your Wife in the other World, I advise you to marry a Roman-Catholick : But if I were inclin'd to alter my Condition, I should willingly marry a Woman of a different Religion from my own : For I should be afraid, lest a Catholick thinking her self secure of Possessing her Husband in the next World, should be-think herself of Enjoying a Galant in this.

Besides, I have an uncommon Thought, which, however, I believe to be true, *viz.* That the Protestant Religion is as advantageous to Husbands, as the Catholick is favourable to Lovers.

That *Christian Liberty* which the Protestants boast of, creates a certain Spirit of *Resistance*, which better secures the Women against the Insinuations of their Lovers : *Whereas* the *Submission* which the *Romish* Perswasion requires, does, in some measure, incline them to suffer themselves to be overcome : And indeed, a Soul that can submit to grievous Penances, must needs give way to *pleasurable Impressions*.

A regular Life is the main Scope of the *Reformed Religion* ; and *Regularity* easily begets *Virtue*. The *Romish* makes Women far more *Devout* ; and *Devotion* easily turns into *Love*.

The one thinks it's sufficient to forbear what is forbidden : The other, who admits of *Works* of
Super-

Supererogation, allows herself some *Irregularities*, tho' forbidden, because she does a great deal of Good which is not exacted from her.

With the First the Church is a Security to Husbands ; with the other, a Place of the greatest Danger. And, indeed, the Objects of *Mortification* in our Churches, do frequently enough inspire Love. In the Picture, for Instance-Sake, of *Mary Magdalen*, the Representation of her Repentance, will, in old Women, raise an Idea of her *austere Life* ; but the Young will take it for a *Languishment* of her Passion : And whilst the good Mother designs to imitate the Saint in her *Sufferings*, the melting Daughter thinks only on the *Sinner*, and amorously revolves the *Occasion* of her *Repentance*.

Those penitent Ladies, who in a Convent mourn for the Sins they have committed in the World, are an Example for Pleasure, as well as for Grief : Nay, perhaps they begot a *Confidence* in *Sinning*, by affording the Prospect of a Resource in *Repenting*. A Woman does not separately contemplate Part of their Lives, but proposes the whole to her Imitation ; and giving herself up to Love while she is young, she reserves her *Tears* for the Comfort of her *Old Age*. In that melancholy Period of Life, so very subject to Pain, 'tis a kind of Pleasure to mourn for one's Sins, or at least a Diversion for Tears, which should be bestowed on one's *Infirmities*.

Then, say you, *I am entirely safe with a Protestant* : To which I answer what honest *Hippothadens* said * to *Panurge* : *Yes, an't please God*. He that's wise, trusts to Providence ; depends upon it for his *Security* ; and on himself for a *quiet Mind*.

Of

* See Rabelais, Book III. Chap. 30.

OF PLEASURES.

To the Count d'OLONNE.

YOU ask me what I am doing in the Country? I talk with all sorts of People, I think of all manner of Subjects, and meditate upon none. The Truths I look for, need not be narrowly search'd into: And, besides, I avoid having too long and too serious a Conversation with myself about any Thing. Solitude imprints upon us, I know not what sort of dreary Sadness, barely by putting us upon thinking on the Wretchedness of our Condition.

If a Man intends to live happy, he must make but few Reflections upon Life, but often depart, as it were, from himself, and amidst the Diversions which exterior Objects furnish him with, steal from the Knowledge of his own Miseries.

Divertisements, or *Diversions*, had borrow'd their Name from the *Diversion* they give us from sad and tiresome Objects, to those that are pleasing and agreeable: Which sufficiently shews, how difficult it is to overcome the Hardships of our Condition by any Force of Mind, but that a Man may artfully avoid them by Dexterity and Address.

'Tis the distinguishing Character of GOD alone, that he can contemplate Himself, and in Himself find his Felicity and Repose. We can hardly cast our Eyes upon our selves, but we there discover a thousand Defects, which oblige us to seek elsewhere what is wanting at Home.

Honours, Reputation, Riches, Amours, and well-manag'd Pleasures, are a mighty Relief against

gainst the Rigours of Nature, and the Miseries of Life. And, indeed, the principal End for which *Wisdom* was given us, was to direct us in the *Enjoyment of Pleasures*: But let our Stock be never so great, we shall find it stands us in small stead, when we are either rack'd with Pain, or alarm'd with the Approaches of Death.

Philosophy prompted *Possidonius* to say, in the sharpest Fits of the *Gout*, *That the Gout was no Evil*; but his Pain was not a whit the less for it. *Socrates's* Wisdom made him discourse a great deal at his Death; but his uncertain Reasonings persuaded neither his Friends, nor himself, of the Truth of what he said.

I know some People, who disturb the Joys of their serenest Days, by the Contemplation of a solemn Death; and as if they were not born to live in the World, they only think on the manner of going out of it. In the mean time, it comes to pass, that the extremity of Pain dashes to pieces their fine Resolutions, when they stand most in need of them; that a Fever throws them into a *Delirium*; or that doing every Thing preposterously, they are strangely fond of Life, when they must resolve to quit it:

—Oculisque errantibus alto

Quæsit Cælo Lucem, ingemuitque repertâ.

Virg. *Æneid*. Lib. IV.

Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and sought the Light,
But having found it, sicken'd at the sight;
And clos'd her Lids, at last, in endless Night.

Dryden.

For my own part, as I ever liv'd at random, I shall be contented to die in the same manner: And since Prudence had so small a Share in the
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Actions of my Life, I should be sorry she should take upon her to controul its End.

To speak soberly, all the Circumstances of Death regard only those that remain behind us. Weakness or Resolution, all is equal at the last Moment : And 'tis ridiculous to imagine, that this can signify any thing to those who are going to be nothing themselves.

There's nothing that can effectually conquer the Horror of this Dissolution, but the Persuasion and confident Expectation of another Life, with such a Composure of Mind, as to hope every thing, and fear nothing. After all, we must insensibly go whither so many brave and good Men are gone before us, and whither we shall be follow'd by so many others.

If I discourse so much upon Death, after having said, that the Contemplation of it is irksome, 'tis because it is almost impossible not to make some Reflections upon a Thing so very natural. Nay, it would be a kind of Effeminacy not to dare to think of it : But let People say what they will, I cannot approve a particular Study of it ; for such an Employment is too inconsistent with the Enjoyment of Life. We may say the same thing of Sadness, and all sorts of Sorrows : A Man cannot absolutely disengage himself from them ; and I think them not only allowable, but reasonable on some Occasions. Indifference is scandalous in some sorts of Misfortunes ; and a tender Concern is justly felt upon the Disgrace of a true Friend : But then our Grief ought to be rare, and soon laid aside ; whereas Joy ought to be frequently and artfully entertain'd.

We can never bestow too much Address on the Management of our Pleasures ; and, after all, the most skilful do seldom relish them well. A long Preparation, by taking away the Surprize, deprives

prives us of what's most quick and exquisite in them; *And on the other hand*, if we take no care of them, we enjoy them preposterously, in a Hurry inconsistent with Politeness, and a true nice Taste.

An *imperfect Enjoyment* is attended with *Regret*; a *Surfeit* of Pleasure with *Disgust*. There's a certain Nick of Time, a certain Medium to be observ'd, with which few People are acquainted. We much enjoy the *present Pleasures*, without impairing the *future*.

Neither ought the Thought of wish'd-for Goods to appal the Relish of those we possess. This made the greatest Men among the Ancients set so great a Value upon such a *Moderation*, as may be stil'd *Oeconomy* in Things either *desir'd*, or *obtain'd*.

As you do not exact from your Friends such a regularity as may lay a constraint upon them, I communicate to you the Reflections I have made without any Order, and just as they occur in my Mind.

All Men are by Nature prompted to hunt after their Pleasures, tho' differently, according to the difference of Humours and Tempers. The *Sensual* abandon themselves grossly to their *Appetites*, indulging themselves, like other Animals, in all natural Enjoyments.

The *Voluptuous* receive an Impression upon the Senses, that reaches the very Soul. I don't mean that Soul purely intelligent, from whence proceeds the most exquisite Light of Reason; but a Soul more mixt with the Body, which is affected by all sensible Things, and knows and relishes Pleasures.

The Mind has a greater Share in the *Taste* of the *Nice*, than in that of others. Were it not for the *Nice*, *Gallantry* had been unknown; *Musick*,
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harsh and uncouth; and Meals, coarse and nasty. To them we are indebted for the *Eruditus Luxus* (or *study'd Luxury*) of *Petronius*, and all those polite and exquisite Discoveries which our refin'd Age has made.

I have made other Observations upon the Objects that please us; and methinks I have remark'd very particular Differences in the Impressions they make upon us.

There is a slight sort of *Impression*, that does, as it were, but glance upon the Soul, awake its sensitive Part, and employ it about agreeable Objects, on which it dwells with Complacency, without either Care, or much Attention.

There is a sort of *soft* and *voluptuous* Impressions, which melt, as it were, and deliciously diffuse themselves over the Soul; from whence arises that sweet and dangerous Laziness, or Indifference, which robs the Mind of its Vivacity and Vigour.

There are *moving Objects*, which make their Impression on the Heart, and stir up its *Affection*. There are others, which by a secret Charm, hard to be express'd, keep the Soul in a kind of Enchantment. There are others again so very keen, that they touch the Soul to the quick, and give it a pleasing Smart. Beyond this, are the *Raptures* and *Swoonings*, which proceed from a Disproportion between the Sense of the Soul, and the Impression of the Object. In the first, the Soul is transported by a kind of Ravishment; and in the other, it sinks under the Weight of its Pleasure, if one may so speak.

This is what I had to say to you about Pleasures: It now remains, that I say something of the Mind, when it comes to it self again, and is restor'd to its natural State.

As light and wandring Minds never enjoy themselves ; so on the contrary, the Thinking and Saturnine are still conversant with themselves ; and it is to be fear'd, that instead of tasting the Sweets of true Repose, their lazy and unactive Application may throw them into Wearisomness. However, that Time which a Man renders tedious to himself, by his sullen Humour, is no less plac'd to his Account, than the sweetest Part of Life. Those melancholy Hours, which we would fain pass away with Precipitation, do full as much contribute to make up the Number of our Days, as those that escape us with Regret.

I am none of those, who spend their time in complaining of their Condition, instead of thinking how to alleviate it.

*Unhappy Knowledge, Source of all our Woes,
Destructive of our Pleasure and Repose.
Why, when some dire Mischance has been sustain'd,
Should the ungrateful Image be retain'd?
Must we to Grief such slavish Homage pay,
As sigh our best, our dearest Hours away?
Or to improve the Pressures of our Doom,
Must we bewail the past, or fear the Ills to come?*

I freely leave those Gentlemen to their Murmurs, and endeavour to extract some Comfort from those very Things they repine at. I entertain my self with an agreeable Remembrance of past Enjoyments, and with pleasant Idea's of what is to come.

If I am oblig'd to regret any Thing, my Regrets are rather Sentiments of Tendernefs than of Grief: And, if in order to avoid Evil, we must necessarily foresee it, my *Forefight* never goes so far as *Fear*. 'Tis my Aim, that the Consciousness of feeling nothing that troubles me, and the Con-

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sideration of seeing my self Free, and Master of my self, should give me the spiritual Pleasure of good *Epicurus*. I mean that agreeable *Indolence*, which is not a State without either Grief or Pleasure, but the nice Sense of a pure Joy, which proceeds from a Repose of Conscience, and a Serenity of Mind.

After all, what Pleasure soever we find in our selves, let us take Care not to dwell too long at Home. 'Tis an easy Passage from these secret Joys to inward Grievs; so that there is no less good Husbandry requir'd in the Enjoyments of our own Goods, than in the Use of those that are external.

Who knows not that the Soul is tir'd with being always in the same Posture; and that, at long run, it would lose all its Vigour, if it were not awaken'd by its Passions.

In short, as I said in the Beginning of this Discourse: If a Man intends to live happy, he must make but few Reflections upon Life; but often depart, as it were, from himself, and amidst the Diversions which exteriour Objects furnish him with, steal from the Knowledge of his own Miseries.

*Ne'er break thy Rest with the Designs of Fate;
For he that still improves his present State,
That follows Time, insensible of Fears,
And counts his Pleasures, rather than his Years;
With Ease and Freedom tastes the present Joy,
And distant Ills do ne'er his Thoughts employ.
His Mind unbent, in innocent Rapose,
No real Grief, no gloomy Moments knows.*

*He keeps a sweet Remembrance of the past,
And hugs the present while the Transports last:
He steals from the Chagrin the Future gives,
And, as the happy Minutes come, he lives.*

*He rules his Passions with a Sov'reign Sway,
 And makes inferiour Appetites obey.
 Sometimes his Reason meets the coming Joy,
 And with King Nature's Dictates does comply.
 Favour he thinks a Blessing worth Desire,
 And Glory does his active Soul inspire :
 Yet both he sees without a jealous Eye,
 And State-Convulsions don't his Rest destroy.
 From Virtues golden Mean he never swerves,
 And neither fears the Thunder, nor deserves.
 In the same Stream his Joys and Virtues flow,
 He looks on Heav'n, yet scorns not Earth below.
 When Nature Summons to another State,
 He does not vainly murmur at his Fate.
 Dull Volumes of the Schools he throws away,
 And Heav'n's Decrees does patiently obey.*

This is the utmost of what the Philosophy of
Epicurus and *Aristippus* can afford to their Follow-
 ers : But true Christians, far more happy by the
 Purity of the Precepts of the Gospel, will taste the Sweets
 of an innocent Life, which will be still attended by a
 greater Felicity.

A LETTER

To MADAM ***

I Am inform'd, *Madam*, that you design to turn
Devout, and I heartily return God Thanks for
 it ; having more Occasion, in our Conversations,
 for the Purity of those Thoughts you are going
 to entertain, than for those that might be sugge-
 sted to you by the Commerce of the World. I
 therefore conjure you, as one who is concern'd
 with

with Heaven, to take up a *true Devotion* ; and in order to render your *Conversion* fuch as I would have it, it will not be improper to describe to you that of our *Ladies*, fuch as it is, that you may avoid the Faults that attend it.

Their ordinary *Repentance*, as far as I have obferv'd, is not fo much a Sorrow for their Sins, as a Regret for their Pleasures : Wherein they are themselves deceiv'd, amoroufly lamenting what they have loft, while they believe that they devoutly bewail what they have done.

Those decay'd Beauties that give up themselves to God, fancy that they have exftinguish'd old Flames, which, however, fecretly endeavour to kindle a-fresh ; and their Love having only chang'd its Object, they preserve for their loft Sufferings, the fame Sighs, and the fame Tears, which exprefs'd their old Torments. They have loft nothing of the First Troubles of an amorous Heart, fuch as Fears, Swoonings, and Raptures : They retain its moft endearing Motions ; tender Defires ; foft Sorrows ; and precious Languifhments. When they were young, they facrific'd *Lovers* ; now they have none, they facrifice themselves ; and the *New Convert* offers up to God the *old Voluptuary*.

I have known thofe, whose *Conversion* was, in fome Meafure, owing to the *Pleasure of Change* : Others, who devoting themselves to God, felt a malicious Joy from their fancied Infidelity to the Men.

There are thofe who renounce the World, out of a Spirit of Revenge againft the World who has left them : Others again, who mix their natural Vanity with fuch a Renunciation ; and the fame Pride that made them leave the Courtiers for the Prince, fecretly flatters them that they can defpife the Prince for God.

To some of them, God is a new Lover, that comforts them for him they have lost : In others, Devotion is a Prospect of private Interest, and the mysterious Cloak of a new Conduct.

There are some melancholy and reserv'd, who relish best an obscure Pleasure, and prefer an awkward Pretender to Sanctity, before a handsome genteel Lover : Sometimes they design to raise themselves up to Heaven in good earnest ; and their Weakness makes them rest by the way, with the Directors who conduct them. Devotion has some *Tenderness* for God, which may easily return to a *Passion* for Man.

I forgot to mention some Women in Retirement, who, in appearance, give up themselves to God, that they may, in some Measure, shake off their Dependance on a Mother, or a Husband. There are others of a Hundred different Kinds : But very few wherein the Character of a Woman does not appear, either in their Humour, or their Love.

To judge a-right of the Merit of *Devout* Women, we must rather consider what God requires of them, than what they design to do for God. For, in truth, all the Mortifications they undergo, of their own Motion, are as many agreeable Effects of their Fancy ; and a Woman is pretty well rewarded in this World, by being permitted to do what she pleases. We must observe how they behave themselves in those Things which God exacts from their Submission ; and when they shall be Regular in their Manners ; Modest in their Conversation ; and Patient of Injuries ; then shall I be satisfy'd of their Devotion by their Conduct.

There are many passionate and devout Women, who think themselves act'd by the Ardour of a pure Zeal ; but there are few that wisely contain themselves

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themselves within the Limits of a sound and solid Piety. There are a pretty good Number of those who could *die* for God, thro' a Sense of Love : But few who would *live* according to his Precepts, with Regularity and Reason. You may expect any Thing from their Fervour and Zeal, when attended with some Disorder ; but you can hardly hope for any Thing from a Devotion, wherein they have occasion for Evenness of Temper, Wisdom, and Moderation.

Take Advantage, Madam, of the Errors of others : And as you design now to give up your self to God, let your Devotion consist less of what you love, than of what pleases him. If you don't beware, your Heart will offer up to him its own Affections, instead of receiving his Impressions ; and you will be wholly yours, when you shall fancy to be wholly his.

Not but that there may be a holy and happy Agreement between his Will and yours. You may love what he loves ; you may desire what he desires ; But through a pleasing and secret Impulse, we generally do what we desire our selves ; which ought to render us more cautious and attentive, that we may always act consonantly, and with regard to his Will.

But in order to that, you need not, Madam, subject your self to the Conduct of those Directors, who lead you into certain Niceties of Spirituality and Devotion, which neither you, nor, for the most Part, they themselves, understand. The Will of God is not so abstruse, but that it easily discovers it self to those, who design to follow it : So that, on most Occasions, you shall have more need of Submission, than Knowledge. Those Precepts that have any relation to our Desires, are clearly understood, and agreeably follow'd ; those that thwart our Inclinations, are

likewise plain enough : But Nature strives against them, and the untractable Soul rejects their Impression.

I discourse with you more seriously than at first I intended ; and to conclude still more profitably, I would require two Things of you, in the new Course of Devotion you are going to enter upon. The First, That you take Care, not to offer up your Love to God, as an unprofitable Passion, which you design to keep in Ure : The Second, That you never dissemble your Animosities, under the Appearance of Zeal ; and never persecute those you hate, under a false Shew of Piety.

N. B. *The Letter to the Marquis de Grequi, about the Pyrenean Treaty, which should follow in this Place, has already been inserted, at length, in Mr. de St. Eyremond's Life.*

A J U D G M E N T

On the SCIENCES to which a Gentleman may apply himself.

YOU ask me my Opinion, about those Sciences to which a Gentleman may apply himself : I will give you it very impartially, without pretending to determine any Man's Judgment by mine. I never was much addicted to Reading ; and if I employ any Hours that way, they are the most Idle, without Design, without Order, when I cannot enjoy the Conversation of ingenious Gentlemen, and find my self debarr'd from pleasurable

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pleasurable Entertainments. Do not therefore expect that I should speak to you *profoundly* of those Things, which I have but *cursorily* examin'd, and upon which I have made but slight Reflections.

Divinity seems to me very considerable, as it is a Science which respects Salvation: But in my Judgment, it is become too common; and 'tis ridiculous, that even Women should dare to debate Questions, which ought to be handled with a great deal of Mystery and Secrecy. 'Tis sufficient for us to be Obedient and Submissive. Let us leave this Doctrine wholly to our Superiours, and follow with Respect, those that have the Care of Guiding us. Not but that our Doctors themselves contribute to destroy this Deference, and start nice Curiosities, which insensibly lead us into Errors: For there is nothing so well establish'd by the Consent of all Nations, but they submit it to the Extravagance of Reasoning. They burn a Man who is so unhappy, as not to believe a GOD, and at the same time, 'tis a Question in the Schools, *Whether there is one, or no?* By this means, they stagger weak Understandings, and cause a Suspicion in the Distrustful; by this means they arm the Furious, and permit them to find out pernicious Arguments, whereby they combat their own real Sentiments, and the true Impressions of Nature.

Hobbs, the greatest Genius of *England*, since *Bacon*, would not, by his good Will, suffer *Aristotle* to have so much Credit in *Divinity*; and makes his Subtilties the Occasion of the several Divisions in the Church.

It proceeds, perhaps, from these sorts of Reasonings, that the Divines are not sometimes the most Docile; which gave occasion to the Proverb, *That Physicians and Divines rarely trust to*

Remedies and Religion. I'll say no more, but only wish, that our *Divines* would tread of Matters of Religion with more Moderation; and that those who ought to submit to them, would have less Curiosity.

As *Philosophy* allows us a greater Latitude in Thinking, I have cultivated that Study a little more: When I had reach'd that Part of a Man's Age, that fits his Understanding for the Pursuit of Knowledge, I had a curious Desire to comprehend the Nature of Things; and my Presumption soon persuaded me, that I was acquainted with it. The least Proof seem'd to me a Demonstration, and a Probability pass'd for a Truth; nor can I express to you with what Contempt I look'd down upon those whom I thought to be ignorant of those Things, which I fancy'd myself to know perfectly well. At length, when Age, and *Experience*, which unhappily never comes before the other, had suggested to me serious Reflections, I began to lay aside a Science always contested, and about which the greatest Men ever had different Sentiments. I knew from the Universal Consent of Nations, that *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Zeno*, and *Epicurus*, had been the *Luminaries* of their Age; And yet there was nothing so contrary as their Opinions. Three Thousand Years after, I found them equally disputed; *Sticklers* on all Sides, but nothing of Certainty on any. In the midst of these Meditations, which insensibly undeceiv'd me, I had the Curiosity to see *Gassendus*, the most knowing of all Philosophers. After several long Conversations, wherein he communicated to me all that can be attain'd by Reason; he lamented, *That Nature had given so large a Scope to our Curiosity, and such narrow Bounds to our Knowledge*; adding, *That he did not say this to mortify the Presumption*

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of others, or to make an Ostentation of his own Humility, which is little better than down-right Hypocrisy; that, perhaps, he was not ignorant what Judgment might be made of several Things; But that he durst not be positive, he was thoroughly acquainted with the most inconsiderable. Upon this, a Science which I already suspected appear'd too vain, for me to enslave my self to it any longer; I broke off all Commerce with it, and began to admire how it was possible for a wise Man to spend his Life in unprofitable Inquiries.

The *Mathematicks* have, indeed, much more Certainty; but when I consider the profound Meditations they require, and that they draw us from Action and Pleasures, to employ us entirely in Speculation, its Demonstrations seem to me very dear-bought; and a Man must be very fond of Truth, to pursue it at that Price. You will tell me, that we have but few Conveniences and Ornaments of Life, but what we owe to this Science: I freely own it, and there are no Commendations which I will not bestow upon the great Mathematicians, provided that I am not one of their Number. I admire their Inventions, and the Works which they produce: But I am of Opinion, that it is enough for Gentlemen of good Sense, to know how to apply them well; for, in truth, 'tis more our Interest to enjoy, than to know the World.

There are no Sciences, in my Opinion, that particularly deserve the Care of Gentlemen, but *Morality*, *Politicks*, and *Literature*.

The first has a Relation to *Reason*; the second to *Society*; the third to *Conversation*: The one teaches us to govern our *Passions*; by the other we are instructed in Affairs of State, and how to regulate our Conduct in *Employments*; the last po-

lishes

lishes the Mind, refines the Manners, and makes us agreeable.

Persons of Quality amongst the Ancients, took a particular Care to instruct themselves in all these Things. Every one knows that *Greece* has produc'd the greatest Philosophers, and the greatest Legislators: And we cannot deny, but that other Nations have borrow'd from them all the Politeness they can boast of.

The Beginnings of *Rome* were Rude and Savage; however, that fierce Virtue, which would not let them pardon their own Children, was advantageous to the Common-Wealth. As their Reason began to be more refin'd, they found a Way to reconcile the Motions of Nature, with the Love of their Country; and, at length, they joyn'd Graces and Ornament, to Justice and Reason: Infomuch that, in the latter times, there was no Person of any Consideration, but who addicted himself to some Sect or other of Philosophy; not with a Design to comprehend the Principles and Nature of Things, but to fortifie the Mind by the Study of Wisdom.

As for *Politicks*, 'tis scarce to be believ'd, how early the *Romans* instructed themselves in all the Interests of their State; with what Assiduity they apply'd themselves to the Knowledge of their *Government*, and *Laws*, so as to render themselves capable of the Affairs of Peace and War, even before they had made any publick Trials of their Abilities.

The least Curious know how much they were affected with *polite Learning*; and it is certain, that there were but few great Men in *Rome*, who did not keep some ingenious *Grecians* in their Houses, to entertain them with agreeable Conversation. Amongst a Hundred Examples

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Examples which I could alledge, I will content my self with that of *Cæsar*, and the single Authority of so great a Man, will justify my Assertion.

Of all the Sects then in Repute, he chose that of *Epicurus*, as the most pleasant, and most conformable to his Nature, and his Pleasures; For there were two Sorts of *Epicureans*, the one liv'd a retir'd studious Life, pursuant to the Precept of the first Institutor; the other, who could not approve the Austerity of too rigid a Philosophy, and therefore gave way to more natural Opinions. Of this last Class, were the greatest Part of the ingenious Men of that Time, who knew how to distinguish the Gentleman from the Magistrate, and apply their Cares to the Republick, in such a manner, that there was Time enough left, both for their Friends, and for Themselves. It would be needless to tell you, how well vers'd *Cæsar* was in Affairs of State, or to enlarge upon the Clearness of his Judgment, and Politeness of his Conversation: But this I will add, that he was able to dispute the Prize of Eloquence with *Cicero*; and if he did not affect the Reputation of it, no one can deny, but that he writ and spoke infinitely more like a Man of Quality, than that Orator.

A JUDG-

A J U D G M E N T

U P O N

Cæsar and Alexander.

TIS almost universally agreed, that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* were the greatest Men in the World: And all that have set up for Judges, thought they oblig'd the Heroes that came after them, by finding some Resemblance between their Reputation and their Glory. *Plutarch*, after he has examin'd their Temper, their Actions, and their Fortunes, leaves us at liberty to decide, what he had not Assurance enough to take upon him. *Montaigne*, more confident, declares himself for the former; and since the Versions of *Vaugelas* *, and *d'Ablancourt*, have made these Heroes the Subject of all our Conversations; every one has espous'd the part of one or t'other, according to his own particular Inclination or Fancy. As for my self, tho', perhaps, I have examin'd their Lives with as much Curiosity as any Man, I will not pretend, however, to give a positive Judgment: But since you are unwilling to excuse me from giving my Thoughts, I have sent you some Observations, upon the Relation and Difference I find between them.

Both had the Advantage of an Illustrious Birth: *Alexander* the Son of a considerable King; *Cæsar* descended

* *Vaugelas* has translated into French the Life of *Alexander*, written in Latin by *Quintus Curtius*; and *d'Ablancourt* *Cæsar's Commentaries*.

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descended from one of the most Noble Families of that Republick, whose very Citizens esteem'd themselves superiour to Kings. It seems, that the Gods had a mind to make known the future Grandeur of *Alexander*, by *Olympias's* Dream, and by some other Passages. His Inclinations, that were Sublime from his Infancy; his Tears, which shew'd him Jealous of his Father's Glory; the Judgment of King *Philip*, who thought him worthy of a greater Kingdom than his own, sufficiently support the Declaration of the Gods. Many Things of this Nature were no less remarkable in *Cæsar*: When he was very young, *Sylla* discover'd many *Marius's* in him. *Cæsar* dream'd, that he had lain with his Mother, and the Sooth-sayers interpreted it, *That the Earth, the Common Mother of Mankind, should fall under his Power.* He was observ'd to weep, when he beheld the Statue of *Alexander*, because he had perform'd nothing considerable, at an Age when that Conqueror had made himself Master of the World.

They were both passionate Lovers of Learning; but *Alexander*, whose Ambition shew'd it self in all his Actions, was Jealous of any Superiority in his Studies; and the principal End he propos'd to himself in Sciences, was to be more knowing than others. Thus we find he complain'd of *Aristotle*, for publishing some *Arcana's* of Learning, which should have been communicated to none but himself; and he declares, That he coveted no less to raise himself above other Men by his Learning, than by his Arms. As he had a prying and eager Genius, he delighted in the Discovery of the Secrets of Nature, and was particularly affected with Poetry. All the World knows what a Respect he bore to *Homer*, and that in favour of *Pindar*, the Houses of his Posterity were preserv'd in the general Ruin and Desolation of *Thebes*.

Cæsar,

Cæsar, whose Genius was not altogether so extensive, reduc'd the Sciences to his own Use, and he seems to have admir'd Learning, for no other reason, than for his own Advantage. In the *Philosophy* of *Epicurus*, which he preferr'd to all others, he bestow'd his chief Application on that Part of it which relates to Man. But it appears, that Eloquence had his earliest Care, as being persuaded it was the most necessary Qualification in a Republick, to arrive at the highest Employments. He spoke a Funeral Oration at the *Rostra*, on the Death of his Aunt *Julia*, with great Applause. He impeach'd *Dolabella*; and afterwards made that incomparable Speech, to save the Lives of *Lentulus*, and the rest, that were imprison'd on Account of *Catiline's* * Conspiracy.

As for *Alexander*, there is nothing that we have any Assurance to be his, except some Apophthegms of an admirable Turn, which leave in us an equal Impression of the Greatness of his Soul, and the Vivacity of his Genius.

But the greatest Difference I can observe in their Sentiments, is upon the Score of Religion; for *Alexander* was Devout, even to Superstition, giving an entire Credit to Divinations and Oracles; which, besides his natural Inclination, may be imputed to his usual reading of the Poets, who inculcated a Fear and Reverence of the Gods, and made up all the *Divinity* of those Times.

As for *Cæsar*, whether it were owing to his Temper, or because he follow'd the Opinions of *Epicurus*, 'tis beyond dispute, that he went into the other Extream; that he had no Expectation from the Gods in this Life, and was very little concern'd

* See Sallust's Account of *Catiline's* Conspiracy;

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concern'd about what should happen to him in another. *Lucan* * represents him at the Siege of *Marseilles*, with an Ax in his Hand, in a consecrated Wood, where giving the first Strokes himself, he encourages his Soldiers, who were seized with a secret Horror of Religion, by Expressions impious enough. *Salust* makes him affirm, † *That Death is the End of all Misfortunes; that after it, there remains neither Care, nor Sense of Joy.*

But as Men, be they never so great, yet when they are compar'd one to another, are always infirm, defective, contrary to themselves, liable to Mistakes or Ignorance; *Cæsar* was disturb'd at a Dream, which foretold him the Empire, and would not give the least Credit to that of his Wife, which forewarn'd him of his Death. His Life was answerable to his Belief; he was indeed, moderate in indifferent Pleasures, but indulg'd himself without Comptrol, in those that affected him. This was the reason that *Catullus* writ so many Epigrams against him, and why at last it became a Proverb, *That Cæsar was the Wife of all Husbands, and the Husband of all Wives.*

Alexander was moderate enough in this respect, yet he was not altogether insensible; for *Barsine* and *Roxana* captivated him by their Charms; and his Continnence at last could not restrain him from being familiar with *Bagoas*, as *Darius* had been before him. The

* *Fam ne quis vestrum dubitet subvertere Silvam,
Credite me fecisse nefas: Tunc paruit omnis
Imperiis, non sublato securo pavore
Turba, sed expensa superiorum, & Cæsaris ira.*

Lucan. Belli civilis. Lib. III.

† *In Luctu atque Miseriis Mortem Ærumnarum Requiem,
non cruciatum esse: eam cuncta Mortalium Mala dissolvere;
Ultra neque Cura, neque Gaudio locum esse. Sallust. de Conja-
rat. Catil.*

The Pleasure of Banqueting, which *Alexander* loved to that degree, that sometimes he indulg'd himself in it, even to Excess, was indifferent to *Cæsar*. Not but that *Alexander*, in time of Action, was very temperate, and cou'd take up with any thing ; but when Ease and Repose had succeeded the Toils of War, he look'd upon Tranquillity as dull and insipid, if he did not, as it were, awaken it by something extraordinary.

They were both magnificent, even to Excess ; but *Cæsar* had more Design and Interest in his Profusion. His Gratuities to the People, his excessive Expences in the *Edileship*, his Presents to *Curia*, were properly, rather *Bribes* and *Corruptions* than *true Liberalities*. *Alexander's* Gifts proceeded from a true Greatness of Soul, meerly with a Design to do Good. When he pass'd into *Asia*, he distributed his Patrimony among his Friends, and stript himself of all, reserving nothing for himself but the Hopes to conquer, or a Resolution to die. At a time when he had, almost, no more Occasion for any Man, he discharg'd the Debts of the whole Army. Painters, Statuaries, Musicians, Poets, Philosophers, (all famous in their way, but generally in want) shared in his Magnificence, and found the Effects of his Grandeur. Not but that *Cæsar* was also naturally very liberal ; but then it was out of a Design to raise himself : He was obliged to gain Persons necessary to carry on his Designs ; and he hardly saw himself Master of the Empire, but he was unhappily deprived of it, together with his Life.

I don't find in *Cæsar* that Friendship which *Alexander* had for *Hephestion*, nor that Confidence he reposed in *Craterus*. *Cæsar's* Intercourses were either Correspondences for the better carrying on his Affairs, or an obliging and civil Behaviour, which, however, had nothing of the Warmth of Friend-

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Friendship in them. 'Tis true, his Familiarity carried no Danger in it, and those who convers'd with him, had nothing to fear either from his Passion, or Caprice. As *Alexander* was in Extreame, either he was the most charming, or the most terrible Person; and there was no Security to be expected in an Intimacy, which he himself had begun. However, next to Glory, *Friendship* was his predominant Passion; or which there needs no other Testimony, than his own Expression, when he cried out near the Statue of *Achilles*: O *Achilles*! How happy do I esteem thee, for having had a faithful Companion in thy Life, and such a Poet as *Homer* after Death!

Thus far we have examined the different Tempers of these two great Men; 'tis now time to consider them as Conquerors, and to view them in the utmost Extent of Action. 'Tis indeed, a kind of Folly to reason much upon things purely imaginary; nevertheless, in all Appearance, if *Alexander* had been in *Cæsar's* place, he had employ'd his great and admirable Qualities to his own Destruction. We may rationally enough suppose, that his haughty and uncautious Humour, would scarce have preserv'd him in the Persecutions of *Sylla*; For he would hardly have been induced to secure himself by a voluntary Recess. As his Gifts proceeded out of a Principle of Generosity, they would undoubtedly have proved fatal to him. Instead of waiting till he had been chosen *Edile*, in which Office his Magnificence and Profusions wou'd have been permitted, his Largeesses and Presents, at an unseasonable time, would have render'd him justly suspected to the Senate. Perhaps too, he could not have submitted himself to Laws that would have shackled a Soul so imperious as his; and by undertaking something preposterously, he would have met the

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Destiny of *Manlius*, of the *Gracchi*, or of *Catiline*. But then, if *Alexander* had perished in the Republick, *Cæsar*, whose Courage and Wariness went commonly Hand in Hand, had never entertain'd in his Thoughts, the vast Design of conquering *Asia*.

It may be imagin'd, that *Cæsar*, whose Conduct was so sly, and so secret, that he was concern'd in all Conspiracies, without being impeach'd but once, and never convicted: That he, who by fomenting Divisions among the *Gauls*, assisted the one, in order to oppress the others, and bring them all, at last, under Subjection: It may be imagined, I say, that *Cæsar* following his own Genius, would have subdued his Neighbours, and set all the Republicks of *Greece* at difference one with another, in order to have made himself absolute Master of them. And, indeed, thus to relinquish *Macedonia*, without the least Hope of return; to leave his Neighbours, disaffected *Greece*, in a manner subdued, but not quite reconciled to the new established Government; with 35000 Men, 70 Talents, and an inconsiderable Quantity of Provisions, to go directly to seek out the King of *Persia*, whom the *Greeks* called the GREAT KING, and whose very Lieutenants upon the Frontiers, struck the whole World with Terror: This is beyond one's Imagination, and is something more surprizing, than if the Republick of *Genoa*, in Conjunction with those of *Lucca*, and *Ragusa*, should, at this Day, attempt the Conquest of *France*. Had *Cæsar* declared War against the Great King, he had acted, perhaps, only upon the Frontiers, nor would he have accounted himself unfortunate, if he had made the River *Granicus* the Boundary of his Territories. If his Ambition had carry'd him further, can it be imagin'd, that he would have refus'd the Offers of *Darius*, he, who

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always propos'd an Accommodation with *Pompey*; and that he would not have been satisfied with the Daughter of that King, with five or six Provinces, which perhaps it was Insolence in *Alexander* to refuse. In fine, if my Conjectures are rational, he would not have ventured into the Plains, to seek the King of *Persia*, who was attended by a Million of Soldiers: As brave and resolute as *Cæsar* was, I question whether he would have slept profoundly the Night before the Battel of *Arbella*; I rather believe, he would have been of *Parmenio's* Opinion, and that his Answers would not have been like those of *Alexander*. However, that great Battel was absolutely necessary, towards the Conquest of *Asia*; for otherwise *Darius* had protracted the War from Province to Province. 'Twas necessary he should fall as he did, and that a Thousand different People should see him vanquish'd with his whole Forces.

'Tis true, that this immoderate Desire of Glory, and this extravagant Ambition, which allowed him no Intervals of Repose, rendred him, at some particular times, so insupportable to the *Macedonians*, that they were all ready to abandon him; but 'tis there particularly, that he exerted that Greatness of Spirit which nothing could daunt: Go, says he, go you ungrateful Cowards, and tell your Country-men, that you have left Alexander with his Friends, labouring for the Glory of Greece, amongst Nations that will obey him better than you.

Of all the Passages of his Life, the Prince of Condé used to admire nothing more than this Haughtiness he shew'd to the *Macedonians*, and this Confidence in himself. *Alexander*, says he, left by his own Men, amongst barbarous Nations, who were not thoroughly subdued, was so sensible of his own Worth and Capacity to Command, that he thought it not in the Power of Men to refuse to pay him Obedience. To

reside in Europe or in Asia, amongst Greeks, or Persians, was indifferent to him ; he thought he could not want Subjects, wherever he met with Men.

That which is usually urged in Favour of *Cæsar* is this, that the *Macedonians* had to do with a cowardly People, dissolv'd in Ease and Luxury, and that the Conquest of the *Gauls*, who were a fierce and Warlike People, must of Necessity have been much harder to the *Romans*. I won't amuse my self with the enquiring into the Courage of one or t'other ; but 'tis certain, that *Cæsar* never found any real and substantial Armies amongst the *Gauls*. They were so many whole Nations, who, if we except their Women, Children, and Old Men, took up Arms in a tumultuary manner, for the Defence of their Liberties : They were a Multitude of Combatants, without Order, Skill, or Discipline ; and in Truth, excepting two or three, *Cæsar* might safely say, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, upon all other Occasions. Which enclines me to believe, that had *Labienus* commanded the Legions, he would have had the same good Fortune to subject our Provinces to the Republick, or in all Probability *Parmenio* had not given that great Battel, which decided the Fate of *Asia*. You may observe also this remarkable Particular, that *Parmenio* wanted *Alexander's* Assistance in the Fight, and that *Cæsar* had been infallibly lost without *Labienus*, who after he had routed all on his side, sent the Tenth Legion to bring him off. Whether it were that he undertook more dangerous Attempts, or else expos'd himself more than he needed, or whether he was in this Point the more unfortunate of the two, *Alexander* was a hundred times in manifest Danger of his Life, and very often receiv'd great Wounds. I own *Cæsar* run also his Hazards, but more rarely ; And I don't find that he was ever much wounded in any of his Wars.

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Neither can I imagine how the People of *Asia* should be so soft and pusillanimous, they that have been always formidable to *Europe*. In the greatest Power of the Republick, were not the *Romans* unhappy in their Encounters with the *Parthians*, who possess'd but one part of the Empire of *Darius*? *Crassus* perish'd there with his Legion, in the time of *Cæsar*; and a little after, *Anthony* made an Expedition thither with Loss and Infamy. As for Conquests, we can't justly attribute any other to *Cæsar*, than that of *Gaul*: For in the Civil War, he subdued the Common-Wealth with the better part of its own Force; and the single Battel of *Pharsalia*, made him absolute Master of a hundred different Nations, which others had subdued before to his Hands. *Vespasian* cannot be said to have conquer'd the Empire, when he was made Emperor upon the Defeat of *Vitellius*. In like manner, *Cæsar* reap'd the Advantage of the Labours and Exploits of all the *Romans* before him; the *Scipio's*, *Æmilius*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, and *Pompey*; even his own Enemies fought for him; and all that was perform'd in 600 Years, was the Reward of One Hour's Battel.

That which seems to me still more incomprehensible, as to *Alexander*, is this, that in Twelve or Thirteen Years he conquer'd more Countries than the greatest Republicks have done in the whole Extent of their Duration. At this time a Traveller is celebrated, for having only pass'd through a part of those Nations which he subdued; and that nothing might be wanting to render his Happiness compleat, he not only enjoyed his Empire in Peace, but was adored even by those he had conquered. In which particular I pity the Unhappiness of *Cæsar*, who could not settle the State, according to his Intentions, being assassinated by those he went to reduce to a Compliance.

There is another Thing too to be consider'd in *Alexander*, which is, that all the *Macedonian* Captains, after his Death, were mighty Kings, who, compar'd to him when alive; appear'd but as ordinary Persons. And, indeed, I think, he's in some measure pardonable, if in a Country where it was strongly believ'd, that most of the Gods had their Progeny upon Earth; where *Hercules* was suppos'd to be the Off-spring of *Jupiter*, because he had the Fortune to kill a Lion, and to rid the World of a troublesome Robber: I say, sure he's pardonable in some measure, if relying on the Opinion of *Philip*, who was perswaded, that his Wife had Familiarity with a Deity; if impos'd on and flatter'd by the Oracle: In short, if upon finding himself so much above the common Level of Mankind, he sometimes despis'd his real Birth, and sought for his Extraction in the Heavens. Perhaps he only propagated this Belief amongst the *Barbarians*, to attract their Veneration; for at the same time that he gave himself out to be a God, his natural Sleep, his Delight in Women, and the Blood which came from his wounded Body, could not but make him sensible he was but a Man.

After so large a Discourse concerning the Advantages of *Alexander*, I will venture to affirm, that *Cæsar* was the greatest of the *Romans* in all respects, both in Matters of State and War. The Enterprizes of *Alexander*, have, indeed, something in them more amazing; but Conduct and Capacity do not seem to have had so great a Share in them. The War of *Spain* against *Petreibus*, and *Afranius*, is what Men of Judgment and Experience yet admire. The most memorable Sieges of the latter Times, have been form'd on the Model of the Siege of *Alexia*; and to *Cæsar* we

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owe our Fortifications, our Lines, our Contravallations, and generally every Thing that relates to the Security of Armies, before invested Places. As to what regards Vigour, the Battle of *Munda* was by far more obstinately disputed, than those of *Asia*; and *Cæsar* ran as great a Risque in *Egypt*, as *Alexander* did in the Town of the *Mallians*.

They were no less different in their Manner of Proceeding, than in the Action it self. When *Cæsar* had not Justice on his Side, he endeavour'd to supply the Defect of it by specious Pretences, that were never wanting to him. *Alexander* gave no other Reasons to the World than his own Will; he constantly follow'd, either his Ambition, or his Humour. On the other hand, *Cæsar* suffer'd himself to be govern'd, either by his Interest or Reason. Few Men ever shew'd so much Equality in the way of Living, so much Moderation in Fortune, and so much Clemency after Injuries. Those Impetuosities which cost poor *Clitus* his Life; those ill-grounded Suspicions which occasion'd the ruin of *Philotas*, and which, to the Infamy of *Alexander*, at length drew after them as a necessary Consequence, the Death of *Parmenio*; all these irregular Motions were unknown to *Cæsar*: He cannot be reproach'd with any Man's Death but his own, for not taking Care enough of his own Security.

And, indeed, it must be confess'd, That far from suffering himself to be a Slave to the Disorders of his Passions, he was the most stirring Man in the World, and the least transported by them. Great and small Things found him still in the same Posture, without appearing lofty in the one, or humble in the other.

Alexander seem'd to be out of his Element, unless he was doing something extraordinary. If he was to run a Race, it was to be with none but Kings; if he lov'd Hunting, nothing below a Lion was Game for him: He could not, without some uneasiness, make a Present unworthy of himself: He was at no time so Resolute, nor in so good Humour, as when his Troops desponded; never so full of Hope, as when they despair'd. In a Word, he began to be compos'd, when other Men, for the most Part, either through Fear, or some other Infirmary, are besides themselves. But his too lofty Soul did but awkwardly condescend to take up with the Common Course of Human Life; and being ill-guarded at Home, it was to be fear'd it should fly out into some Extravagance or other, either in his Pleasures, or his Ease.

And here I cannot forbear to make some Reflections upon Heroes, whose Government is so agreeable, that we submit to it without trouble. Under them we have none of those secret Repugnances, nor those inward Regrets of Liberty, which are so painful to us in a forc'd Obedience: We are all Duty and Submission, tho' their Humours are often insupportable. When they have render'd themselves our Masters by their Power, and are so much above us by their Merit, they are for erecting a double Empire, which exacts a double Subjection; and very often, 'tis a miserable Condition, that we must depend upon Men who are so Great, that they may with reason despise us. However, since they don't rule in Desarts, but are under a Necessity of living among us, methinks it should be their Interest to accommodate themselves to our Infirmities, and we would then justly reverence them as *Gods*, if they

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they would be content to live as *Men*. But to conclude a Discourse, which now begins to grow tiresome to my self; give me leave to add, that by practicable Means, *Cæsar* perform'd the greatest Actions, and made himself the greatest of all the *Romans*.

Alexander was naturally above the rest of Men; one would be apt to think, that he was born Master of the Universe; and that his Expeditions were not so much a March in order to fight Enemies, as a Progress to make himself acknowledg'd by his Subjects.

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REFLECTIONS
ON THE
Different Genius
OF THE
ROMAN PEOPLE,
At the different Times of the
REPUBLICK.

CHAP. I.

*Of the fabulous Original of the Romans,
and of their Genius under their first
Kings.*

IT fares with the *Original* of Nations, as with the *Pedigrees* of private Persons ; for as Men cannot endure low and obscure Beginnings, so these are often *Chimerical*, and the former *Fabulous*. Men are naturally defective in many Things, and naturally vain ; among whom the Founders of States, Legislators, and Conquerors, not satisfy'd with their Human Condition, whose Defects and Infirmities they were but too well acquainted with,

with, frequently ascrib'd the Causes of their Merits to something Supernatural. Hence it comes to pass, that the Ancients would very often claim a Dependance upon some Deity or other, either upon the account of descending from it, or else because they own'd themselves oblig'd to its particular Care and Protection. Some Persons have seem'd to believe these Stories, purely for the sake of persuading others, and have made an ingenious Use of an advantageous Deceit, which procur'd a Veneration for their Persons, and a Submission to their Authority.

Others there were who flatter'd themselves with such Thoughts in good earnest. The Contempt with which they treated the rest of Mankind, and the presumptuous Opinion they had of their own extraordinary Qualities, occasion'd their fantastical Search after an Original different from ours: But it has happen'd more frequently, that Nations, either to make themselves honour'd, or out of a Principle of Gratitude to those that had deserv'd eminently of them, have made this sort of Fables current.

The Romans were not free from this Vanity: Not content with their being related to *Venus* by *Aeneas*, who led the *Trojans* into *Italy*, they renew'd their Alliance with the Gods, by the fabulous Birth of *Romulus*; whom they suppos'd to be the Son of *Mars*, and deify'd after his Death. His Successor, *Numa*, had nothing that was Divine in his Race; but the Sanctity of his Life gave him Credit enough, to pretend a particular Correspondence with the Goddess *Egeria*; which Commerce was of no small assistance to him, towards the Establishment of his Ceremonies. In short, if you will believe them, the greatest Care of Destiny, was the Foundation of *Rome*; nay, they pretend, that Providence industriously adapted

adapted the various Inclinations of its Kings, to the different Necessities of that People.

I hate an Admiration founded upon Fables, or establish'd by an erroneous Judgment. There are so many Realities to be admir'd amongst the *Romans*, that we do them an Injury, by endeavouring to advance them by Stories; and the way to be truly just to their Memory, is to set aside all vain Commendations. In this Design, I have determin'd to consider them by themselves, without the least regard to fond Conceits, tho' handed down by Tradition, and receiv'd. It would be too tedious a Work, to give an exact Account of every Thing; but I shall not descend into the Particulars of Actions. I shall content my self, with tracing the Genius of some memorable Times, and the different Spirit with which *Rome* has been observ'd to be variously animated.

The Kings had so little a Share in advancing the Greatness of the *Roman* People, that I don't think my self oblig'd to bestow any particular Considerations upon them. 'Tis with reason, that Historians have call'd their Reigns, The Infancy of *Rome*; for 'tis certain, that under them, she made but a very inconsiderable Progress. To be convinc'd of the little Action they were concern'd in, 'tis sufficient to know, that Seven Kings, at the End of Two Hundred and * odd Years, did not leave behind them a Dominion much larger than that of *Parma*, or *Mantua*. One single Battle, now a-days, won in a close Country, would draw a greater extent of Land after it.

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* *Viz.* 247.

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As for those various and singular Talents which are ascrib'd to each of them, by a myſterious Providence, 'tis no more than what had before happen'd to ſeveral other Princes : For 'tis rare to find a Succeſſor endow'd with the ſame Qualities that his Predeceſſor poſſeſſt. The one, Ambitious and Active, employs all his Thoughts about War : Another, who naturally loves Reſt, thinks it the trueſt Policy, to maintain himſelf in Peace : One makes Juſtice his principal Virtue ; the other is zealous for nothing, but what relates to Religion. Thus each purſues his own natural Diſpoſition, and is delighted in the exerciſe of his Talent : Nor can any Thing be more ridiculous, than to improve the moſt common Thing in Nature into a Miracle. But to proceed : This Difference of Genius was ſo far from turning to the Advantage of the *Roman* People, that the ſmall Progreſs they made under their Kings, in my Judgment, is wholly to be imputed to it. Certainly nothing can be a greater hindrance to the advancing of any Nation, than this Diversity of Temper : For it frequently makes us quit our real Intereſt, which we do not underſtand, out of a Deſire to introduce ſomething which we know better, but which, for the moſt part, is not ſuitable to our Circumſtances.

Altho' theſe new Inſtitutions ſhould bring all the Advantages we expected from them, yet it frequently happens from the Diversity of Applications, that ſeveral Things are fortunately enough begun, that cannot be brought to a happy Conclusion.

The natural Bent of the *Roman* People was altogether *Martial* under *Romulus*. In *Numa's* Reign nothing was done, but the eſta bliſhing of Priests, and Religious Perſons, *Tullus Hoſtilius* found

found it no easie matter, to draw his Subjects from so pleasant an Amusement, to the Military Discipline; which was hardly establish'd, when *Ancus* appear'd on the Stage, whose natural Inclinations led him to render the City more commodious and magnificent.

The first *Tarquin*, to give more Dignity to the Senate, and more Majesty to the Government, invented Ornaments, and appointed Marks of Distinction.

The principal Aim of *Servius*, was to have an exact Account of the Estates of the *Romans*; and according to those, to divide them into Tribes, that so they might all equally contribute to the Publick Necessities. ' *Tarquin* the Proud, says ' *Florus*, was extreemly serviceable to his Country, because his Tyranny gave Birth to the ' Republick. This is the Discourse of a *Roman*; who, although born in the Reign of Emperors, could not forbear to prefer Liberty to their Government. My Opinion is, that the Commonwealth may be justly admir'd, without admiring the Method by which it was establish'd.

To return to these Kings: 'Tis certain, that as each had his particular Talent, so none of them was Master of a Capacity large enough. Had *Rome* had one of those Great Monarchs, who, by an universal and extensive Genius, can grasp every Thing, she should not have been under the Necessity of borrowing from different Princes, a few different Institutions, which might easily have been settled during the Life of one Prince.

The Reign of *Tarquin* is as well known to the World, as the Establishment of *Liberty*. Pride, Cruelty, and Avarice, were his predominant Qualities, but he wanted Dexterity to manage his Tyranny. To define his Conduct in a few

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Words: He knew neither how to Govern according to the Laws, nor Reign against them.

In a State so violent for the People, and so unsecure for the Prince, there was nothing wanting, but an Opportunity for Liberty, which was offer'd by the Death of the unfortunate *Lucretia*. This vertuous Lady, so cruel to her own Person, could not forgive her self for the Crime of another: She laid violent Hands upon her self, after she had been ravish'd by *Sextus*; and bequeath'd the Revenge of her Honour to *Brutus* and *Collatinus*. 'Twas then that this Constraint of Humours, so long before pent up, broke out.

It is incredible how unanimously all Tempers conspir'd to revenge the Death of *Lucretia*: The People, to whom the slightest Matter serv'd for a specious Reason, were more incens'd against *Sextus*, for the Violence *Lucretia* offer'd her self, than if he had himself been the Murderer; and as it generally happens in Tragical Events, by the mixture of Pity and Indignation, every one aggravated the Horror of the Crime, by a Compassion for this Celebrated, but Unfortunate Virtue.

You may find in *Livy*, the most minute Particulars of the Passion and Conduct of the *Romans*: An odd mixture of Fury and Wisdom, usually meeting in great Revolutions, where Violence produces the same Effects, that Heroick Virtue doth, when it is accompany'd with Discipline. 'Tis certain, that *Brutus* made an admirable Use of the Dispositions of the People; but to define him well, is a Task of no small Difficulty.

The Greatness of a Republick admired by the whole World, has made the Founder of it admired without much examining his Actions. Every Thing that appears Extraordinary, passes for Great,

Great, if it be Successful : As every Thing which is Great, appears Foolish, when it meets a contrary Event. A Man ought to have liv'd in that Age, nay, to have convers'd with him, to be perfectly satisfy'd, whether he put his Sons to Death, out of a Principle of Heroick Virtue, or the Hardness of a fierce and unnatural Temper.

For my own Part, I'm of Opinion, that much of his Conduct is owing to Design : His profound Dissimulation, under the Reign of *Tarquin*, as well as his Address in getting *Collatinus* ejected out of the Consulship, is to me Matter of a convincing Nature. It might so happen indeed, that his Zeal for Liberty, stifled in him the Sentiments of Nature : And perhaps too, his own Security might so far prevail upon him, that in this hard and melancholy Choice of undoing himself, or undoing his Children, so intimate and pressing a Concern prevail'd over the Safety of his Family : Nay, who knows, but Ambition had a Share in this Action ? *Collatinus* ruin'd himself, by favouring his Nephews ; *Brutus*, on the contrary, made himself Master of the Common-Wealth, by the rigorous Punishment of his own Sons. That which may with Assurance be affirm'd, is this, That there was something of Fierceness in his Nature ; which was, however, the Genius of that Time. A Disposition as Savage as Free, did then, and has very often since, produc'd *mistaken Virtues*.

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C H A P. II.

Of the Genius of the Romans in the Beginnings of the Republick.

IN the first Times of the Republick, the People were strangely mad for Liberty and the Publick Good: The Affection they bore to their Country, suppress'd all the Motions of Nature, and the Zeal of the Citizen robbed the Man of himself. Sometimes, through a savage Justice, the Father caused his Son to die for the Performance of some extraordinary Exploit, contrary to his Commands; sometimes he devoted himself as a Victim, through a Superstition as cruel as it was ridiculous; as if the Design of Society was to oblige us to die, when it was instituted to encourage us to live with less Danger, and with greater Ease. Valour had somewhat Fierce and Wild in it, and an Obstinacy in Fighting, supplied the place of Discipline in War. In their Conquests nothing of Generosity, as yet, appear'd; it was not an aspiring Spirit, which sought after an ambitious Superiority over others. To speak properly, the *Romans* were troublesome and violent Neighbours, who were resolved to exclude the lawful Owners from their Habitations, and plough other People's Lands, with their Swords in their Hands.

Oftentimes the Victorious Consul was of no better Quality than the People he had conquer'd. The refusing the Spoil cost one his Life; the dividing of it caus'd the Banishment of another: They refused to go to War under the Conduct of some particular Generals; and de-

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nied to conquer under others. Sedition passed easily for an Effect of Liberty, which thought it self wounded by the least Mark of Obedience, even to those Magistrates whom they themselves had created, and to those Captains they had chosen.

The *Genius* of this People was as rustical as it was wild; Dictators were sometimes taken from the Plough, to which they return'd again after their Expedition was over; not so much out of a Preference of an innocent and undisturbed Condition, as because they had been accustomed to an unpolite and unfociable sort of Life. As for that Frugality which has been so highly extoll'd, it was not a Retrenching of Superfluities, or a voluntary Abstinence from Things agreeable, but a gross Use of what they possess'd, and was next at Hand. They were not ambitious after Riches, because they knew nothing of them; they were content with a little, because they conceived no more; and forbore those Pleasures, of which they had no *Idea*. Nevertheless, for want of a due Reflection, these old *Romans* have been taken for the most considerable Persons in the World; for their Posterity has consecrated the very least Particulars of their Actions; whether it is, that People naturally respect the Beginners of Great Works, or that their Off-Spring, vain in all respects, were desirous that their Ancestors should be Masters of Virtues, when they wanted Greatness.

I know very well, that we may alledge some few Actions of such rare and noble Virtues, that they will serve for Patterns to all Ages; but then these were the Actions of particular Persons, who had nothing in themselves of the *Genius* of that Time; or else they were Actions of a Singular Nature, which (as it were) escaped Men, by Chance, and had nothing common with the ordinary Course of their Lives.

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However, It is to be acknowledged, that Manners so unpolished and rustical, were agreeable enough to a rising Common-Wealth. This Roughness of natural Temper, which never yielded to Difficulties, established *Rome* on a stronger Foundation, than a more gentle and tractable Disposition, tho' more civilized and rational, could have done. But, to speak properly, this Quality consider'd in it self, was very savage; and deserves no Respect, but because it hath the Recommendation of Antiquity, and because it gave a Beginning to the greatest Empire in the Universe.

C H A P. III.

Of the first Wars of the Romans.

THE first Wars of the *Romans* were of very great Importance, in respect to themselves, but little remarkable, if we except the extraordinary Actions of some particular Persons. It is certain, that the Interest of the Common-Wealth, depended visibly upon them, since there was a likelihood of their returning under the Subjection of the *Tarquins*; since *Rome* could not preserve it self from the Resentment of *Coriolanus*, but by the Tears of his Mother, and that the Defence of the *Capitol* was the last Resource of the *Romans*, when after the Defeat of their Forces, their very City was taken and sacked by the *Gauls*. But considering these Expeditions in themselves, it will be found, that they were rather *Tumults* than real Wars; And to speak the Truth, if the *Lacedemonians* had seen the Military Discipline which the *Romans* practised in those times, I question not,

but they would have reckon'd those People *Barbarians*, who took off the Bridles of their Horses, to make their Cavalry the more impetuous in their Charges; a Nation who trusted their Security and Guard with *Geese* and *Dogs*, whose Negligence they punish'd, and whose Watchfulness they recompens'd. This rude way of making War, lasted a long while; and the *Romans* gain'd many considerable Conquests with an indifferent Capacity: They were a People of great Bravery, but little Skill, who encountred Adversaries less courageous, and more ignorant; but because the Generals were call'd *Consuls* and *Dictators*, their Troops *Legions*, and their Soldiers *Romans*, there has been more ascribed to the Vanity of Names, than to the Reality of Things; and without examining the Distinction of Times and Persons, some People have pretended that they were the same Armies under the Command of *Camillus*, *Manlius*, *Cincinnatus*, *Papirius Cursor*, and *Curius Dentatus*, as under *Scipio*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, *Pompey*, and *Cæsar*.

What, indeed, may with Justice be affirm'd of these first Ages, is an extraordinary Courage, a great Austerity of Life, a great Affection for their Country. In the latter Times, an equal Share of Valour, a great Skill in War, and every thing else; but withal, a great deal of Corruption.

This is the Reason why Men of Integrity, to whom Vice and Luxury were odious, were not satisfied with admiring the *Probity* of their Ancestors, unless they extended their Admiration to all that belong'd to them, without distinguishing wherein they had Merit, and wherein they had it not. Those that had occasion to complain of the Age they liv'd in, have given a Thousand Encomiums to Antiquity, from which they cou'd suffer nothing; and those whose morose Humour en-

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elines 'em to find fault with every thing present, cry'd up, through Caprice, what was past. The more polite Persons indeed, wanted not Discernment; and being sensible all Ages have their Imperfections and Virtues, they form'd a true Judgment in themselves of the Time of their Ancestors, as well as their own; but they were obliged to admire with the People, and to exclaim, sometimes with Reason enough, and sometimes without it, *Majores nostri, majores nostri*, as they observ'd the Cry to go. In so general an Admiration, the Historians have not been wanting to pay the same Respect to the Ancients; and making a Heroe of every Consul, have bestow'd all Virtues on every one that had well served the Republick.

I own, that it was no small Merit to save it, but that's a different Case from what we are upon; and it may truly be affirmed, that the good Citizens liv'd amongst the ancient Romans, and the good Generals amongst the latter.

C H A P. IV.

*Against the Opinion of Livy, about the
Imaginary War in, which he engages
Alexander against the Romans *.*

I Have often wondred what strange Ideas *Livy* entertain'd of these ancient *Romans*; Nor can I comprehend, how a Person of such excellent Sense, could hunt after a Notion so far from his Subject, to reason so falsely, upon an imaginary War, wherein he engages *Alexander*. He makes this Conqueror descend into *Italy*, with as small a Number of Forces as he then had, when he was no more than a petty King of *Macedon*. He ought to have considered, that a simple General of the *Carthaginians* pass'd the *Alps*, with an Army of 80000 Men.

But this is not all, for he ascribes as much Capacity in War to *Papirius Cursor*, and to all the Consuls of that Time, as to *Alexander* himself; when to speak the Truth, they had but a very imperfect Knowledge of it. The *Romans*, at that time, made no great use of their Cavalry; their Horses were so little serviceable to them, that they used to dismount in the very Heat of the Engagement, and mount again to pursue their Foes, when put to the Rout. 'Tis certain, that the *Romans* placed their chief Strength in their Infantry, laying no great Stress on the Charges that might

* This is but a Supposition of *Livy*, who examines what would probably have happen'd, if *Alexander* had made War against the *Romans*. See Book IX. of the 1st. Decad.

might be made with the Horse. The Legions particularly had a contemptible Opinion of the Adversaries Horse, 'till the War of *Pyrrhus*, where the *Thessalians* gave 'em sufficient Cause to be of another mind : But the Cavalry of *Hannibal* put them after that into great Terror ; and those invincible Legions were, for some time, so frightened with it, that they durst not appear in the least Plain.

To return to the time of *Papirius*, they knew nothing, in a manner, of Cavalry ; they had no Skill either in securing advantageous Posts, or encamping in any Order ; for they themselves acknowledge, that they learn'd to form their Camp by that of *Pyrrhus*, before which time they used always to encamp in Confusion. They were no less ignorant of Engines and other Works, necessary to form a considerable Siege ; which proceeded either from the Dulness of Invention in a People not at all industrious, or else because their Armies being never of a long standing, there was no Opportunity given them to bring things to Perfection.

Rarely was one and the same Army known to pass from the Command of one Consul, to that of another ; and yet more rarely was the Commander of the Legions continued in his Post, after the Expiration of his appointed Time ; which Conduct was, indeed, excellent for the Preservation of the Republick, but extreamly prejudicial to the Establishment of a good Army. To be convinc'd how far they were jealous of Liberty, it will suffice to observe, that after the Defeat at *Thrasimene*, at which time they were obliged to create a Dictator, *Fabius* had scarce stopt the Torrent of *Hannibal*, by the Cautiousness of his Conduct, when they put Consuls in his Place : All things were to be dreaded from the Fury of

Hannibal, but nothing from the Moderation of *Fabius*; and yet the Apprehension of a remote Evil, prevail'd above the present Necessity.

It must be own'd, that the two Consuls managed themselves with Prudence in this War. They ruined *Hannibal* insensibly, and retriev'd the Common-Wealth; when, for the same Reason, *Terrontius Varro*, a Man presumptuous and ignorant, was chosen in their room, who gave Battel at *Cannæ*, and lost it; and thereby reduced the *Romans* to that Extremity, that their Valour, as extraordinary as it was, was not so instrumental in their Preservation, as the Supineness of *Hannibal*.

There was yet another Inconvenience, which hindred the Command of their Army from being always given to the most Experienced and Able to lead them. As the two Consuls could not be both *Patricians*, and the *Patricians* would not agree that both should be of the Plebeian Order, so, for the Generality, it happened, that he that was nominated, was a Person agreeable to the People, who owed his Preferment to Favour; the other, whom they would had chosen for his Merit, was oftentimes excluded, either through the Opposition of the People, if he was a *Patrician*, or by the Intrigues and Artifices of the Senators, when he was not of their Rank. The contrary was observ'd among the *Macedonians*, where the Captains and Soldiers had stood together, Time out of Mind: They were the Veterans of *Philip*, if I may so express my self, renewed from time to time, and augmented by *Alexander*, as his Occasions required. Here the Courage of the Cavalry equal'd the Resolution of the *Phalanx*, which indeed may justly be prefer'd to the Legion, since, in the War of *Pyrrhus*, the Legions were afraid to oppose some miserable *Phalanxes*, made up of

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broken *Macedonians*. Here they were equally expert both in matters relating to a Siege, or the Field. Never was Army concern'd against so many Adversaries, or had seen so many different Climates. Now if the Diversity of Countries, where the Scene of War is, and the Variety of Nations, which are brought under Submission, can form our Experience, how should the *Romans*, who had never been out of *Italy*, nor beheld any other Enemies but a few inconsiderable Neighbours of their Republick, enter into Competition with the *Macedonians*? Their Discipline was in reality great, but their Capacity indifferent.

Even after the Common-Wealth became more powerful, they had the Disgrace of being defeated, as often as they made War against experienc'd Generals. *Pyrrhus* overcame them purely by the Advantage of his Conduct, which made *Fabricius* say, *That the Epirotes did not conquer the Romans, but that the Consul had been vanquished by their King.*

In the first *Carthaginian War*, *Regulus* defeated the People of *Carthage* in *Africk*, in so many Engagements, that they were already look'd upon as Tributaries to *Rome*. They were treating of Conditions, which were made insupportable, when *Xantippus*, a *Lacedæmonian*, arrived with a Body of Auxiliaries. This *Grecian*, who was a Man of Valour and Experience, informed himself of the Order and Discipline of the *Carthaginians*, together with the Conduct of the *Romans*. Having fully instructed himself, he found both one and t'other very ignorant in War, and by his frequent Discourses upon this Subject amongst the Soldiers, the Noise came at last to the Senate of *Carthage*, what a contemptible Opinion this *Lacedæmonian* had of their Enemy. The Magistrates at length had the Curiosity to hear him talk; and

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Xantippus having made them sensible of their past Errors, promis'd them the Victory, if they would give him the Command of their Troops.

In a miserable Condition where all Things are despair'd of, Men are more easily persuaded to confide in others, than in themselves: And so those Suspicions, fatal to the Merit of Strangers, yielded to the present Necessity; and the most powerful, prompted with an Apprehension of their approaching Ruin, submitted to the Conduct of *Xantippus* without Envy. I should make a History, instead of alledging an Example, should I enlarge any further; it suffices to say, That *Xantippus* having taken upon him the Management of Affairs, made a thorough-Change in the *Carthaginian* Army, and knew so well how to make his advantage of the Ignorance of the *Romans*, that he obtain'd over them, one of the most entire Victories that ever was won. The *Carthaginians*, as soon as they were out of Danger, began to be ashamed of owing their Preservation to a Stranger, and returning to the Perfidiousness of their Nature, thought to extinguish their Disgrace, by ridding themselves of him, who had rid them of the *Romans*. It is not well known, whether they put him to Death, or whether he was so fortunate to * escape; but this is most certain, that through the absence of this experienc'd General, the *Romans* easily regain'd the Superiority they had over them before.

If we descend to the Second *Punick* War, we shall find, that the vast Advantages, which *Hannibal*

* Appianus, in his First Book of the Wars of the Romans, says, That the *Carthaginians* sent back *Xantippus* in one of their Gallies, with great Presents; but that they order'd the Captain of the Galley to cause him to be thrown over-board, at some distance from Carthage,

Hannibal had always over the *Romans*, proceeded from the Capacity of the one, and the want of Skill in the other ; and, in effect, when e'er he design'd to put a Confidence into his Soldiers, he never told them, that his Enemies wanted Courage or Resolution, for they had experienc'd the contrary often enough ; but he assur'd them, that they had to do with a People unskill'd in War.

It is with this Science, as with Arts and Politeness ; it passes from one Nation to another, and flourishes at different Times, and in different Places. Every one knows, that the *Grecians* carry'd it to a high Pitch : *Philip* surpass'd them in it ; and all Things arriv'd to their Perfection under *Alexander*, when *Alexander* alone corrupted himself. It continu'd still with his Successors : *Hannibal* brought it amongst the *Carthaginians* ; and for all the Vanity of the *Romans*, they receiv'd it from him by the Experience of their Defeats ; by reflecting upon their Mistakes, and observing the Conduct of their Enemies.

This will be easily own'd, if it be consider'd, that the *Romans* did not begin to make any Head against *Hannibal*, when they were in their prime Bravery ; for the most Valiant Persons being lost in Battle, they had arm'd their Slaves, and made up Armies with unexperienc'd Soldiers. The truth is this, They never reduc'd him to Streights, till the Consuls became more skilful, and the *Romans*, in general, knew better how to make War.

C H A P. V.

The Genius of the Romans, at the time when Pyrrhus waged War against them.

IT is not my Intention to enlarge here upon the Wars of the *Romans*, which would be foreign to the Subject I have propos'd to my self: But I am of Opinion, that to apprehend the true Genius of the Times, we should consider in a People, the different Affairs in which they were concern'd; and as those of War are, without doubt, the most remarkable, so 'tis there Men are particularly to be observ'd; since the Disposition of Tempers, and good, as well as ill Qualities, are there seen to the best Advantage.

At the first setting up of the Common-Wealth, the *Roman* People, as I have already observ'd, had something of Wildness in them; afterwards this Humour turn'd into Austerity, and became a rigid Virtue, far remote from Politeness or Agreeableness, and hating the very least Appearance of Corruption: These were the Manners of the *Romans*, when *Pyrrhus* pass'd into *Italy*, to relieve the *Tarentines*. The Science of War was then but indifferent amongst them; and that of other Things altogether unknown. As for Arts, either they had none at all, or only such as were very rude; they were not Masters of Invention, and no less Strangers to Industry; but there was a good Order and Discipline exactly observ'd among them, an admirable greatness of Courage; and more Integrity us'd with the Enemy,

my, than is commonly practis'd with Fellow-Citizens. Justice, Uprightness, and Innocency, were common Virtues; they were not unacquainted with Riches, but the Use of them was prohibited among private Men. Their Disinterestedness went even to Excess, every one making it a Duty to neglect their own Affairs for the Service of the Publick; the Zeal of which did then supply the room of every Thing else.

After having spoken of these Virtues, 'tis necessary to come to the Actions which made them known. A Prince is thought a Man of Honour, who by opposing Force to Force, employs nothing but open and lawful Means to get rid of a formidable Enemy. But to think our selves oblig'd to preserve those that are resolv'd to ruin us, to secure them from the Snares that are laid for them by others, and to save them from a Domestick Treason, is the effect of an unparell'd Generosity. Yet behold one Instance of this in the Time I am speaking of. The *Romans* being defeated by *Pyrrhus*, and in a doubtful State, whether they should retrieve their Affairs, or be constrain'd to yield, had in their Power the Destruction of that Prince, and made the following Use of it.

A Physician, in whom *Pyrrhus* reposed great Confidence, offer'd to *Fabricius* to poyson his Master, provided he might have a Reward proportionable to the Importance of the Service. *Fabricius*, surpriz'd with Horror at so villainous a Crime, immediately gives Notice of it to the Senate, who detesting, like the Consul, so black an Action, sent to advise *Pyrrhus* to take special Care of his Person; adding, that 'twas the way of the *Romans*, to overcome by the Bravery of their Arms, and not to free themselves of an Enemy by the Treason of his own People.

Pyrrhus

Pyrrhus, either sensible of the Obligation, or astonish'd at this Greatness of Spirit, was more desirous than ever to make a Peace; and to dispose the *Romans* to receive it with the greater easiness, he sent them back Two Hundred Prisoners without Ransom; with Presents to the most considerable Persons, and to the Ladies; and neglected nothing, under a pretence of Gratitude, to introduce Corruption amongst them. The *Romans*, who preserv'd *Pyrrhus* meerly out of a Principle of Virtue, would receive nothing that carry'd the least Air of Acknowledgment. They therefore sent him an equal Number of Prisoners; his Presents were refus'd by both Sexes; and all the Answer he had, was, *That they would never hearken to a Peace, till he quitted Italy.*

Amongst an infinite Number of virtuous Things, that were practis'd at this time, the great Disinterestedness of *Fabricius* and *Curius*, who retir'd to a voluntary Poverty, are admir'd amongst the rest. 'Twould be a piece of Injustice not to allow them the Applause they deserve; however, 'tis to be consider'd, that it was more the general Quality of the Age, than a Virtue peculiar to these two Men. And, in truth, since Riches were punish'd with Disgrace, and Poverty rewarded with Honour, methinks there was some Dexterity in knowing well how to be Poor. By this means they rais'd themselves to the chiefest Employments of the Republick, where, in the Exercise of a great Power, they stood in greater want of *Moderation* than *Patience*. To speak the Truth, these sorts of *Privations* are not without their Pleasure, for they afford the Mind an exquisite Relish of what the Senses are robb'd of.

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But who can tell, whether *Fabricius* did not follow his own Humour? There are some Persons that are perplex'd by a multitude and variety of Superfluities, who would quietly relish Things convenient, and even Necessaries with delight. In the mean time, People that have but a false Knowledge of Things, admire the appearance of Moderation; whereas, if they had an exact Judgment, they would soon discover it to proceed from the small extent of a confin'd Spirit, or the laziness of an unactive Soul. With these Persons, to be content with a little, takes off rather from their Pain, than their Pleasure. Besides, when it is not despicable to be Poor, we want fewer Things to live in Poverty with satisfaction, than to live magnificently with Riches. Can you imagine the Condition of a Monk to be unhappy, when he is esteem'd by his Order, and has some Reputation in the World? He makes a Vow of Poverty, which frees him from a Thousand Cares, and leaves him nothing to desire that's consistent with his Profession and Way of Living. Those who live magnificently, for the most part, are the real Poor; they endeavour to get Money on all Hands with Inquietude and Trouble, to maintain the Pleasures of others; and whilst they lavish their Plenty, which Strangers enjoy more than themselves, they are at home, sensible of their Wants, with their Wives and Children; both by the Importunity of unmerciful Duns, and by the miserable State of their Affairs, which they see going to Rack.

Let us return to our *Romans*, from whom we have insensibly digressed. Let who will admire the Poverty of *Fabricius*; for my part, I commend his Prudence, and think him very well advis'd, to have had but one Saltfeller of Silver, since thereby he had Credit enough to turn out of the Senate,

Senate, a Man * who had been twice Consul, had triumph'd, and been Dictator, because some † Marks of Plate more were found in his House: For, besides that it was the Humour of the Time, the real Interest of every Man, was, to have no other than that of the Republick.

Men establish'd Society out of a Motive of private Interest; with a Design to make Life more pleasant and secure in Company, than when they were perpetually upon their Guard in Solitudes. Now, when they find, not only Convenience, but Glory and Authority in it, can they do better than devote themselves wholly to the Publick, from whence they draw so many Advantages?

The *Decii*, who sacrific'd themselves for the Good of a Society, of which they were to be no longer Members, seem to me downright *Fanatics*; but the Persons we have been discoursing of, appear to have acted very rationally, in being so passionately concern'd for a grateful Republick, which was, at least, as careful of their Interest, as they could be of hers.

I look upon *Rome*, at this time, as a true Religious Community, where every one dispossesses himself of his private Good, to find a greater in that of the Order he belongs to; but this Temper subsists no where but in small States. In great ones, the very appearance of Poverty is condemn'd; nay, 'tis much, if the extravagant Use of Riches is not approv'd of. Had *Fabricius* liv'd in the Grandeur of the Republick, either he must have chang'd his Manners, or he had been useless to his Country: And if the honest Men of the latter

* P. Cornelius Rufinus.

† Fifteen Marks of Silver, that is, 7 Pound and a half.

latter time, had liv'd in that of *Fabricius*, either they had made their Integrity more rigid; or they would have been expell'd the Senate, as corrupted Citizens.

Having thus spoken of the *Romans*, it will not be amiss to say something of *Pyrrhus*, who comes in here naturally enough, in so many Respects.

He was the most experienc'd Captain of his time, even in the Opinion of *Hannibal*, who plac'd him immediately after *Alexander*, and before himself, as it seems to me, out of Modesty. He join'd the Dexterity of Negotiations, to the Science of War: But, nevertheless, he could never make a solid Settlement for himself. If he knew how to gain Battles, he made no Advantage of the War; if he engag'd Nations in his Alliance, he knew not how to preserve them in it. His two bright Talents, preposterously employ'd, ruin'd the Designs of both.

When he had succeeded to his Wish in the Field, his Thoughts were immediately bent to treat; and, as if he had acted in Concert with his Enemies, he still obstructed his own Progress. Had he known how to win the Affections of a Nation; His first Thoughts were to subdue them. Hence it came to pass, that he lost his Friends, without gaining his Enemies; for the Conquer'd assum'd the Spirit of the Victors, and refus'd the Peace that was offer'd them; and the others, not only withdrew their Assistance, but consider'd how to get rid of an Ally, who shew'd himself a real Master.

A Conduct so extraordinary, ought partly to be ascrib'd to the Disposition of *Pyrrhus*, and partly to the different Interests of his Ministers. Amongst the rest, there were two Men near his Person, whose Advice he generally follow'd, *Cineas* and

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Milo

Milo: *Cineas*, who was eloquent, ingenious, skill'd, and dextrous in Negotiations, insinuated the Thoughts of Peace, every time that War came to be debated; and when the ambitious Humour of *Pyrrhus* had prevail'd over his Arguments, he patiently expected when Difficulties would arise, and then managing the first Uneasiness of his Master, he presently turn'd his Inclinations to Peace, that so he might return to his proper Talent, and put Affairs into his own Hands.

Milo was a Man experienc'd in War, and plac'd all his Confidence there; which made him endeavour, all that lay in his Power, to hinder Treaties, or else to break them off. He still advis'd to overcome all Impediments; and if there was no subduing the Enemy, then by all means to enslave the Allies.

As far as we may judge, at this distance, these were the Rules by which *Pyrrhus*, as well as his Ministers acted. It may be said in his Favour, that he was engag'd with powerful Nations, that had more Resources than he; and though he won Battels by his Valour, yet that so small and weak a State, as his, would not afford him the Means to carry on a long expensive War. In short, if we consider both his personal Qualities, and his Performances, we shall find him to have been an admirable Prince, who yields, in no respect, to any of the Ancients: But to consider, in general, the Success of his Designs, and the Issue of his Affairs, he will often appear to have been unpolitick, and will lose much of his Reputation. For, indeed, he possess'd himself of *Macedonia*, and was beaten out of it; his Beginnings in *Italy* were fortunate, but he was forced to quit it; he saw himself Master of *Sicily*, but could not maintain himself there.

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C H A P. VI.

Of the Firſt Carthaginian War.

THE War of *Pyrrhus* animated the *Romans*, and inspir'd them with Thoughts which they had not before entertain'd: To ſpeak the Truth, they enter'd upon it very rude and preſumptuous; with a great deal of Temerity and Ignorance; but they ſhew'd an extraordinary Virtue in the Proſecution of it: And, as every Thing was new to them with ſo experienc'd an Enemy, they became, without doubt, more induſtrious, and more ſkilful than they were before. They found out a way to ſecure themſelves from the Elephants, which, in the firſt Engagement, put their Legions into Diſorder; they learn'd to avoid the Plains, and poſſeſs'd themſelves of advantageous Poſts, againſt the Cavalry, which they had too fondly deſpis'd. They were at laſt inſtructed to form their Camp by that of *Pyrrhus*, after having admir'd the Order and Diſtinction of the Troops, which with them encamp'd in Confuſion. As for natural Parts, altho' the Harangue of old *Appius* drove *Cineas* from *Rome*, yet the Eloquence of *Cineas* did not fail to pleaſe, and his Addreſs was admir'd.

The Preſents that were offer'd, tho' they were refus'd, begot, nevertheleſs, a ſecret Reverence for thoſe that could make them; and *Curius*, ſo much honour'd for his diſinterreſted Virtue, was ſtill in greater Credit, when he ſhew'd to the People, his Triumph, Gold and Silver, Pictures and Statues. They were then ſenſible, that other Places afforded Things more excellent than *Italy*.

Thus new Idea's form'd new Minds, if I may so speak ; and the *Roman* People, taken with an unknown Magnificence, lost those old Opinions, in which a Habit of Poverty engag'd them no less than Virtue it self.

Curiosity was now excited in the Citizens ; Their Hearts began to feel, with Emotion, what their Eyes had begun to see with Pleasure ; and when these Motions were better understood, there appear'd real Desires for Foreign Things. Some private Persons did still preserve the ancient Temperance, as it afterwards happen'd, even in the most corrupt Times of the Republick ; but, at last, there was a general Desire to cross the Seas, to settle in those Places where *Pyrrhus* found so much Wealth. This it was, in short, that gave Birth to the first *Carthaginian* War: The Assistance given to the *Tarentines* was the Pretext of it, but the Conquest of *Sicily* the true Occasion.

Having discover'd the Motives that led the *Romans* to this War, it is necessary, in a few Words, to shew what their Genius was at that time. Their principal Qualities, in my Judgment, were Courage and Resolution ; to undertake Things of the greatest Difficulty ; not to be frighted with any Danger, nor discourag'd with any Loss. In all the rest, the *Carthaginians* had infinitely the Superiority over them ; whether by their Industry, or by their Experience at Sea, or else by their Wealth, which the Trade of the whole World afforded them ; when the *Romans*, who were of themselves but Poor, had exhausted their Treasure in the Wars of *Pyrrhus*.

To speak the Truth, the Virtue of the latter, supply'd the room of all Things. A good Success encourag'd them to the pursuit of a greater ; and a cross Event only serv'd to exasperate them
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the more. It happened directly otherwise in the Affairs of the *Carthaginians*, who grew remiss in good Fortune, and were easily dejected in Adversity. Besides the different *Temper* of these two Nations, the different *Constitution* of the Republicks contributed much to it. *Carthage* was established upon Commerce, and *Rome* founded upon Arms. The first employed Strangers in their Wars, and Citizens in their Traffick : The other got Citizens out of all Nations, and Soldiers out of their Citizens. The *Romans* breath'd after nothing but War ; even those that went not actually into the Field, had their Inclinations there ; either as having been in the Service before, or because they knew they must at one time or another, go into it.

At *Carthage* they always demanded Peace upon the least Inconvenience that threatned them ; as well to get rid of Foreigners, as to return to their Trade. We may yet add this Difference, That the *Carthaginians* never did any thing that was great, but by the Valour of private Persons ; whereas the *Roman* People often recover'd by their Constancy, what the Imprudence or Cowardise of their Generals had lost. All these things considered, we need not wonder to see the *Romans* remain victorious, for they had all the principal Qualities, which render one People Master of another.

As the Prospect of Riches made the *Romans* desirous of subduing *Sicily*, so the Conquest of *Sicily* made them desirous to enjoy those Riches which they had acquired. The Peace with the *Carthaginians*, after so bloody a War, inspired a Spirit of Repose, and that Repose produced the Relish of Pleasures. Then it was that the *Romans* introduced the first Compositions of the Theatre, and exerted their first Magnificence. They began to

have a Curiosity for Shews, and an Affection for Pleasures.

Law-Suits, altho' they are Disturbers of Joy, began to increase; every one having Recourse to the Publick Justice, as that of private Persons was corrupted.

Intemperance occasion'd new Distempers, and Physicians were introduced to cure Diseases; from which, Continence had secured the ancient *Romans*.

Avarice put them upon little Wars, and Weakness made them apprehensive of great ones. If Necessity obliged them to undertake any that was considerable, it was begun with *Reluctancy*, and they were glad when it was ended.

They demanded of the *Carthaginians*, Money which they ow'd not, when they were employ'd in the Reduction of their own Rebels; But they used all imaginable Precaution, not to break with them, when their Affairs were a little mended.

Thus sometimes Injuries, sometimes other Considerations, always either Spight or Fear, were the Cause of their Wars: And certainly we may say, that the *Romans* knew not how to live, either as Friends or Enemies: For they affronted the *Carthaginians*, yet suffered them to recover Breath, and gave Cause enough for a new War, which yet of all things they dreaded most.

A Conduct so uncertain, degenerated into a downright Carelessness; and they suffer'd the *Saguntines* to be destroyed with so much Disgrace, that their Ambassadors were shamefully treated for it by the *Spaniards* and *Gauls*, after the Ruin of that miserable People.

This Contempt of their neighbouring Nations, with which they were nettled, awaked them out of this Drowsiness; and the March of *Hannibal* into *Italy*, revived their ancient Vigour. They made

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made War for ſome time with much Incapacity, and a great Courage ; afterwards with more Experience, and leſs Reſolution. At laſt, the Loſs of the Battel of *Cannæ*, made them retrieve their Virtue and Courage ; or to ſpeak better, excited a new one, which raiſed 'em above themſelves.

C H A P. VII.

Of the Second Punick War.

TO ſee the Republick in the full Extent of her Virtue, we muſt conſider her in the Second War of *Carthage*. She had before more Aſterity ; after that more Grandeur ; but never ſuch real Merit, as in this Period of Time. When ſhe was engaged in other Extremities, her Security was owing to the Boldneſs, Valour, or Capacity of ſome particular Citizen. Perhaps, had it not been for *Brutus*, there would have been no Common-Wealth. If *Manlius* had not defended the *Capitol* ; if *Camillus* had not come to reſcue it, the *Romans*, who could ſcarcely call themſelves free, would have fallen under the Servitude of the *Gauls*.

But here the *Roman* People maintain'd the *Roman* People ; here the Universal Genius of the Nation, preſerved the Nation ; here good Order, Reſolution, and a general Zeal for the Publick Good, ſaved *Rome* when ſhe was ready to fall, by the Blunders and undiſcreet Conduct of her Generals.

After the Battel of *Cannæ*, where any other State had yielded to its ill Fortune, there was not the leaſt Sign of Weakneſs amongſt the People, not a Thought but what tended to the Good of the Common-Wealth. All Orders, all Ranks, all

Conditions voluntarily exhausted their Treasure ; the *Romans* gave up with Pleasure the most valuable things they possess'd, and kept with Regret what they were obliged to leave themselves for their bare use. To retain the least, was a Point of Honour, to reserve the most in Houses, a kind of *Disgrace*. When they debated about creating Magistrates, the Youth, who, for the most part, are prepossessed in Favour of themselves, consulted with Docility, the Wisdom of the more Ancient, to give their Votes with more Discretion.

As they wanted old Soldiers in this Exigence of State, so for the raising of new ones they made their Slaves free ; and these Slaves becoming *Romans*, were animated by the same Spirit with their Masters, to defend the same Liberty : But behold a Greatness of Courage, which surpasses all other Qualities, let 'em be never so noble. It happens sometimes in an eminent Danger, that Persons of no extraordinary Prudence, are observed to take good Resolutions ; and that the most interested Persons, contribute largely to the Publick Good, when by taking other Measures, they are afraid to ruin themselves with the Publick : But perhaps it never happened before, that People took an equal Care of their Affairs, both Abroad and at Home, in such pressing Extremities ; and I find nothing so much to be admired in the *Romans*, as to see them send Troops into *Sicily* and *Spain*, with the same Care as they did against *Hannibal*.

Overwhelmed with so many Losses, exhausted of Men and Money, they divided their last Resources between the Defence of *Rome*, and the Preservation of their Conquests. A People so magnanimous, thought it as eligible to perish as to decline ; and to be no more, was looked upon as an indifferent thing, when they cou'd no longer be Masters of others. Tho' Self-Preservation be

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ever advantageous, yet I reckon it among the chief Pre-eminences of the *Romans*, that they owed their Safety to their Constancy, and the Greatness of their Courage. It was also happy for them, that they changed their Genius since the War of *Pyrrhus*; that they had left off that extraordinary Disinterestedness, and that ambitious Poverty which I mention'd before; otherwise *Rome* had not been able to maintain it self.

It was necessary the Citizens should have Ability, as well as Zeal, to assist the Common-Wealth. If she had not been in a Capacity to relieve her Allies, she had been abandoned by them. The Speech of the Consul, who thought to move the Pity of the Deputies of *Capua*, did but excite their Infidelity. The Senate, much wiser, took a quite different Course; sent Men and Provisions to the Allies, who stood in want of them; and of all the Succours which they of *Naples* came to offer, they accepted nothing but Corn, which they paid for.

But notwithstanding so much Resolution and Wisdom, the Republick of *Rome* had unavoidably perish'd, if *Carthage* had taken any of those Measures to destroy it, which the *Romans* took to preserve it. Whilst, on one side, Thanks were voted to a Consul that * had fled, because he did not despair of the Common-Wealth, victorious *Hannibal* was accused at *Carthage*. *Hanno* could not forgive him the Advantages of a War, which he had dissuaded; and as he was more jealous of the Honour of his own Opinion, than the Good of the State, and more an Enemy to the *Carthaginian* General, than to the *Romans*, he omitted nothing that

* Terentius Varro, who gave the Battel of Cannæ, against the Advice of his Colleague L. Æmil. Paulus, and lost it.

that might obstruct the Successes they had a Prospect of, or destroy those already obtained. One would have taken *Hanno* for an Ally of the Roman People, who looked upon *Hannibal* as the common Enemy. When the latter sent for a new Supply of Men and Money to maintain the Army, *What would he demand*, said *Hanno*, *if he had lost the Battel*? No, no, Gentlemen, *either he's an Impostor, that amuses us with false News, or a Publick Robber, that, encriches himself with the Spoils of the Romans, and the Advantages of the War.* This Opposition did, at least, retard the Supplies; tho' it could not hinder the Resolution of sending them: And they executed slowly, what had been resolv'd upon with Difficulty. The Supplies being at last prepared, it was a long time before they were sent away; and then Orders were given to stop them in *Spain*, instead of hastening them into *Italy*. Thus the Recruits arrived very late, and when they came to joyn *Hannibal*, which was a Miracle, he received them sickly, and harassed, and after the Season for Action was over.

This General was almost continually destitute of Money and Provisions; reduced to the Necessity of being eternally successful in War; having no Resource upon any Misfortune; and a great deal of Perplexity even upon good Success, when he found not wherewith to maintain different Nations, who rather followed his Person, than depended on the Common-Wealth of *Carthage*.

To keep so many different People in order, he added to his natural Severity, an artificial Cruelty; which made him dreaded by some, whilst his Virtue gain'd him a Veneration from others. I own, he used no great Violence upon his Temper; For being naturally somewhat cruel, he found himself in such Circumstances, that it was necessary for him to be so. However,

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his Interest was sometimes the Rule of his Cruelty ; and even enclined him to Clemency : For he knew how to be gracious and merciful when his Affairs required ; and his Policy ever prevailed over his Nature.

He made War upon the *Romans* with all manner of Severity, but treated their Confederates with much Civility and Courtesy ; hoping by this means to destroy the first absolutely, and to draw off the others from their Alliance : A Conduct extremely different from that of *Pyrrhus*, who reserved all his Civility for the *Romans*, and his ill Usage for his Allies.

When I consider that *Hannibal* removed out of *Spain*, where he left nothing behind him well secured ; that he cross'd the Country of the *Gauls*, whom he ought to have accounted his Enemies ; that he pass'd the *Alps* to make War against the *Romans*, who had expell'd the *Carthaginians* out of *Sicily*. When I consider, that in *Italy* he had neither Garrisons, Magazines, nor any certain Supplies, or hopes of Retreat, I am astonished at the Boldness of his Design : But when I consider his Valour, and his Conduct, I admire nothing but *Hannibal*, and I esteem him yet superior to the Undertaking.

The *French* particularly admire the War of the *Gauls*, both for the Reputation of *Cæsar*, and because, the Scene of it lying in their own Country, it affects them with a more lively Idea than any : However, to speak impartially, it falls infinitely short of *Hannibal's* Actions in *Italy*. Had *Cæsar* found amongst the *Gauls*, that Union and Bravery, which the other did amongst the *Romans*, he had made over them but small Conquests ; for it must be acknowledged, that *Hannibal* met with very great Difficulties, without reckoning those he carried with him. The only Advantage on which

which he could reasonably depend, was the Goodness of his Troops, and his own Personal Ability.

It is certain, that the *Romans* had gain'd a great Superiority over the *Carthaginians* in the *Sicilian War*; but Peace having made them disband their Army, they insensibly lost their Vigour; whilst their Adversaries, who were employ'd in *Spain* and *Africk*, still kept their Valour in Use, and acquir'd new Experience.

Thus *Hannibal* came with an old Body, to attack *Italy*; which the *Romans* were oblig'd to defend with an old Reputation, more than old Troops. As for the *Roman* Generals, they were certainly Persons of great Courage, who thought they should injure the Glory of their Commonwealth, if they did not give Battle upon the first Offer of the Enemy.

Hannibal made it his particular Study to know their Genius, and observ'd nothing so much, as the Humour and Conduct of each Consul that was to oppose him. Thus, by provoking the fiery Temper of *Sempronius*, he knew how to dare him to fight, and gain the Battel of *Trebia*: The Defeat of *Thrasimene* was owing to a Stratagem of the like nature.

Being acquainted with the haughty Spirit of *Flaminius*, he burn'd before his Eyes the Villages of his Allies, and so critically provok'd his natural Temerity, that the Consul not only took a Resolution to fight, at an unseasonable Time, but engag'd himself in some Defiles, where he unhappily lost his Army, together with his Life. As *Fabius* went upon a different Method of acting, so the Conduct of *Hannibal* was entirely opposite.

After the Battle of *Thrasimene*, the *Roman* People created a Dictator, and a General of the Horse.

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The Dictator was *Quintus Fabius*, a Man wise and slow, who plac'd the only Hope of Safety in Caution, from which Security may, indeed, result. Considering in what a Posture their Affairs were, he thought there was no difference between fighting, and being beaten; so that he aim'd at nothing but to give fresh Spirit to the Army; and as he did not entertain the Hopes of *Victory*, he thought he should act prudently enough, if he could but contrive to prevent his being overcome.

Marcus Minutius was General of the Horse, a Man violent, rash, vain in Discourse, and daring, as well upon the score of his Ignorance, as his Courage. This Person plac'd the Interest of the State in the Reputation of Affairs, and imagin'd that the Republick could not subsist, if it did not blot out the Disgrace of past Defeats, by some Glorious Action. He was for Grandeur, when there was a necessity for Prudence; for Glory, when Safety was in Question.

Hannibal soon found out these different Humours, not only by the Reports that were made him, but by his own Observations; for many Days successively he offer'd Battle to *Fabius*, who was so far from accepting it, that he would not permit a single Man to stir out of his Camp.

Minutius, on the contrary, took the artificial Bravado's of the Enemy, for so many Affronts, and made the Dictator pass for a weak Man, or at least for one that was insensible of the Disgrace of the *Romans*.

Hannibal being inform'd of these Discourses, endeavour'd to encrease the Opinion of Fear and Weakness, which was attributed to *Fabius*. He burnt, in his view, the finest Country in *Italy*, in order either to draw him to fight, which he was not able to effect; or, at least, to blemish his Reputation,

putation, in which he did not want Success. Nay he begot a Suspicion, that there was a secret Combination between them, by sparing his Lands with great Care, amidst the general Desolation of the Country.

But this is but one part of his Artifices: While he labour'd to ruin the Reputation of *Fabius*, who gave him some trouble, he omitted nothing to raise that of *Minutius*, in whom he wish'd the Command, or at least a larger Power in the Army. Sometimes, he pretended to be afraid of him, when he shew'd all manner of Contempt for the other. Sometimes, after a small Engagement with him, he retir'd first, and let him obtain some trifling Advantage; which advanc'd his Credit with the *Romans*, and so prepar'd him to fall by an inconsiderate Confidence. In short, he was so dextrous in running down the Conduct of the Dictator, and in raising the Credit of the General of the Horse, that the Command was divided, and the Troops shar'd between them, which was never done before. One would think, that *Rome* acted by the Advice of her Enemy: For, in truth, so extraordinary a Decree, was the pure effect of his Contrivance and Design.

Hereupon the Vanity of *Minutius* had no Bounds: He contemn'd with equal Imprudence, *Fabius* and *Hannibal*, declaring nothing less, Than that he alone would beat all Foreigners out of *Italy*. He therefore would needs form a separate Camp; of which *Hannibal* was no sooner sensible, but he approach'd with his: In fine, not to amuse my self with describing the Particulars of every Action, *Minutius* was engag'd in a Battle, wherein he was defeated.

This was the Behaviour of *Hannibal*, during the Dictatorship of *Fabius*, and his Conduct was much the same, with the Consuls that gave him Battle

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Cannæ. 'Tis true indeed, there was no necessity for so politick a Conduct: The Wisdom of *Paulus*, was less troublesom to him than that of *Fabius*; and the presumptuous Ignorance of *Terentius*, hurried him fast enough to his own Ruin.

The Reader will admire, perhaps, that I have dwelt so long upon an Affair, which only ends in the Defeat of *Minutius*, and that I do but cursorily mention that great and famous Battle of *Cannæ*: But my Design is rather to make the Genius of Men known, than to describe that Battle. And as Judicious are better pleas'd by contemplating *Cæsar* in the War of *Petreius* and *Afranius*, than in his most shining Actions; I imagin'd, that we ought to consider *Hannibal* more curiously, in an Affair which was entirely manag'd by Policy, than in that great and fortunate Success, which the Imprudence of *Terentius* gave him without much difficulty.

However, it must be confess'd, That never was a Battle so entirely won; and that very Day had, in a manner, been the *Romans* last, if *Hannibal* had not chose rather to enjoy the Sweets of the Victory, than to pursue its Advantages.

He, who by his Policy made others guilty of so many Mistakes, betrays here the Weakness of Human Nature, and cannot preserve himself from failing. He shew'd himself invincible in the greatest Difficulties, but could not resist the Allurements of his good Fortune; and suffer'd himself to yield to Ease, when a little Action would have fix'd him in a State of Repose for all the Remainder of his Life.

If you enquire into the Reason of it; 'tis because every Thing hath Bounds in Man. Patience, Courage, Resolution wear out at last.

Hannibal

Hannibal can fatigue no more, because he has fatigu'd too much ; and his consummate Virtue finds it self without Resource in the midst of Victory.

The remembrance of past Difficulties, gives him a prospect of new ones ; his Mind, which ought to have been full of Hopes, nay, almost Assurance, is now taken up with a Fear of the future : He considers, when he should be bold ; he consults, when he should be active ; he gives Reasons for the *Romans*, when he ought to have put his own Counsels in Execution.

As the Faults of great Men have always some Pretences to excuse them, so *Hannibal* did not fail to represent to himself very specious Reasons ; as for Instance, ' That his Army, tho' Invincible in the Field, was yet by no means fit for Sieges ; ' That he had no good Infantry, no Engines, no Money, no certain Subsistence : That by reason of these Defects, he had attack'd *Spoletum* to no purpose ; after the Success at *Thrasimene*, as victorious as he was ; that a little before the Battle of *Cannæ*, he had been obliged to raise the Siege of a Town, of no Name or Strength ; that to besiege *Rome*, furnish'd with every Thing, was the direct way to lose the Reputation he had gain'd ; and to destroy an Army, which alone made him to be consider'd ; that therefore it was most adviseable, to let the *Romans*, coop'd up within their own Walls, fall insensibly on themselves ; and in the mean time to go and possess himself of some Places near the Sea, where he might receive Recruits from *Carthage* with Convenience ; and where it would be easy to settle the most considerable Power of *Italy*. These were the Reasons, which *Hannibal*

al adapted to the Disposition he found himself in, and which would not have affected him in his first Heats.

In vain did *Mabarbal* promise him to sup in the *Capitol*; his own Reflections, which had nothing but the Air of Wisdom, and his false Reasoning, made him reject, as unadvised, a Confidence so well grounded. He had pursu'd violent Counsels, when he began a War with the *Romans*, and he is now kept back by an unseasonable Circumspection, when he is upon the point of making an end of all.

It is certain, that Men of too refin'd Policy, as *Hannibal* was, are apt to create Difficulties in Undertakings, and stop themselves by Obstacles, which proceed more from their own Imagination, than the Thing it self.

There is a critical Point in the Declension of States, where their Ruin would be unavoidable, if one knew how easie it were to destroy them; but for want of a clear Foresight, or a sufficient Courage, Men are content with a little, when they might do more; making either the meanness of Spirit, or the want of Greatness in the Soul, to pass for Prudence.

In these Conjunctions, a Man is not the Instrument of his own Preservation; 'tis his old Reputation purely that maintains him in the Imagination of his Enemies, when his real Forces have abandon'd him.

Thus *Hannibal* represents to his View, a Power which is no more. He entertains a fantastical Idea of dead Soldiers, and dissipated Legions, as if he were to fight and defeat what he had already defeated.

And certainly the Confusion was not less at Rome after the Battle of *Cannæ*, than heretofore

after the Defeat of * *Allia* ; but instead of approaching a City whither he would have struck a general Consternation, he removes at a distance from it, as if he had a mind to hearten it, and give the Magistrates time to repair their Losses at their leisure. He was so unadvis'd as to attack the Allies, who would have fallen with *Rome*, and maintain'd themselves by her with more ease, than she could have maintain'd her self.

This was the first and great Omission of *Hannibal*, which was also the first Resource of the *Romans*. When their Consternation was over, their Courage increas'd, as their Forces grew less ; whereas the *Carthaginians* lost their Vigour, as their Power increas'd.

Now, if we should enquire into the Cause of all their Misfortunes, there may be assign'd two essential ones : The Carelessness of *Carthage*, which suffer'd good Successes to fall to nothing, for want of Supplies ; and *Hannibal's* precipitate Design to put an end to his Labours, before he had ended the War.

After he had tasted Repose, it was not long before he was inclin'd to taste Delights, and he was the more easily enchanted by them, as they were altogether unknown to him.

A Man that knows how to mix Pleasures with Business, is never intirely possessed by them ; he either quits, or resumes them at his Will ; and in the use he makes of them, rather finds a Relaxation of Mind, than a dangerous Charm that might corrupt him. It is not so with those austere Per-

sons

* *A River within three or four Leagues of Rome, near which the Romans were defeated by the Gauls. The latter made themselves Masters of the City, but could not force the Capitol, whither part of the Roman Youth retir'd. See Liv. Decad. I. Book V.*

sons, who, by an alteration of Temper, come to taste of Voluptuousness ; They are immediately enchanted with its Sweetness, and have nothing but an Aversion for the Severities of their past Life. Nature, in them, being wearied with Inconveniences and Pains, abandons it self to the first Delights that come in its Way : Then what appear'd Virtuous, presents it self with a gross and morose Air ; and the Soul, which imagines it self to be undeceiv'd of an old Error, has a Complacency in its new Affection for Things agreeable.

Thus it far'd with *Hannibal* and his Army, which did not fail to imitate him in Remissness, as they had all along done it so well in Fatigues.

There was nothing then but Bathing, Festivals, Amours, and Passions ; Discipline was no longer observ'd, either by him that ought to have given Orders, or by those that should have put them in Execution. When there was a necessity to go into the Field, Glory and Interest excited *Hannibal*, who re-assum'd his former Vigour, and found himself again ; but he found no more the same Army. There was nothing else but Softness and Effeminacy : If they were forc'd to undergo the least Want, they regretted the Plenty of *Capua*. Their Thoughts ran upon their Mistresses, when they were to meet the Enemy ; they languish'd and melted with the Tenderness of Love, when there was need of Action and Fierceness for Battle.

Hannibal omitted nothing that might excite their Courage, sometimes by reviving the remembrance of a Valour which they had lost ; sometimes by the shame of Reproaches, of which they were insensible.

In the mean while, the *Roman* Generals became every Day more skilful and experienc'd : The

Legions gain'd daily Advantages over effeminate Troops; and there came from *Carthage*, no Supplies sufficient to give fresh Spirit to so languishing an Army. But the more Resolution *Hannibal* found amongst the Enemies, the less Assistance he receiv'd from his own Men, and the more he was oblig'd to depend upon himself. It is not credible with what Valour he maintain'd himself in *Italy*, which the *Romans* could not make him quit, till they forc'd the *Carthaginians* to recall him. The latter being defeated, and driven out of *Spain*, beaten and undone in *Africk*, had recourse to *Hannibal* for their last Refuge. He obey'd the Orders of his Country, with the same Submission, that the meanest Citizen could have done: And he was no sooner arriv'd, but he found Affairs in a desperate Posture.

Scipio, who had beheld the Calamities of his Republick, under unfortunate Generals, now commanded the Forces of it in a prosperous Condition, which was purely owing to himself.

As for *Hannibal*, he had nothing but the Remembrance of his good Fortune, which he had ill used; but, however, he was not in the least wanting to support the bad. The former, whose natural Confidence was still buoy'd up by the present fortunate Posture of his Affairs, was at the Head of an Army, which doubted not of Victory. The latter increas'd his natural Distrust, by the miserable Condition he saw his Country reduc'd to, and by the ill Opinion he had of his Soldiers.

These different Situations of Mind made Peace to be offered, and rejected; after which, every one's Thoughts were intent upon Battle.

On the Day it was fought, *Hannibal* surpass'd himself, whether by taking all Advantages, disposing his Army, or giving Orders in the Fight.

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but at length the *Genius* of *Rome* prevailed over that of *Carthage*, and the Defeat of the *Carthaginians* yielded the Empire of the World for ever to the *Romans*.

As for the General, he was admir'd by *Scipio*, who in the midst of his Glory, seem'd to envy the Capacity of the Vanquished; and the Vanquished, whose Humour was far enough from vain Ostentation, thought he had always some Superiority in the Science of War: For, discoursing one Day with *Scipio*, concerning the Great Generals, he placed *Alexander* the first, *Pyrrhus* the second, and Himself the third; to which *Scipio* coldly, *And if you had conquered me*, said he, *in what Rank would you have placed your self?* The first of all, replied *Hannibal*.

'Tis certain, that his Skill in War was admirable, and those Illustrious Conquerors, who have left so great a Name to Posterity, came not near him for Industry, both in bringing together, and maintaining Armies.

Alexander passed into *Asia* with *Macedonians* who obey'd their King: If he had but little Money and Provisions, the Battles he gain'd soon furnish'd him with Plenty of All: A City taken or surrendred, gave him the Treasures of *Darius*, who became necessitous in his own Country, in proportion as *Alexander* possessed the Riches of it.

Scipio, whom I mentioned before, made War in *Spain* and *Africk*, with those very Legions which the Republick both levied and maintain'd.

Cæsar had the same Advantages towards the Conquest of *Gaul*, and made use of the Forces and Money of the Common-Wealth to enslave it.

As for our *Hannibal*, to a little Body of *Carthaginians*, he joined several Nations, which he kept together meerly by his own Interest, and by whom he made himself obey'd, though he laboured

boured under a continual want of Provisions and Money. What's yet more extraordinary, Victories made him not the easier, and he was almost as much straitned after the gaining of them, as he was before. But if he had Talents which the others had not, so was he guilty of a Fault, which, in all probability, they would not have committed.

Alexander was so far from leaving Things done by halves, that he always went farther, even when they were compleated. He was not satisfied with subduing the great Empire of *Darius*, to the very least Province; his Ambition carried him to the *Indies*, when he might have reconciled, (what seldom happens) his Glory and Repose, and have enjoy'd his Conquests in Peace.

Scipio did not think of Ease, before he had reduced *Carthage*, and established the *Roman* Affairs of *Africk*. And one of the great Commendations which is given to *Cæsar*, is, *That he thought nothing was done, while there remained any Thing to do.*

Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.

Lucan. Pharsal. Lib. II.

As often as I reflect upon this Miscarriage of *Hannibal*, I cannot forbear thinking, that Men do not sufficiently consider, of how vast Importance a good Resolution is in great Affairs.

The marching immediately to *Rome*, after the Battle of *Cannæ*, draws after it the Destruction of that City, and the Grandeur of *Carthage*; The not marching thither is, in time, attended with the Ruin of the *Carthaginians*, and the Universal Empire of the *Romans*.

I have seen a Resolution taken, which would have inevitably occasioned the Loss of a great State.

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State. I saw by a happy Change, a * contrary one taken the same Day, which proved its Security: But it gave less Reputation to the Author of so good Advice, than the Defeat of Five Hundred Horse, or the taking an inconsiderable City would have done. These last Events strike the Eyes or Imagination of all the World: But Judgment is hardly admir'd by any, because 'tis known but by Reflections, which few People are able to make. Let's return to *Hannibal*.

If the Trade of War, as glittering a Figure as it makes, merited only our Regard, I don't see one of the Ancients, who can reasonably be prefer'd to him: But it does not follow, that he that knows it best, is necessarily the greatest Man. Justice, Magnanimity, Greatness of Soul, a disinterested Integrity, and an Universal Capacity, make up the better part of those Great Men.

To know barely how to slaughter Men; to be better skill'd than others in laying Waste Human Society, and destroying Nature, is to excel in a very fatal Science.

The Application of this Science ought to be just, or at least honourable; it should turn, if possible, to the Good of those whom it has subdu'd; but always to the Interest of one's Country, or the necessity of a private Advantage.

S 4

When

* The French Court being at Pontoise, (in 1652.) and Cardinal Mazarin, considering that the Prince of Condé was not far off; That Fuenfaldagne advanc'd with 25000 Men, and the Duke of Lorraine with 12000. resolv'd to cause the King to retire into Burgundy, not thinking him safe in Paris. The Prince of Turenne was not then in Council; but being inform'd of this Resolution, he immediately repair'd thither, and told the Ministers, That if the King quitted Paris, he would never enter it again; and that they ought either to vanquish or die: Which oblig'd the Council to alter their Resolution.

When it is govern'd by a capricious Humour, and subservient to Irregularity and Fury; when its End is to oppress the World, then that Glory which is ascrib'd to it, should be taken away, and it ought to be as Ignominious as it is Unjust.

Now 'tis certain, that *Hannibal* had but few Virtues, and many Vices; Infidelity, Covetousness, a Cruelty oftentimes necessary, but always natural, were the chief Ingredients of his Composition.

Besides, People judge, for the most part, by the Success, whatever is the Opinion of the wisest sort: For let a Man shew all the good Conduct that is possible, if the Event does not answer, ill Fortune passes for a Fault, and is justified but by a very few Persons.

Thus for Instance, that *Hannibal* made War better than the *Romans*, and was undone by the ill Management of his own Republick; whereas the *Romans* became victorious by the good Order of theirs, is a Consideration which falls not within the reach of many People. But that he was defeated by *Scipio*, and that the Ruin of *Carthage* was the Consequence of his Defeat, is a Thing fully known, and 'tis from hence that the Universal Opinion of all Nations has been form'd.

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C H A P. VIII.

*Of the Genius of the Romans, towards the
End of the Second War of Carthage.*

UPON the Conclusion of so great and so long a War, there arose a certain Spirit unknown till then in the Common-Wealth.

Not but that there had been frequent Seditions before. For the Senate had more than once endeavour'd to oppress the People; and the People offer'd Violence to the Senate: But still Men acted on these Occasions by a publick Principle, regarding the Power of one as a Tyranny, which ruin'd Freedom; and the Liberty of the other, as a Licentiousness which would end in Confusion.

But Men now began to separate their private from the publick Interest: The Bonds of Society, which were thought so agreeable before, seem'd at this time to be troublesome Chains; and every one growing uneasie under the Laws, had a mind to re-assume his Primitive Right of disposing of himself, and in this Choice to follow the Motions of his own Will.

As the Disgust of Subjection had been the occasion of turning out the Kings, and disposed the People to the Establishment of Liberty, so the Disgust of the same Liberty, which they found troublesom to maintain, dispos'd their Minds to particular Dependencies.

Their Love for their Country, and their Zeal for the Publick Good, were exhausted in the stress of the War against *Hannibal*, where the Affection and Virtue of the Citizens went beyond the Expectation

pectation of the Republick. Men had spent their Blood and Treasure for the Publick, which was yet in a Capacity to give any Recompence to Private Men. The Severities even of the Senate had increas'd that of the Laws on some Occasions, and the Rigour which had been used towards the Prisoners that were taken at the Battel of Cannæ affected every Body very sensibly; but People suffered it patiently, at a time when they thought it was their common Interest to endure all things. So soon as they had less to fear, they thought the Necessity of suffering was at an end; and every one having exhausted their Stock of Docility and Patience, before the Conclusion of their Misfortunes, they bore with *Reluctancy*, what they imagin'd was imposed upon them without Necessity by the sole Pleasure of the Magistrates.

'Twas thus that the first Disgusts were form'd from whence it came to pass, that Men left the Republick, to cultivate their own private Interests, sought new Engagements in Society, and chose amongst themselves such Persons, as most deserved their Affections.

In this Disposition of Mind, *Scipio* presented himself to the *Romans*, with all the Qualities that may gain the Esteem and Favour of Men. He was nobly descended, and in him shone with equal Lustre the Goodness and Charms of an excellent Natural Disposition. He had an admirable Greatness and Courage; and a sweet, affable, and beneficent Temper; he was vehement and earnest to inspire his Resolution and Confidence in the Publick; polite and agreeable in private Conversation, for the most refined Pleasure of Friendship; his Soul was lofty, but Serene; more sensible of Glory than ambitious of Power. He sought less to distinguish himself by Authority, or the Splendor of Fortune, than by the Difficulties

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his Undertakings, and the Merit of his Actions. Add to so many things, that in him, happy Successes always answered high Designs; and to crown all, he had possess'd the People with an Opinion, *That he set about nothing without the Advice, and never acted without the Assistance of the Gods.*

'Tis no Wonder, that such a Man as I have here described, should attract the Affections of the People, which they were ready enough to give him of themselves, and disengage many from a Republick, for which they had already entertain'd a Disgust. Thus the Will of a Person so virtuous, was preferr'd to Laws, which perhaps were not inequitable.

As for Scipio, he used all the engaging Ways of Humanity and Affability; and laying aside the Rigid Severity of Discipline, he commanded with Gentleness, Troops that obey'd him with Affection. *I * know very well that some Seditions that happen'd in his Camp are ascrib'd to his Easiness: But, if I dare adventure to say it, 'twas a Misfortune almost necessary at that time. 'Twas a new Spirit in the Republick, which was prejudicial to the Government; yet, without this Spirit, the Commonwealth would have been ruin'd, and Scipio alone was capable to inspire it. 'Twas not sufficient to maintain Order among the Citizens, according to the Genius of their ancient Legislators; there was also need of that of a Heroe, less severe Virtues, to animate desponding Soldiers against Hannibal, and give them the Confidence of being able to overcome. The Affairs of Rome were desperate, that nothing less than Heroical Qualities,*
and

* This Passage, and another which will be found a little lower, *both in Italick, are extracted out of a Manuscript which was in the Hands of Mr. Waller,*

and the Opinion of Divine Assistance, could have retrieved them.

'Tis certain that never had any Roman General shewn so great a Capacity, nor managed Affairs so well; never were Legions so zealous to behave themselves gallantly, and never was Common-Wealth so well served, tho' by a Principle, different from that of the Common-Wealth.

Fabius and *Cato**, were sensible of this Evil, and omitted nothing to hinder the ill Effects of it. But in truth, they mixed the Sourness of their Passions with it; and the Envy they bore to the Great Man, had as great a Share in their Oppositions, as their Jealousie of Liberty.

That which is extraordinary, the Corrupter remained a good Man amongst those whom he corrupted, and acted more nobly than those who opposed the Corruption. And, indeed, he made all things subservient to the Advantage of the Common-Wealth, from which he had brought others; and was only guilty of serving it with the same Qualities, with which he might have ruin'd it.

I own indeed, that by the Maxims of so jealous a Government, some Alarm might be reasonably taken.

A Soul so elevated, is thought incapable of Moderation; a Desire of Glory so passionate, is hardly to be distinguish'd from Ambition, which makes us aspire to Power. A Confidence so uncommon is not remote from extraordinary Undertakings. In a word, the Virtues of Heroes are suspected among Citizens; nay, I dare affirm, that his pretending a Commerce with the Gods, which is advantageous to Legislators for the Foundation of a State, seem'd, in a private Person of dangerous Consequence to an establish'd Common-Wealth.

Scipio

* *The Censor,*

Scipio, was therefore unhappy, in affording Appearances contrary to his Intentions ; which served as a Pretence for the Malice of his Rivals, and as a Ground for the Precaution of alarm'd Persons.

Hereupon a Man of Integrity is first suspected, and a little after an Innocent accused : He was able to answer and justify himself ; but, if the Expression may be allowed me, there is an Heroick Innocence as well as Courage. Thus he neglected the common Forms, which innocent Persons of the ordinary Stamp are oblig'd to submit to ; and instead of answering his Accusers, he caus'd Thanks to be return'd to the Gods for his Victories, when they demanded of him an Account of his Actions. All the People follow'd him to the Capitol, to the Shame of those that prosecuted him : And the better to justify the Sincerity of his Designs, and the Pureness of his Virtue, he sacrificed his Resentments to the Publick, chusing rather to live at a Distance from *Rome*, by complying with the Ingratitude of some Citizens, than to make himself the Master of it, by an unjust Usurpation. So many Noble Qualities oblig'd *Livy* to pitch upon that great Man for his Heroe, and to allow him a nice Preference to the rest of the *Romans*.

If other Generals gain'd more Battels, and reduc'd more Cities, yet they did not defeat *Hannibal*, nor conquer *Carthage* : If they knew how to command others as well as he, they knew not how to command themselves, and be equally Masters of their Passions in the Hurry of Business, and the Repose of a private Life.

I leave it undetermin'd whether he was the greatest, but, if I dare affirm what *Livy* hath but insinuated, take him altogether, he was the most deserving Person. He had the Virtue of the ancient *Romans*, but cultivated and polished ; and the

the Knowledge and Capacity of the last, without any Mixture of Corruption.

However, it is to be acknowledged, that his Actions were more advantageous to the Common Wealth, than his Virtues. The Roman People had too deep a Sense of his excellent Qualities, and applied themselves so particularly to him, that they sacrific'd their Duty to the Publick, in following the private Suggestions of their Will.

The Humanity of Scipio, did in Time, produce unhappy Effects, for it taught the Generals how to make themselves belov'd: And as 'tis nature for all Things to degenerate, an agreeable Command was followed by an unworthy Complaisance; and when Virtues were wanting to procure Esteem and Friendship, they employed all the Methods of Bribery and Corruption. These were the miserable Effects of this particular Genius, which was Noble and Glorious in its beginning, but did afterwards produce the Ambitious and the Covetous; the Corrupters, and the Corrupted.

I may add, That had it not been for the attractive Charm of Scipio's Virtues, the fierce and untractable Spirit of Equality that sway'd the Old Romans, had subsisted a long time: A Citizen would have made less Application to another; and this Application would have produc'd an insensible Dependance, which tends to the Ruin of Liberty; But then again, had it not been for the Allurements of those very Virtues, the Romans would never have recover'd the Despondency into which the Fear of Hannibal had cast 'em; And the same Men who afterwards became Masters of the World, would perhaps, have been subject to the Carthaginians.

This, at least, may be said in behalf of the Difficulties which the Romans had for the Republick, that if the People disengag'd themselves from the Love of the Laws, they only did it to settle their Affections on virtuous Persons.

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The *Romans* came to that pass, that they consider'd their Laws, as the Sentiments of old Legislators, which ought not to be a Rule to their Age; and the Sentiments of *Scipio* were look'd upon as living and animated Laws.

As for *Scipio*, he turn'd all the Regard they had for his Person, to the Service of the Publick; but desiring to soften the Austerity of Duty, by the Allurement of Glory, he, perhaps, suffer'd himself to be carried a little too far in this Point; and at *Rome* particularly, where the Citizens had appeared Criminal, when they attracted too favourable an Esteem.

This new *Genius* which succeeded the Publick spirit, encourag'd the *Romans* for a long while to the Performance of Great and Noble Actions, which they atchiev'd with a generous Vigour and Industry, to which they were Strangers before: For the Love of our Country makes us, indeed, sacrifice our Fortunes, and even our Lives for its safety; but Ambition and Desire of Glory are greater Incentives to our Industry, than that first passion, which is always virtuous and noble, but rarely cunning and ingenious.

To this *Genius* was owing the Defeat of *Hannibal*, and the Ruin of *Carthage*; the Humbling of *Antiochus*, and the Conquest or Subjection of all the *Greeks*: So that we may say with Reason, that it was advantageous to the Grandeur, but fatal to the Liberty of the Common-Wealth.

At length, they were as much out of Humour with this, as they were with the Love of the Republick. That Esteem, that noble Inclination of Men of Virtue, seem'd ridiculous to those that resolv'd to consider nothing but themselves. Honour began to be accounted a Chimera; Glory, meer Vanity; and every one basely pursu'd his own private Interest, whereby he thought he shew'd his good Sense and Judgment. Now

Now the Genius of Self-Interest, which succeeded that of Honour, acted differently amongst the *Romans*, according to the Diversity of Tempers.

Those that possessed a true Greatness of Mind, strove to acquire Power; mean Souls contented themselves by heaping up Riches, all manner of ways.

As Men do not fall, of a sudden, into an absolute Corruption, there was a gentle sliding from Honour to Interest, where both one and t'other subsisted in the Republick, but with different Respects. There was Honour preserv'd in some particular Actions, and nothing but Infamy in others.

A general Corruption crept at *Rome*, in Affairs that related to the Citizens. Integrity became every Day more rare; Justice was in a manner banish'd; the Desire of growing Rich, was the predominant Passion; and considerable Persons applied their Industry to the making themselves Masters of what did not belong to them. But still there was a Face of Dignity kept up, in relation to Strangers; and the most depraved at Home, shew'd themselves jealous of the Glory of the *Roman* Name Abroad.

Nothing was more unjust than the Judgment of the Senators; nothing so sordid as their Avarice; yet at the same time the Senate religiously preserv'd their Dignity; and never were they more zealous to hinder the Majesty of the *Roman* People from being violated.

This Senate, in other things so much abandoned to Interest, and so corrupted, together with the rest of the Citizens, voted with the same high Spirit as *Scipio* could have had, when they were to deal with an Enemy. In the time of a general Corruption, they could not bear the shameful

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Treaty that * *Mancinus* struck up with the *Numantines*; and that miserable Consul was oblig'd to go and deliver up himself into their Hands, with all manner of Disgrace. *Gracchus*, who had a Share in the Peace, as being Quæstor in the Army of *Mancinus*, in vain endeavour'd to support him; his Credit was of no Service; and his Eloquence employ'd to no purpose.

As there happen'd through *Gracchus*, one of the most important Turns of the Common-Wealth, and, perhaps, the Rise of all those Commotions that afterwards disturb'd it, it will not be amiss to give his Character.

He was a Person very considerable for his Birth, the Advantages of his Body, and the Qualities of his Mind; of a Genius opposite to that of Great *Scipio*, from whom his Mother *Cornelia* was descended; more ambitious of Power, than animated by a Desire of Glory, unless it were that of Eloquence, which was necessary at *Rome*, to gain Credit, and make one's self popular. He had a great and lofty Soul; but fitter to embrace new, or revive antiquated Things, than solidly to pursue those already establish'd. His Integrity made him scorn all Thoughts of Money, in regard to himself; tho' when he advanc'd the Interest of others, 'tis certain, he always did it with some Design. However, the Love of Virtue was natural

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* The Consul, C. Hostilius Mancinus, having been several times defeated by the Numantines, suffer'd himself to be cooped in his Camp, with an Army of Thirty Thousand Men, which he could not otherwise save, than by making a Treaty with the Enemy, whereby his Soldiers were oblig'd to deliver up all their Arms: At which the Senate were so incens'd, That they sent back Mancinus, bound Hand and Foot to the Numantines, that they might use him as they thought fit; but the Numantines would not receive him. See Florus's Abridgment of Livy, lib. V.

tural enough to him, and the Hatred of Vice yet much more. He had a Compassion for the Oppressed; but more Animosity against the Oppressors: So that his Passion prevailing over his Virtue, he insensibly abhor'd the Persons, more than the Crimes.

Several great Qualities made him admired amongst the *Romans*; tho', at the same time, he was not Master of one in a just Degree. His Engagements carried him farther than he thought at first; his Resolution turn'd into a sort of obstinate Stiffness, and those Virtues which might have been useful to the Republick, became many advantageous Talents for Faction.

In my Opinion, there is neither Niceness nor Moderation in the Judgments that have been transmitted to us concerning him. Those that have embrac'd the Party of the Senate, have represented him as a hot furious Man; and the Partisans of the People, as a true Protector of Liberty: Now it seems to me, that his Designs, in the main, were honest, and that he naturally hated all manner of Injustice; but Opposition put these good Intentions into a Ferment and Disorder. Contradiction having incens'd him against those that oppos'd him, he pursu'd by a Spirit of Partisanship, what he had begun with a Principle of Virtue. This, in my Opinion, was the true Guilt of *Gracchus*, who stirr'd up the People against the Senate. Let's now consider, what Disposition the People were in.

After having done great Services to the State, the People found themselves expos'd to the Oppression of the Rich; and particularly to that of the Senators, who by their Authority, or other unfair Methods, robb'd the Commons of their small Possessions. Thus continual Injuries had alienated the Hearts of the Multitude, but with

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out entertaining, as yet, any ill Intentions, they suffered this Tyranny with Grief; and as they were really more miserable than seditious, they expected, rather than sought after a Deliverance from this unfortunate Condition.

I thought it necessary, to describe the Senate, Gracchus, and the People, before I enter'd upon that violent Agitation, which afterwards shook the Common-Wealth.

We may, therefore, imagine the Senate unjust, corrupt, but concealing the Infamy at Home, by maintaining their Affairs with Dignity abroad. Our Idea of Gracchus, will represent him to us, as a Person that had great Talents, but fitter wholly to ruin a corrupted Common-Wealth, than to restore it to its Purity by a wise Reformation. As for the People, they were not dissatisfied, but could not tell how to bear their Misery, nor how to employ themselves after the Loss of their Possessions.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Monsieur de St. Evremond, as was mention'd in his life, having resolv'd to go over into Holland in the year 1665, left his Papers in the Custody of his good friend Mr. Waller; but upon his return to London, in 1670, he found, that the same were lost during the great Plague; and, among the rest, the Seven following Chapters, which could never be recover'd; and Mr. de St. Evremond would not take the Trouble to write them over again: So that we have only the Summary Titles of them, viz.

C H A P. IX.

The Genius of the Roman People, when Jugurtha possessed himself of the Kingdom of Numidia. Sordid Interest predominant, as to their Affairs Abroad, as it had been long before at Home. The infamous Character of those Persons who were first employ'd in this Affair. The Temper of Scaurus.

C H A P. X.

War manag'd by Metellus. His Character and that of Jugurtha. The Pride and Haughtiness of the Nobility.

C H A P. XI.

The Character of Marius; his Arrogance. The Genius of the People, and the Spirit of Faction against the Senate. The People superior to the Senate; their Levity and Inconstancy.

C H A P.

CHAP. XII.

The Character of Sylla, who retrieves the Authority of the Senate, and oppresses the People. Something of Pompey and Sertorius.

CHAP. XIII.

The State of Rome, and the Genius of the Romans at the time of Catiline's Conspiracy. His Character, together with that of Clodius. The Banishment of Cicero, and his Character.

CHAP. XIV.

The State of Rome, when the Government was divided between Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus.

CHAP. XV.

The Motives of the Civil War between Pompey and Cæsar. Their Character.

How the Senate was affected to Pompey, and the People to Cæsar. The Sentiments of the former, concerning the Republick. His Power established, at the Expence of the Publick Liberty. Cæsar's politick and gradual Steps towards absolute Sway.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Augustus ; his Government ; and his Genius.

I Will not meddle with the Beginnings of the Life of *Augustus*, which were too tragical ; I only intend to consider him after his Accession to the Empire : And, in my Opinion, never did Government deserve more particular Observations than his.

After the Tyranny of the *Triumvirate*, and the Desolation occasion'd by the Civil War, he resolv'd, at length, to govern by Reason, a People subjected by Force ; and being disgusted with Violence, which, perhaps, the Necessity of his Affairs had forc'd upon him ; He knew how to establish a happy Subjection, farther distant from Slavery, than from the ancient Liberty.

Augustus was none of those, who place the Advantage of Sovereignty, in the Rigour of Obedience ; who take no Pleasure in the Service which is done them, but for the Necessity which they impose upon others to perform it.

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This Refinement of Government was carried to such a Point of Nicety, under some of the Emperors, that Subjects were not permitted to seem willing to bear that, which others thought fit to impose on them. A Disgrace that was receiv'd without a shew of deep Sorrow ; a Banishment that was cheerfully complied with ; in short, an easy Submission to every Thing that was enjoin'd, caused the Disgust of the Prince : To obey him as he would have it, a Man was oblig'd to obey him in spite of himself ; but then it highly concern'd him, to be very cautious in his Reluctance ; for when the latter broke out with Bluster, it did but provoke the more Resentment and Anger : So that the poor *Romans* were hard put to it, to find a nice *Medium* between two Extremes, equally dangerous.

Augustus judg'd quite otherwise of the Matter : He was of Opinion, that the best Way to command Men, was to gain their Affections, before Duties were exacted from them : And, indeed, so successful was he, in persuading them of the Usefulness of his Orders, that the People thought less of the Obligation they lay under to perform them, than of the Advantage they found in them.

One of his greatest and constant Cares was, to make the *Romans* taste the Happiness of his Government, and to make his Power, as far as he could, sensible to them. He rejected those very Names that might be displeasing, and above all Things the Title of **DICTATOR**, detested in *Sylla*, and odious even in *Cæsar*.

The greatest part of those Persons that raise their Fortunes, assume new Titles to authorize a new Power ; But he was for concealing a new Power under usual Names, and ordinary Dignities. He caus'd himself to be called **EMPEROR**,

ROR, from time to time, to preserve his Authority over the Legions; he made himself to be created *Tribune*, to manage the People; and *Prince of the Senate*, to govern that Body; but when he had re-united in his Person, so many different Powers, he also charg'd himself with different Cares, and really became the Overseer of the Armies, the People, and the Senate, when he made himself *Master* of them all: So that he employ'd his Power, only to take away the Confusion that was grown Universal. He restor'd the People to their Rights, and retrench'd nothing but Caballing at the Election of Magistrates: He likewise restor'd the Senate to their ancient Splendor, after he had banish'd Corruption; for he contented himself with a *moderate Power*, which did not afford him the Liberty of doing Ill; but would have it *absolute*, when he resolv'd to impose upon others the Necessity of doing well.

Thus the People lost no other Branch of their Liberty, but that of being Seditious; nor the Senate any Part of their Power, but that of being Unjust. *In a Word*, Liberty lost nothing but the Disorders it may occasion, and nothing of the Happiness it may produce.

After he had established so good an Order, he found himself agitated by different Thoughts, and considered a long time with himself, whether he should keep the Empire, or restore the People to their pristine Liberty. The Examples of *Sylla* and *Cæsar*, notwithstanding their Difference, made an equal Impression in favour of the last Opinion. He consider'd that *Sylla*, who had voluntarily quitted the Dictatorship, died peaceably in the midst of his Enemies; and that *Cæsar*, for having kept it, was murder'd by his most intimate Friends, who glory'd in the Action.

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I know Verses suit but ill with this Solemn Subject : Yet those of *Corneille*, about the Sufpence *Augustus* was in, will not be amiss in this Place ; since he makes the *Romans* speak better than they speak themselves :

*SYLLA m'a precedé dans ce Pouvoir Supreme,
Le grand CESAR, mon Pere, en a joui de même:
D'un Oeil si different tous deux l'ont regardé,
Que l'un s'en est demis, & l'autre l'a gardé.
Mais l'un, cruel, barbare, est mort aimé, tranquille,
Comme un bon Citoyen dans le Sein de sa Ville ;
L'autre, tout debonnaire, au milieu du Senat,
A vu trancher ses jours par un Affassinat.*

*Corneille's CINNA, a Trag:
Act. II. Scene I.*

SYLLA did once sustain that Sovereign Pow'r,
Which my illustrious Father, *CÆSAR*, bore :
But different Views their Thoughts did entertain ;
So one resign'd, what t'other did retain.
Yet, cruel *Sylla* dy'd in soft Repose,
Like a good Citizen that had no Foes ;
When *Cæsar*, who with gentle Mercy reign'd,
Was butcher'd, in the Senate, by a Friend.

Struggling with so troublesom an Uncertainty, he discover'd the Perplexity of his Soul to his two principal Friends, *Agrippa* and *Mecænas*: *Agrippa*, who had gained him the Empire by his Valour, advised him to lay it down, and this from a Principle of Moderation ; unless, perhaps, he had more concealed Ends : And finding himself a greater Warrior than *Augustus* was, he expected the chief Employments of the Common-Wealth, upon its Restoration.

As for *Mecænas* who had no Share in the Victories, he advised him to retain what Conquest had given

given him ; and amongst other Reasons, he fail'd not to urge the Consideration of the Publick, which, he pretended, could not be supported without *Augustus* : But allowing it might be so in some measure, he followed, in effect, his Inclination for the Person of his Prince, and his own private Interest.

Mecænas was an honest Man ; but gentle-natured and tender, and more affected by the Sweetness of Life, than by those solid Virtues, which were esteemed in the Common-Wealth. He was Ingenious, but given to his Pleasures ; but more capable of advising than acting : So that finding himself weak, lazy, and purely cut out for the Cabinet, he hoped to obtain from his Address with a nice Emperor, what he could not expect from the *Roman* People ; where he must have raised himself by his own Abilities and Performances, and acted vigorously by himself.

To return from the Persons to the Thing, the Empire was retained by his Advice ; yet after the Resolution of keeping it was taken, *Augustus* made a Compliment of resigning it to the Senate.

Some looked upon this as a great Instance of Moderation ; many acknowledged the great Integrity of the Offer ; but all truly agreed in this Point, to refuse the ancient Liberty. One would have said, that there was a Contest of Civilities, which concluded in a common Satisfaction on both sides : For *Augustus* governed the Empire by the Senate, and the Senate was governed by *Augustus*.

A Government so temperate, pleas'd every Body ; and the Prince followed no less his Interest therein, than his moderate Temper ; for after all we pass with much Reluctance from Liberty to Subjection ; and he might esteem himself happy to command a free People in what manner soever.

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Besides, the fatal Example of *Cæsar* oblig'd him perhaps, to follow a different Conduct, to avoid the same End. The Great *Julius*, who was born, if I may so speak, in a Faction opposite to the Senate, had always a secret Desire to oppress it; and finding that that great Body oppos'd his Designs, in the Civil War, he conceiv'd a new Aversion for it, altho' he had shew'd a great deal of good Nature and Clemency to the Senators in particular. After his Return to *Rome*, seeing himself secure of the People, and the Legions, he little regarded the Senate; and even treated them with Insolence upon some Occasions; *so difficult is it for Persons of the greatest Moderation, not to forget themselves in a great Fortune!* Now it is certain, that this haughty Pride of his, incens'd a great many Persons, and produced, or, at least accelerated the Conspiracy by which he perish'd.

Augustus, one of the wariest Princes of the World, did not fail making the best use of an Observation so necessary; and scarce was he possess'd of the Empire by the Legions, but he resolv'd to govern it by the Senate. He knew the Violence of the Soldiers, and the tumultuous Temper of the People, both appearing to him, more fit to be employ'd on any sudden Occasion, than easie to be managed, when it is once over.

He therefore had a mind to found the Government upon the Senate, as the best constituted Body, and most capable of Wisdom and Justice; but at the same time he secur'd the Legions, and the People to himself, by Donatives and Acts of Grace. Thus, as I have already observ'd, every one was pleas'd, and *Augustus* found in his Moderation, the real Safety of his Person, and his Power. In which respect he was, in truth, extreamly fortunate, there being nothing so happy in this Life, as for a Man to be able with Honour, to pursue

pursue his Inclination, and his Interest at the same time.

I will not excuse his Beginning ; but I make no question, but that during the Violence of the *Triumvirate*, he did much Violence to himself. 'Tis certain, that he naturally hated the cruel Temper of *Marius*, *Sylla*, and such like ; he hated those fierce Souls who feel but an imperfect Pleasure in being Masters, if they don't make their Power felt by others ; who place Greatness in being dreaded ; and the Happiness of their Condition, in making Persons miserable, at their Pleasure.

He had found by Experience, that an honest Man makes himself first unhappy, when he makes others so ; and he was never so well satisfied, as when he saw himself in a Capacity of doing Good, according to his own Inclination ; after he had been forced to do some ill things against it. He always aimed at the Success of his Affairs, but then he desired that they should tend to the publick Advantage of Mankind ; and in all his Undertakings, considered less the Glory, than the Benefit. During his Government, no War was neglected that might be useful ; and he left those Wars for Heroes, that are purely for Glory.

This made him come to an Accommodation with the *Parthians*, and lay aside the Project which *Cæsar* entertain'd a little before he was murder'd. This made him reject the Proposal of a War in *Germany*, wherein he discovered no real Interest ; This made him set Bounds to the Empire, whatever Interpretation *Tacitus* has given of so prudent a Counsel. In a word, he suffer'd himself to be little govern'd by Opinion, Noise or Vanity. He esteemed a solid Reputation, which renders the Life of Men more pleasant and secure.

'Tis true indeed, that *Augustus* had but an indifferent Talent for War ; and if we commend his

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Wisdom and his Capacity, we must not commend his Valour universally.

Hirtius and *Pansa*, carried on the first War against * *Anthony*, of which *Augustus* alone reaped the Advantage. He gained but little Glory in that of *Brutus*, which was wholly managed and concluded by *Anthony*. The Ruin of *Anthony* was the Effect of his Passion for *Cleopatra*, and the Valour of *Agrippa*. *Augustus* had but a little Share in these Battels, yet for all that obtained the Empire. Not but that he was in several Fights, and even wounded in some : But with more Success for his Affairs, than Glory for his Person. And, indeed, the Tenth Legion, somewhat insolent upon the Score of the high Esteem the Great *Caesar* had for them, could not bear with the Nephew, whenever they remembered the Uncle ; which occasion'd their being disbanded, for shewing a Disrespect to him, in his very Presence. However, he made an admirable Use of War, both for the Advancement of his own Interest, and that of the Empire. Never did Prince know how to give better Orders, nor repair'd more willingly, whithersoever the Exigence of Affairs call'd him ; whether into *Egypt*, *Spain*, *Gaul*, *Germany*, or the *East*.

Yet after all, the World was sensible that War did not agree with his true Genius ; and altho' he triumph'd with universal Applause, it was well known, that his Lieutenants were the Conquerors.

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* Mark Anthony, who was besieging D. Brutus, one of J. Caesar's Murtherers, in Modena. Anthony was defeated before that Town, but the two Consuls, A. Hirtius, and C. Vibius Pansa, perisb'd there; all which very much contributed to the Advancement of Augustus, then call'd Octavius Caesar.

He would have pass'd for a great Captain in the time of those Emperors, who either through their want of Valour, or false Ideas of Greatness, durst not, or thought it below their Dignity, to take the Conduct of Armies upon them ; But as he liv'd in an Age, wherein a Man could not commend himself but by his own Exploits ; and, in particular, succeeded *Cæsar*, who owed all to himself, it was a Disadvantage to him, to be more beholden to others than to himself.

But it was not so in the Civil Government, wherein the Senate did nothing that was wise and good, but what *Augustus* suggested to them. The Good of the State was his first Thought ; and he did not understand by the Good of the State, a vain and fantastical Name, but the real Benefit of those that compos'd it. His own first ; (for it is not reasonable that a Man shou'd quit the Pleasures of a private Life, to abandon himself to the Cares of the Publick, unless he finds his own Advantage in it) and next, that of his People, which he ever thought inseparable from his own.

Those who had perform'd the greatest Service were entitl'd to his first Regard ; and under him Merit advanc'd those, whom it would have ruin'd under his Successors ; when Crimes were less dangerous than Virtues. *Agrippa* had not so great a share in his Confidence, as *Mecænas* ; but his great Qualities render'd him much more considerable ; and having gain'd such an Interest in *Rome*, that *Augustus* found himself oblig'd, either to get rid of him, or make him his absolute Creature, he rather chose to give him his Daughter, notwithstanding the Meanness of his Birth, than hearken to what Jealousie might suggest to him. As for *Menænas*, as he was more agreeable, and more vers'd in the Closet, so he had the greater Intimacy with him, both as to his Pleasures and Secrets.

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Augustus was benificent to his Courtiers, and was glad to ſee, that the *Romans* heretofore ſo jealous of their Liberty, would make an Advantage of his Favours. Thus they made it their particular Buſineſs to pleaſe *Augustus*, and the making one's Court became a Man's true Intereſt : Tho' not the moſt conſiderable. The Merit which related to the Service of the State, was prefer'd before that which was acquir'd by a Devotion to his Perſon : The firſt of which he all along took care to encourage himſelf by his own Diſcourſes ; never mentioning what was due to him, but always what he himſelf ow'd to the Republick.

However, as we never beheld a Man ſo uniform in his Actions, who did not, now and then, depart from the general Habit and Conduct of his Life ; ſo *Augustus* pleaded one Day in defence of a Friend * of his, that was accus'd of a horrible Villany ; and who, in all appearance, was acquitted only out of reſpect to the Emperor. This cou'd not be done without offending Good Men ; but yet he expreſs'd ſo much Moderation in keeping the Forms, and in bearing with the Freedom of thoſe, who answer'd him ſomewhat ſmartly, that he ſoon regain'd their Affections ; and even thoſe that were moſt offended, recovering their Indignation, excus'd the Injuſtice of protecting a wicked Man, by the Generoſity that appear'd in not deſerting a Friend.

The Men of Letters had a great ſhare in his Familiarity ; amongſt the reſt *Livy*, *Virgil*, and *Horace* ; by which we may ſee the Excellence of his Judgment, as well in ingenious Compoſures,
as

* Nonius Aſprenas, who was accus'd of having poiſon'd 130 Perſons with one Diſh only : See Pliny's Hiſt. Nat. Lib. Cap. 12. & Suet. in Auguſto, Cap. 50.

as in Business. He loved the exquisite Taste of his own Age, the Delicacy of which seems to have been almost lost in those that follow'd : But he hated those Affectations that proceed from a bad Palate ; and which ill Judges and false Criticks, extol into Sublime. As he liv'd among Persons of refined Taste, so he took a Delight in having his Choice applauded ; but 'twas his Opinion, That it was much better to fall naturally into the good Sense of others by one's Reason, than to make one's capricious Humours to be receiv'd by Force.

Besides the Honour of his Judgment, of which he was jealous, he was of Opinion, that to bestow a Bounty, which others thought ill plac'd, was a Favour but to one, and an Injury to a great many. That on the contrary, the Disgrace of a worthy Man, was resented by all Men of Virtue, by the Compassion it raises in some, and the Alarm it gives to others.

He had an admirable Faculty in discerning the Humour and Ambition of the most elevated Persons ; yet without entertaining any Suspensions injurious to their Virtue.

He allow'd People the Freedom of their Judgments in general Affairs ; For it was his Opinion, That it's a Man's Birthright to speak his Sentiments ; That indeed it is a Crime to pry curiously into the Secrets of one's Prince ; and a piece of Infidelity to abuse his Confidence : But that Affairs, when once they become publick, must of necessity be submitted to the publick Judgment ; that a Sovereign ought to consider this, before he acted, and not to pretend, that he was able to hinder it, when the thing was done.

It was, perhaps, upon the knowledge of his Humour, that *Livy* adventur'd to write so boldly the War of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, without losing the

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† least degree of his Favour. *Cremutius Cordus* recited his History to him, and he did not think himself in the least affronted, to see *Brutus* and *Cassius* there called the *last of the Romans* : An Encomium that proved fatal to *Cremutius* under *Tiberius* ; who * was accused of a Crime, says *Tacitus*, till then unheard of, and which cost him his Life. *Mecenas* had given him a more particular Counsel, but more difficult to be practised ; it was, Never to be concern'd at whatever was spoken against him.

If what is alledg'd of us be true, added *Mecenas*, it is rather our Business to reform our selves, than for others to hold their Tongues : But if what is said of us be false, so soon as we shew a Concern at it, we make it suspected for Truth. The Contempt of such Discourses discredits them, and takes away the Pleasure from those that raise them. If you resent them more than you ought to do, it is in the Power of the most contemptible Enemy, of the most pitiful Envier, to disturb the Repose of your Life ; and all your Power cannot secure you against Vexation.

Augustus went even to Extreame in some things, but fell very short in others. I see Injuries forgotten ; I see him so bold in his Clemency, that he durst pardon a Conspiracy, not only real, but even ready and ripe || for Execution.

However, let Men be never so virtuous, yet they never allow so much to their Virtue,

U

but

† Titus Livius *Eloquentia ac Fidei praeclarus imprimis Cn. Pompeium tantis Laudibus tulit, ut Pompeianum eum Augustus appellaret : Neque id Amicitia eorum offecit. Tacitus Annal. Lib. IV.*

* *Cremutius Cordus postulatur novo ac tum primo audito crimine, quod editis Annalibus, laudatoque M. Bruto, C. Cassium Romanorum ultimum dixisset, id. ibid.*

|| *Viz. Cinna's Conspiracy.*

but they make as great Allowances to their Humour. 'Tis hardly to be believed, how nice he was, in relation to his Family; nothing was so dangerous as to talk of the Amours of *Julia*, unless it were to have some Commerce with her: *Ovid* was banish'd for it, and never recall'd; and that which appears to me extraordinary, the Husband himself felt the Effects of this froward Humour. That the Conduct of *Julia* should displease *Augustus*, was a natural thing; but that the poor *Agrippa* should suffer the Anger of his Father-in-Law, and the Debaucheries of his Wife at the same time, was an odd Business, and the last Misfortune that can befall a Husband.

It must be confess'd, that the Emperor was too much perplex'd at home in the general Applause of the whole Empire. He could not overcome those little Inquietudes his Family gave him, and he bore them rather like a meer private Person than a great Man; for he knew neither how to end these Disorders, by taking care to prevent them for the future, which really is no easie thing; nor yet to conquer his own Resentments, and set his Mind at rest. After he had much afflicted himself on one side, he indulg'd himself too carelessly in the Sweetness he found on t'other; and if *Julia* tormented him as long as she lived, *Livia* knew how to manage him so well in the declining part of his Age, that the Adoption of *Tiberius* was rather the Effect of her Conduct, than the real Choice of the Emperor.

Augustus knew better than any one the Vices of *Tiberius*, and the Designs of *Livia*; but had not Force enough to act according to the true Judgment he made of them. While he beheld every thing with a sound Judgment, which however had not Influence enough upon him, to make him act as that directed; his Wife left his Understanding

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'Tis this, in my Opinion, which hath deceiv'd Tacitus, in thoſe malicious Politicks which he aſcribes to *Auguſtus*: He knew that *Tiberius's* Temper was not unknown to him; and becauſe he did not believe, that ſo great an Emperor could be perſwaded to ſo important a Buſineſs, againſt his own Sentiments; he hath ſuppos'd a Deſign and Myſtery, where, if I miſtake not, there was nothing at bottom, but downright Facility.

After theſe Particulars of his Family, let us return to Generals: He made the World happy, and was happy in the World: He had nothing to deſire of the Publick, nor the Publick of him: And conſidering the Evils through which he forc'd his way to the Empire, and the Good Things he did after he arriv'd at that Dignity, I think it was ſaid with Reaſon, *That it it were to be wiſh'd either he had never been born, or had never died.*

At laſt he died lamented by all Men, leſs great without Compariſon than *Cæſar*, but of a more regular Genius; which makes me believe, that it would have been more glorious to have ſerv'd in the Army of *Cæſar*, but more happy for a Man to have liv'd under the Government of *Auguſtus*.

As for the *Romans*, they had nothing then ſo elevated among them, as formerly in time of the Republick, either in reſpect to the Greatneſs of Genius, or Firmneſs of Soul; however, they were ſomewhat more ſociable. After all the Calamities they had ſuffer'd, they were glad to find ſome Tranquillity, no matter how it came to them. There remain'd not a ſufficient Virtue to ſuſtain Liberty; They would have been aſham'd, indeed, of an entire Subjection; but if we except a few haughty Spirits, whom nothing would content, every one took a Pride to ſee, at leaſt the Appearance

ance of a Republick, and was not in reality, displeased with a gentle and agreeable Sovereignty.

CH A P. XVII.

Of TIBERIUS, and his Genius.

AS there are but few Revolutions where Men continue long within such a just Moderation, a happy and honourable State was soon changed into a miserable and base Condition. The Roman Valour was softned after the Death of Brutus and Cassius, who alone sustain'd the Fierceness of it. After the Ruin of Anthony, there was, as it were, a general liking of the Government of Augustus, and no less a complaisance for his Person. When Tiberius came to the Empire, this Complaisance degenerated into Cringing and Adulation.

We may with Reason affirm, that this Prince being naturally irresolute, would have been contented with a moderate Power; but the Romans more disposed to serve, than Tiberius to command, gave themselves up to Slavery, when he hardly durst hope for their Subjection. This was the Genius of the Roman People at that time.

'Tis necessary now to speak of that of Tiberius, and to shew what sort of Temper he brought with him to the Government of the Empire.

His most concealed, but best pursued Design, was to change all the Maxims of Augustus, who when he came to be Emperor, bent all his Thoughts towards the procuring the General Good. Of so just and so wise a Policy, Tiberius made

made a formal Science, in which was comprehended a False and Mysterious Interest of the Prince, separate from the Interest of the State, and generally opposite to the Publick Good.

Judgment, Capacity, and Secrecy, were changed into Craft, Artifice, and Dissimulation. Good and Evil Actions were no longer known by themselves, every thing being interpreted according to the nice Intention of the Emperor; or judg'd by the Refining of some malicious Speculation.

The Authority which *Germanicus* had to appease the Legions, was a Service very advantageous, and for some time well accepted: When the Danger was over, it was considered, that he might debauch the Troops from their Duty, since he knew how to bring them to it. In vain was he faithful to *Tiberius*; his Moderation in refusing the Empire, was not thought a sufficient Proof of his Innocence: He was thought Guilty for having it offered to him; and so many Artifices were employed to destroy him, that they at length got rid of a Man, who was willing to Obey, but deserv'd to Command.

Thus perish'd this *Germanicus*, so dear to the Romans, in an Army, where he was less in Danger from the Enemies of the Empire, than from that Emperor whom he had so faithfully serv'd.

He was not the only Person that fell a Sacrifice to those pernicious Politicks, which had a general Influence in all Counsels. Distant Employments were but mysterious Banishments; Offices, and Governments were bestow'd on Persons that were either design'd for Ruin, or those that were to ruin others. In a word, the *Good of the Service* was no longer considered; for in truth the Armies had rather Outlaws over them than Generals; and the Provinces, banished Men, than Governors. At Rome, where the Laws had been always so religi-

ously and so solemnly observ'd, every thing was then manag'd, by the Jealoutie of this mysterious Cabinet.

When a Person of considerable Merit shew'd any Passion for the Glory of the Empire, *Tiberius* suspected immediately, that it was with a design to obtain it. If another retain'd an innocent Remembrance of Liberty, he pass'd for a dangerous Man, that had a mind to restore the Republick. To praise *Brutus* and *Cassius*, was a capital Crime; to lament *Augustus*, a secret Offence; which was so much the less pardon'd, as People durst not complain of it: For *Tiberius* always commended him in Publick; caus'd Divine Honours to be decreed to him; and was the first Man that perform'd them to him: But humane Sentiments were not allow'd; and a Tenderneſs shewn for the Memory of that Emperor, was improv'd either into an indirect Impeachment of the present Government, or a Disaffection to the Person of the Prince.

Hitherto you have had Crimes inspired by the Jealousie of false Politicks; but now there opens a Scene of bare-fac'd Cruelty, and avow'd Tyranny. They are not contented with forsaking good Maxims, but the best Laws must be abolish'd, and new ones enacted, under Pretence of securing the Emperor's Person, but in reality to destroy all Good Men that remain'd in *Rome*.

Every thing is made Treason; formerly true Conspiracies were punish'd, but now even innocent Words maliciously explain'd, are made criminal.

Complaints, which the Unfortunate are allow'd for the Relief of their Miseries; Tears, those natural Expressions of our Grief; and Sighs, which escape us in spite of our Will; nay, bare Looks at last, became fatal. The Simplicity of Discourse was thought to cover evil Designs; the Discretion

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of Silence, to conceal mischievous Intentions. Joy was interpreted as a Hope of the Emperor's Death; and Melancholy observ'd as a Vexation at his Prosperity, or Weariness of his Reign. In the midst of these Dangers, if that of Oppression gave a Man the least Apprehension, his Fear was taken for the Testimony of a frighted Conscience, which, betraying it self, discovered what he was about to do, or what he had done. If any one was thought to have Courage and Resolution, he was fear'd as an Audacious Man, capable to undertake any thing. To speak, to be silent, to rejoyce, to be afflicted, to be fearful or resolute, all was criminal, and very often incurr'd capital Punishments.

Thus the Suspicions of others made a Man guilty: But it was not enough for him to be expos'd to the Corruption of Accusers; the false Reports of Spies, or the Suppositions of some infamous Informer; he must dread likewise the Emperor's Fancy; and when one thought himself secure by the Innocence not only of his Actions, but of his Thoughts, he could not fail being ruin'd by the Malice of his Conjectures.

To carry the matter no further, a Man ought to have had a good Stock of Merit in that time, to be a Man of Integrity, because it expos'd him to so many Dangers and Hardships, that Virtue which durst appear, was infallibly destroy'd, and that which was but guessed at, was never secure.

As we are not exempt from Perplexity in the Evil which we make others endure, *Tiberius* was not always in Peace in the Exercise of his Cruelties. *Sejanus*, who insinuated into his Favour, by Methods as unjust as his own; this great Favourite, surfeited with Honours and Riches, which still continued him in a Dependance, had a desire to free himself from all Subjection, and left nothing

unattempted to put himself insensibly into the Place of his Master.

Being instructed in the Maxims of the Emperor, and having gain'd a Mastery in his Arts, he removes out of the Way his Children by Poison; and was upon the point of dispatching him, when this Prince recovering from his Stupidity, as it were by Miracle, preserv'd his unhappy Days, and destroyed that Confident that design'd to have destroy'd him.

His Condition was not less unhappy than before; he lived odious to all the World, and troublesome to himself; an Enemy to the Lives of others, as well as to his own: At length he died, to the great Joy of the *Romans*, not being able to escape the Impatience of a Successor, who caused him to be stifled in a Sickness, when he was in a fair way of Recovery.

I have sometimes reflected upon the Difference between the Republick and the Empire, and came to this Conclusion: That a Man might have lived as pleasantly under the Emperors, as under the Consuls, if the Maxims of *Augustus* had been pursued.

But *Rome* was not so happy: The Politicks of *Tiberius* were embrac'd by the greatest part of his Successors, who plac'd the Honour of their Reign, not in governing the Empire best, but in enslaving it most.

In this Respect, *Augustus* was less esteem'd, for having known how to make the *Romans* happy, than *Tiberius* for having made them miserable without Controul. These Emperors thought it a Mark of Insufficiency, or Weakness, to observe the Laws; sometimes the Art of eluding them, was the chief Secret of their Policy; and sometimes the forcible violating of them, pass'd for true Greatness, and becoming Authority.

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The Forces of the Empire were no more employ'd againſt Strangers; the Power of the Emperor was felt by the Natives, and oppreſſed Romans held the Place of ſubdu'd Nations.

At length, the *Caligulas*, the *Neros*, and the *Domitians*, push'd this *absolute*, or rather *Tyrannical* Sway beyond all Bounds; and altho' the Prerogatives of the Emperors, (*Imperatores*) were infinitely below thoſe of the Kings, yet they committed ſeveral Violences, which *Tarquin* himſelf would not have ventur'd upon.

On the other hand, the *Romans* became equally fatal to the Emperors; for paſſing from Slavery to Fury, they maſſacred ſome of them, and arrogated to themſelves an unjuſt and violent Power of depoſing and ſetting them up at Pleaſure.

Thus the Bonds of Government were broken, and the Duties of Society failing, nothing elſe was aim'd at, but to ruin thoſe that obey'd, or to deſtroy thoſe that ſhould have commanded others.

This ſtrange Confuſion ought principally to be aſcribed to the barbarous Temper of theſe Emperors, and to the brutiſh Violence of the Soldiers; but if you trace up the firſt Cauſe, you will find, that this Spirit of Tyranny was firſt authoriz'd by the Example of *Tiberius*, and the Government eſta bliſh'd upon thoſe Maxims, which he left behind him.

As thoſe who concert Things the beſt, don't always adhere to the Juſtneſs of Rules, ſo the moſt Irregular don't eternally follow the Diſorders of their Inclinations, and Humours. They will, at leaſt, add Policy to their Temper; for even thoſe who do every Thing without Deliberation, don't fail to reflect upon all their Actions, when they are over, and make that to be the Effect of Judgment, which was the pure Reſult of Nature.

But

But whether the Emperors acted by natural Temper, or Policy, or both together, I maintain, that *Tiberius* corrupted every Thing that was good, and introduc'd every Thing that was bad in the Empire.

Augustus, who had a just and nice Insight into Things, knew admirably well the Genius of his Time, and found no trouble in changing a voluntary Submission in the leading-Men of a Party, into a true Subjection.

Tiberius, full of Craft and Subtlety, but of a false Discernment, was mistaken in the Knowledge of the Affections of the People. He thought he had to do with old *Romans*, fond of Liberty, and incapable of any Subjection: When at the same time the general Inclination was to serve, and the least enslav'd were dispos'd to Obedience.

This false Notion of Things, made him use cruel Precautions against Persons he fear'd without Reason; for 'tis observable, that so suspicious a Prince, had never occasion to fear any one but *Sejanus*, who made him distrust all others.

With these false Measures, Cruelty daily increas'd; and as he that offends, is the first that hates, the *Romans* became odious to him, for his unjust and barbarous Usage of them. At length, he acted openly, and treated them as Enemies, because he had given them but too much reason to be so.

The Passive Humour which prevail'd then, made his Tyranny peaceably endur'd. They suffer'd the Brutality of *Caligula* with the like Submission; for his Death is a particular Fact, wherein neither the Senate, People, nor Legions were concern'd. They bore with the dangerous Stupidity of *Claudius*, and the Insolence of *Messalina*. They endur'd the Fury of *Nero*, till their Patience being

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being totally exhausted, there ensu'd a general Discontent.

Hereupon a Conspiracy was form'd against his Person; from particular Combinations, it came to the Revolt of the Legions; and from the Revolt of the Legions, to the Declaration of the Senate. The Latter might, perhaps, have restor'd the ancient Liberty, if they had been willing to do it; but having been so long used to Emperors, they were contented to dispose of the Empire. This Privilege the Prætorian Cohorts challeng'd to themselves; neither would the Legions of Provinces yield them that Prerogative. A Division broke out among the latter, some nominating one for Emperor, and some another. Then nothing was heard but Massacres, and Civil Wars; and never did the People enjoy any settled Tranquillity, if we except the Reigns of a few Princes, who knew how to reconcile those Interests, which the false Politicks of *Tiberius* had divided, to the common Misfortune both of the Emperors, and Empire.

*Of the COMPLACENCY that
WOMEN take in their BEAU-
TY.*

THERE's nothing so natural with the *Fair Sex*, as to take Pleasure in their own Beauty. They please themselves, before 'tis possible for others to please them, and are the first that discover their own Charms, and fall in Love with them. But the Motions of this Love are so much the sweeter, as they are hardly to be perceiv'd; for

for *Self-Love* only flatters; but Love inspired by an Object, makes us feel it to some purpose.

This first sort of Love is naturally form'd in them, and has themselves only for its Object. The second comes from without, and is either caus'd by a secret Sympathy, or by the Violence of an amorous Impression.

The one is a Good that only occasions Pleasure, but yet it is still a Good; and lasts as long as their Beauty does. The other is capable of affecting them more sensibly, but is more subject to Change and Alteration.

Besides this Advantage of Duration, which the Complacency that the Ladies take in their Beauty, has above a common Passion; we may still add, That a beautiful Woman is more concerned to preserve her Beauty, than her Lover; and shews less Tenderness for a Heart already vanquish'd, than Vanity and Ostentation, to extend her Conquests. Not but that she may be concern'd for her Lover; but her Reason will incline her rather to suffer the Loss of what she loves, than the Ruin of that which causes her to be lov'd.

There is a certain Pleasure, in lamenting the Death of one we loved. Our Love supplies the Place of a Lover, whilst our Sorrow lasts; and thence proceeds that Delight we find in a pleasing Mourning.

*Qui me console excite ma Colere,
Et le Repos est un Bien que je crains :
Mon Deuil me plait, & me doit toujours plaire,
Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.*

*Cease, Damon, cease, by an ill-tim'd Relief,
To rob me of my best Companion, Grief.*

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*Sorrow to me, all lovely does appear,
It fills the Place of Her I held so * dear.*

But 'tis not so with the Loss of Beauty. This Loss consummates the Bitterness of Tears; for it robs the Ladies of the Hopes ever to receive any Pleasure as long as they live.

As long a Woman is in full Possession of her Beauty, no Misfortune can befall her, which she cannot, in some measure, alleviate: But when once that Blessing has left her, all the other Advantages will never be able to give her any tolerable Satisfaction. Where-ever she goes, the Remembrance of what she has been, or the Consideration of what she is at present, will give her a Thousand Inquietudes.

The best Remedy would be for a Woman wisely to take up with the unfortunate Condition she is in: But what a cruel Remedy this is for a Woman who has been ador'd, to be cur'd of a Vanity so very dear to Reason it self? A new and troublesom Experiment after the Habit of so sweet and so agreeable a Sense!

The last Tears that beautiful Eyes reserve, are spent in bewailing themselves, after their Brightness is gone. Of all Hearts, the only one that sighs for a lost Beauty, is that of the miserable Possessor.

The best of Poets endeavouring to comfort a great Queen, for the loss of a greater King, her Royal Consort, would make her ashamed of the Extravagance of her Affection, by the Example of a certain Princess † in Despair, who arraign'd
De-

* Maynard's Poems in the Ode on the Death of his Daughter.

† Artemisia, who had lost Mausolus, King of Caria, her Husband.

Destiny, reproach'd the Stars, and accus'd the
Gods for the Death of her Husband.

*Qui dit aux Astres Innocens,
Tout ce que fait dire la Rage,
Quand elle est Maîtresse des * Sens.*

Boldly she charges ev'ry Pow'r above,
(So much her Reason's govern'd by her Love,)
With all that furious Passion can inspire,
When Grief indulg'd, renews the glowing Fire.

But finding that the Horror of Impiety was
not strong enough to make any Impression on a
Mind so transported by Grief; for his last and
convincing Reason, he represents to her, how
much her Charms are concern'd in it; as if he
had no better a Remedy against this Excess, than
to put her in Mind of the great Injury it did her
Beauty:

*Que vous ont fait ces beaux Cheveux,
Dignes Objects de tant de Voeux,
Pour endurer vôtre Colere;
Et devenus vos Ennemis,*

Recevoir

* Malherbe, in his CONSOLATION à Caritée sur la
Mort de son Mari. Mr. de St. Evremond thinks that Mal-
herbe wrote that Poem for Mary of Medicis, upon the Death
of King Henry IV. of France: But whatever Beauties there
be in that Piece, the Style of it appears to me too plain, and
too familiar for a Person of so high Degree. Menage in his
OBSERVATIONS sur les Poësies de Malherbe, pretends
that this Caritea was a Lady of Provence, of great Merit
and extraordinary Beauty: But tho' Mr. de St. Evremond had
read that Remark, he told me, that in his Time, no Body
doubted at Court; but that Malherbe had Mary of Medicis
in View.

*Recevoir l'injuste Salaire,
D'un Crime qu'ils n'ont point Commis ?*

Those charming Locks the rudest Hands would
And yet they suffer by your own Despair. (spare,
Alas! What Crimes have those fair Tresses done?
Think what a Train of Conquests they have won.
Is Grief so Cruel, or your Rage so Blind,
That to your self you must be thus unkind?

He excus'd the Ladies for being Impious and Extravagant; but would not pardon their making themselves less Amiable. This is a Crime, which he thought would easily create a Horror in them. It had signified but little to endeavour to bring them back to a Sense of Religion, but to set before their Eyes the Interest of their Beauty, was the strongest Argument he could think of to oppose the Obstinacy of their Grief; and he knew nothing beyond that, which was capable to cure them.

That we may fully know how passionately fond the Ladies are of their Beauty, let us consider the most Retir'd and the most Devout amongst them. There are some who have renounc'd all Pleasures; who are wean'd from all worldly Concernments; who endeavour to please no Body, and whom no Body pleases: But even in this indifference for every Thing else, they secretly flatter themselves, to find they are still agreeable.

There are others who abandon themselves to all sorts of Austerities; yet, if they accidentally happen to see themselves in a Glass, you shall hear them Sigh, to behold themselves alter'd. They do, with the utmost Zeal, every Thing that helps to disfigure their Faces, but can't endure the sight of them when they are once disfigur'd.

Nature,

Nature, that can consent to destroy it self, out of Love to God, secretly opposes the least Change of Beauty, out of a Principle of *Self-love*, that, never dies with us.

Let a fair Person retire to what Place she pleases, let her Condition be what it will, yet her Charms and Features are still dear to her, even in the time of Sickness; and if her Sickness goes as far as Death, the last Sigh that goes from her, is more for the Loss of her Beauty, than that of her Life.

A J U D G M E N T

U P O N

SENECA, PLUTARCH,

and PETRONIUS.

I Will begin with *Seneca*, and with the utmost Assurance own, that I esteem his Person, much more than his Works. I respect the Tutor of *Nero*, the Gallant of *Agrippina*, an Ambitious Man that put in for the Empire: Of the Philosopher, and Writer, I have but a mean Opinion, and am affected neither with his Stile, nor his Sentiments. His *Latin* comes far short of that of the *Augustean* Age; nothing easie, or natural; but all made up of Points, and strain'd Witticisms, and has more of the Heat of *Africk*, or *Spain*, than the Light of *Greece*, or *Italy*. There are abrupt Things, that have the Air and Turn of Sentences, but want both their Solidity, and good Sense; that affect and hurry the Imagination, without convincing the

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the Judgment. His strain'd Stile gives me a sort of Constraint; and instead of finding any Satisfaction and Repose in him, I meet with Trouble and Vexation.

Nero, tho' he was one of the most wicked Princes of the World, yet was he very ingenious, and had about him a Set of young Rake-hells of Quality, extreamly nice, who treated *Seneca* as a Pedant, and turn'd him into Ridicule. I am not of the Opinion of *Berville*, who imagin'd, that the sham *Eumolpus* of *Petronius*, was the true *Seneca*. If *Petronius* would have expos'd him in an injurious Character, it had been under that of a Pedantick Philosopher, rather than that of an impertinent Poet. Besides, 'tis almost impossible to find the least Agreement between them. *Seneca* was the richest Man in the Empire, yet always commended Poverty. *Eumolpus*, a Poet very low in the World, who in the Despair of his Fortune, complain'd of the Ingratitude of the Age, and found nothing else to comfort him, but this thread-bare Saying, *Bonæ mentis Soror est Paupertas*: If *Seneca* had Vices, he carefully conceal'd them, under the Appearance of Wisdom: *Eumolpus*, on the contrary, had the Vanity to proclaim his, and as to his Pleasures, was a profess'd Libertine.

I can't imagine, therefore, what Reasons *Berville* had for this Conjecture. But I am deceiv'd; if what *Petronius* says of the Stile of his time, and the Corruption of Eloquence and Poetry; if the *Controversiæ sententiis vibrantibus pictæ*, which offended him so much; if the *Vanus Sententiarum strepitus*, that stunn'd him, doth not belong to *Seneca*; if the *Per ambages & Dearum Ministeria*, &c. does not relate to the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*; if the Encomiums, which he bestows on *Virgil*, and *Horace*; are not designed in Contempt of the Uncle, and

Nephew.

Nephew. Be it as it will, to return to my Sentiments about this Philosopher, I never read his Writings, without entertaining Thoughts that are very different from those which he would suggest to his Reader. If he pretends to recommend Poverty, I long for his Riches; his Virtue frightens me; and a Man the least dispos'd to Vice, would abandon himself to Pleasures, meerly for the Description which he gives of them. In a Word, he speaks so much of Death, and leaves me such melancholly Ideas, that I endeavour all I can, not to improve by reading him. The finest Things that I find in him, are the Examples and Quotations which he intermixes all along in his Works. As he liv'd in a refined Court, and knew a Thousand remarkable Passages of former Times; he alledges some that are very agreeable, sometimes of the *Greeks*, sometimes of *Cæsar*, of *Augustus*, and *Mecænas*; for, after all, his Wit and Knowledge were extraordinary: But his Style does not at all affect me; his Opinions are too severe; and 'tis ridiculous, that one who liv'd in Plenty, and was so tenderly careful of his own Person, should preach up nothing but Poverty and Death.

Upon PLUTARCH.

Montaigne observes a great resemblance between *Plutarch* and *Seneca*; both great Philosophers, great Encouragers of Wisdom and Virtue, both Tutors of *Roman* Emperors; the one more rich and elevated; the other more happy in the Education of his Pupil. The Opinions of *Plutarch*, (as the same *Montaigne* affirms) are more palatable, and better calculated for Society; those of *Seneca*, according to him, more solid

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ſolid ; but, in my Judgment, more harſh, and more ſevere. *Plutarch* ſweetly inſinuates Wiſdom, and would even reconcile Virtue to Pleaſures. *Seneca* makes all Pleaſures to terminate in Wiſdom, and looks upon the Philoſopher to be the only happy Man. *Plutarch* natural, and firſt perſuaded of the Truths he advances, eaſily perſuades others. On the other hand, *Seneca's* Mind labours and ſtrains, to wind up it ſelf to Virtue ; and as if ſhe was a perfect Stranger to him, he has need to ſurmount himſelf. As for *Plutarch's* Stile, having no Skill in the *Greek*, I cannot pretend to make a true Judgment of it ; but I muſt confeſs, that amongſt his Moral Treatiſes, there are ſeveral which I cannot comprehend ; whether 'tis owing to the vaſt Difference of Things, and Manners in his Time, from thoſe of ours, or that they are really above my low Underſtanding. The familiar *Demon* of SOCRATES ; the *Creation of the Soul*, the *Circle of the Moon*, may be admirable to thoſe that underſtand them. For my part, I make no ſcruple to own, that I don't apprehend the Beauty of them ; and if they are wonderful, they are Wonders that ſoar above my Capacity. We may judge by the Apophthegms of the Ancients, which he hath left us ; by their Sayings, which he hath collected with ſo much Care ; by his long Table-Diſcourſes, how much he was taken with Converſation. In the mean time, either there was but little Delicacy in his Time, or elſe his Palate was not very exquiſite. He ſupports grave and ſerious Things with a great deal of good Senſe and Reaſon ; but in Things that depend purely upon Wit, he has nothing ingenious, or delicate.

To ſpeak the Truth, *The Lives of Illuſtrious Men*, is the Maſter-piece of *Plutarch*, and in my Opinion, one of the Nobleſt Works in the World.

You see there those great Men exposed to Publick View, and in their Retirements at Home ; you see them in their true Natural Temper, and in the whole Extent of Action. There you see the Resolution of *Brutus*, and his bold Answer to the evil Genius that spoke to him : You see that there still remain'd with him, in spite of himself, some Impression of this Ghost, which the Reasoning of *Cassius* had much ado to efface. A few Days after, you see him put his Troops in order, and fight a Battel so successful on his side, and so fatal by the Error of *Cassius*. You see him try his Fortune again, lose the Battel, reproach Virtue, and find more Relief in Despair, than in an ungrateful Mistress whom he had so faithfully served*.

There is a natural Force in the Discourse of *Plutarch* which equals the greatest Actions ; and 'tis of him that one may properly say, *Facta dictis exæquata sunt* : But he forgets neither the indifferent, nor the common ones, and carefully examines the ordinary Course of Life. As for his Parallels, which *Montaigne* thinks are so admirable, they appear to me very fine : But I'm of Opinion, that he might have gone further, and penetrated deeper into the bottom of our Nature. There are Windings and Turnings in our Souls, which have escap'd him. He has judg'd of Man too much in general, and has not thought him so different as he is from himself ; wicked, virtuous ; equitable, unjust ; merciful, cruel : When a Man seems to be opposite to himself, he attributes it to foreign Causes. In a word, if he had defin'd *Catiline*, he would have made him covetous, or prodigal : That *Alieni appetens, sui profusus*, was beyond his Apprehension ; and he would never have dis-

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* See Bayle's Dictionary, in the Article of BRUTUS.

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covered those Contrarieties, which *Salust* hath so well mark'd, and which *Montaigne* himself did much better understand.

Upon PETRONIUS.

TO judge of the Merit of *Petronius*, I will only examine what † *Tacitus* says of him ; and certainly, he must have been one of the finest Gentlemen in the World, since he has oblig'd

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† Illi Dies per somnum, nox officiis, & oblectamentis vitæ transigebatur. Utque alios industria, ita hunc ignavia ad famam protulerat ; habebaturque non ganeo & profligator, ut plerique sua haurientium, sed erudito luxu. Ac dicta factaque ejus quanto solutiora, & quandam sui negligentiam præferentia, tanto gratius in speciem simplicitatis accipiebantur. Proconsul tamen *Bithynia*, & mox Consul, vigentem se ac parem negotiis ostendit : dein revolutus ad vitia, seu vitiorum imitatione, inter paucos familiarium *Neroni* assumptus est, Elegantiæ arbiter, dum nihil amœnum, & molle affluentia putat, nisi quod ei *Petronius* approbavisset. Unde invidia *Tigellini*, quasi adversus æmulum & scientia voluptatum potentior. Ergo crudelitatem Principis, cui cæteræ libidines cedebant, aggreditur, amicitiam *Scevini* *Petronio* objectans ; corrupto ad indicium servo ademptaque defensione, & majore parte familiæ in vincla rapta. Forte illis diebus *Campaniam* petiverat *Casar*, & *Cumas* usque progreffus *Petronius* illic attinebatur. Nec tulit ultra timoris aut spei moras. Neque tamen præceps vitam expulit, sed incisas venas, ut libitum obligatas, aperire rursus, & alloqui amicos, non per seria, aut quibus constantiæ gloriam peteret. Audiebátque referentes, nihil de immortalitate Animæ, & Sapientium placitis, sed levia carmina & faciles versus. Servorum alios largitione, quosdam verberibus affecit. Iniiit & vias, somno indulsit, ut quamquam coacta mors, fortuitæ similis esset. Ne codicillis quidem (quod plerique pereuntium) *Neronem* aut *Tigellinum*, aut quem alium potentium adulatus est : sed flagitia Principis sub nominibus exoletorum fœminarumque, & novitate cujusque stupri perscripsit, atque obsignata misit *Neroni*. Fregitque anulum, ne mox usui esset ad facienda pericula. C. *Tacitus*, *Annal.* Lib. XVI.

so severe an Historian, to renounce his natural Austeri-
 tery, and to enlarge himself with Pleasure up-
 on the Commendation of a voluptuous Person.
 Not but that a Luxury so exquisite, shew'd as
 great a Delicacy of *Genius*, as it did of *Relish*.
 That *Eruditus luxus*, that *Arbiter elegantiarum*, is
 the Character of an Ingenious Politeness, far e-
 nough remov'd from the gross Extravagance of a
 vicious Man. Nor was he so possess'd by his Plea-
 sures, as to be made incapable of Business; and
 that Tranquility of Life he so much studied, did
 not render him an Enemy to Publick Employ-
 ments. He had the Merit of a Governour in his
 Government of *Bithynia*; the Virtue of a Consul
 in his Consulship: But instead of making his Life
 a Slave to his Dignity, as the greatest part of Men
 do, and centring all his Troubles, and all his Joys
 there; *Petronius*, who was of a *Genius* superiour
 to his high Employment, made them center in
 himself; and to explain my self after the manner
 of *Montaigne*, he did not renounce the *Man* for the
 Magistrate. As for his Death, having carefully
 examin'd it, either I am deceiv'd, or it is the most
 glorious of Antiquity. In that of *Cato*, I find
 Trouble, and even Anger. The desperate Po-
 sture of the Affairs of the Republick, the Loss of
 Liberty, his hatred of *Cæsar*, much assisted his
 Resolution; and I can't tell, if his austere Hu-
 mour did not degenerate into downright Madness,
 when he tore out his own Bowels.

Socrates acted truly like a wise Man, and with
 Indifference enough: Yet he endeavour'd to assure
 himself of his Condition in another Life, and did
 not: He was still reasoning about it with his
 Friends in Prison, weakly enough; and to say
 all, Death was a considerable Object to him. *Pet-
 ronius* alone hath shew'd Softness and Indifference
 in his. *Audiebatque referentes nihil de immortalitate*

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anima, & Philosophorum placitis ; sed levia carmina & faciles versus. He not only went on in his ordinary Course of Life, giving Liberty to some of his Slaves, and chastising others, but gratify'd his Fancy with those things that pleased him ; and his Soul, at the Point of so grievous a Separation, was more touch'd with the sweet and easie Charms of Verse, than all the empty Notions of Philosophers.

Petronius leaves us nothing at his Death, but an Image of Life ; no Action, no Word, no Circumstance, shews the Perplexity of a dying Person. 'Tis with him properly, that to die is to cease to live, and the *Vixit* of the Romans justly belongs to him.

II. I am not of their Opinion, who believe that *Petronius* had a mind to lash the Vices of his Time, and that he compos'd a Satyr with the same Intention that *Horace* wrote his. Unless I am deceiv'd, Morality was not oblig'd to him in this Point ; he is rather a nice Courtier, that turns every thing into Ridicule, than a publick Censor, who makes it his Business to expose Immorality. And indeed, if *Petronius* had design'd to leave us an ingenious Moral in his Description of Pleasures, he would have endeavour'd to create in us a Dislike for them ; but 'tis there that Vice appears with all the Graces of the Author ; 'tis there he shews with the greatest Care, the Agreeableness and Politeness of his Wit.

Besides, if he had intended to instruct us, in a more refin'd and conceal'd Method than that of Precepts, we should at least see some Example of Divine or Humane Justice, upon his Debauchees. But he is so far from doing this, that the only honest Man introduc'd by him, the poor *Lycas*, a Merchant of great Integrity, and one that ador'd

the Gods, miserably perishes in a Storm, in the midst of those vicious Persons, that are preserv'd. *Encolpius* and *Gito* embrace one another, to die more closely united together, and Death durst not interrupt their Pleasures. The lustful *Triphena* saved her self in a Skiff, with all her Trinkets; *Eumolpus* was so little concern'd at the Danger, that he had leisure enough to compose an Epigram; *Lycas*, the * pious *Lycas*, calls to his Gods in vain for Relief; and to the Disgrace of their Providence, the only innocent Man in the Company, is made to suffer for all the wicked. If we see *Encolpius* sometimes afflicted, it does not proceed from his Repentance: He kill'd his Host, is a Fugitive, there's no sort of Crime which he has not committed; but thanks be to the strong Constitution of his Conscience, he lives without Remorse: His Tears and Lamentations, come from a different Principle; he complains of the Infidelity of *Gito*, who abandon'd him, and he is reduc'd to Despair to imagine him in the Arms of

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* *Mr. Nodot has criticiz'd upon this Passage in his Notes upon Petronius; but without Reason. He thought that Mr. de St. Evremond call'd Lycas PIOUS, because Petronius gives him the Epithet of Verecundissimus: But he is mistaken. Mr. de St. Evremond charges Petronius with protesting Impiety and Vice, whilst he oppresses Virtue and Piety, and makes it out by the Example of Lycas, who being the only Man in the Storm that fear'd the Anger of the Gods, and used all Endeavours to appease it, was also the only Man of the Company that perished miserably. 'Tis not therefore on account of those Motions of Devotion that he calls him the Pious Lycas; but by reason of his Endeavours to cause the Veil and Systrium, (a Brazen Instrument like a Timbrel) of ISIS, to be restor'd, and of his repeated Instances to Encolpius about it. Tu inquit, Encolpi, succurre periclitantibus; id est, vestem illam divinam, Systriumque redde Navigio. Per fidem, miserere, quemadmodum quidem soles. Et illum quidem Vociferantem in Mare Ventus excussit, repetitumque infesto gurgite Procella circumegit, atque hausit.*

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another, who made himself merry with his being alone.

Facient nunc amatores obligati noctibus totis, & forsitan mutuis libidinibus attriti, derident solitudinem meam.

All Crimes were successful with him, except one alone, which indeed brought upon him a rigorous Punishment : But 'tis an Offence, for which neither the Divine, nor Humane Laws have ordain'd any Chastisement. He had, it seems, disappointed the Expectations of *Circe* ; and in truth, his Impotence is the only Fault that troubles him. He confesses, that he has been a great Offender, but that he never deserv'd Death, except on this Occasion. In short, without tracing the Particulars of the whole Story, he relapses into the same Crime, and receives the Punishment he deserv'd for it, with a perfect Resignation : Then he comes to himself, and acknowledges the Anger of the Gods.

Hellepontiaci sequitur gravis ira Priapi.

He laments the miserable Condition, wherein he finds himself. *Funerata est pars illa corporis, quâ quondam Achilles eram* : And to recover his Vigour, he puts himself into the Hands of a Priestess of this God, with a very Religious Intention ; and indeed the only one he shews in all his Adventures. I might add, that the good *Eumolpus* is follow'd by little Children, when he recites his Verses : But when he debauches his Scholar, the Mother looks upon him as a Philosopher ; and the Father, tho' he lies in the same Chamber, does not awake : So severely is Ridicule punish'd by *Petronius*, and Vice happily protected. Judge by this, if Virtue has not need of another Orator, to plead its Cause, and be inculcated. I fancy he was of the
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Opinion of *Bautru*: That a Gentleman, and Strictness of Morals, are inconsistent. *Si ergo Petronium adimus, adimus virum ingenio vere aulico, Elegantiæ Arbitrum, non Sapientiæ.*

III. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that *Petronius* had a Mind to expose the Debaucheries of *Nero*, and that this Prince was the chief Object of his Raillery: But whether the Persons he introduces be true, or fictitious; whether he gives us Characters according to his own Fancy, or the true Temper of particular Persons, 'tis very difficult to know, and at this Distance we cannot be positively assur'd of it. For my part, I am of Opinion, that there is no Character in *Petronius*, but what may suit with *Nero*. Under *Trimalcio*, in all probability, he derides his ridiculous Magnificence, and the Extravagance of his Pleasures: *Eumolpus* represents to us the foolish Passion he had for the Theatre: *Sub nominibus exoletorum, fæminarumque, & novitate cujusque stupri, flagitia Principis præscripsit*; and by an agreeable Disposition of different, but imaginary Persons, he exposes several Follies of the Emperor, and the usual Disorders of his Life.

It may be alledg'd, that *Petronius* is very opposite to himself, thus to blame Vice, Softness, and other Pleasures; he that was so ingenious in the Search of them: *Dum nihil amœnum & molle, affluentia putat, nisi quod ei Petronius approbasset.* For, to speak truth, altho' the Prince was of his own Nature debauch'd enough, in the Judgment of *Plutarch*, yet the Complaisance of this Courtier, did not a little contribute to throw him into all sort of Luxury and Profusion. In this, as in the greatest part of those things that are deliver'd by History, a Man ought to consider the difference of Times. Before *Nero* gave himself up to these
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strange Extravagancies, no Body was so agreeable to him as *Petronius*; insomuch that every thing passed for gross, which had not his Approbation.

This Court was, as it were, a School of studied Pleasures, wholly govern'd by the Delicacy of so exquisite a Judge. Nay, I am of Opinion, That the Politeness of our Author became pernicious to the Publick, and that he was one of the chief that help'd to ruin some considerable Persons, who made a particular Profession of Wisdom and Virtue. He preach'd up nothing but Liberality, to an Emperor already Prodigal; and Softness to a voluptuous Man: Every thing that had the Face of Austerity, appear'd ridiculous to him.

According to my Conjectures, *Thraseas* was sometimes the Subject of his Mirth, and sometimes *Helvidius*. In short, whoever had Merit, without the Art of Pleasing, was sure to be rallied for his unfashionable Gravity. By this means *Nero* corrupted himself daily more and more, and as the Delicacy of Pleasures came to yield to the Disorder of Debauchery, he fell into the grossest Extravagancies. Then *Tigellinus*, who was jealous of the Agreeableness of *Petronius*, and the Advantages which he had over him in the Science of Pleasures, attempted to ruin him, *Quasi adversus æmulum, & Scientiæ voluptatum potiorem*. It was no difficult Matter for him to effect it; for the Emperor, abandon'd now to all Excess, could no longer suffer so nice a Witness of his infamous Debaucheries: He was not so much troubled with a Remorse for his Crimes, as touch'd with a secret Shame for the Grossness of his Pleasures, when he remembred the Delicacy of the past. *Petronius*, on his side, had no less Distastes; and I believe, that in the time of his private Discontents, he compos'd that ingenious Satyr, which was unhappily handed down to us maim'd and imperfect.

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We find in *Tacitus*, a large Account of his Disgrace, and that in pursuance of *Piso's* Conspiracy, the Friendship of *Scevinus* was made the Pretext of his Destruction.

IV. *PETRONIUS* is to be admir'd throughout, for the Purity of his Style, and the Delicacy of his Sentiments ; but that which more surprises me, is, his great Easiness in giving us ingeniously all sorts of Characters. *Terence* is, perhaps, the only Author of Antiquity, that enters best into the Nature of Persons. But still this Fault I find in him, that he has too little Variety : His whole Talent being confin'd in making Servants, and old Men ; a covetous Father, and a debauch'd Son ; a Slave, and an Intriguer, to speak properly, according to their several Characters ; so far, and no farther, the Capacity of *Terence* reaches. You must not expect from him, either Gallantry or Passion, either Thoughts, or the Discourse of a Gentleman. *Petronius*, who had an Universal Wit, hits upon the Genius of all Professions, and adapts himself, as he pleases, to a thousand different Natures. If he introduces a Declaimer, he assumes his Air, and his Style so well, that one would say, he had us'd to declaim all his Life. Nothing expresses more naturally the Disorders of a debauch'd Life, than the Quarrels of *Encolpius* and *Ascyrtos*, about *Gito*.

Does not *Quartilla* admirably represent to us those prostitute Women, *Quarum sic accensa libido, ut sæpius peterent viros, quam peterentur* ? Does not the Marriage of young *Gito*, and innocent *Panichis*, gives us the Image of a compleat Wantonness ?

All that a Sot, ridiculously magnificent in Banquets, a vain Affecter of Niceness, and an Impertinent, are able to do, you have undoubtedly at the Feast of *Trimalcio*.

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Eumolpus shews us *Nero's* extravagant Folly for the Theatre, and his Vanity in reciting his own Poems; and you may observe, as you run over so many noble Verses, of which he makes an ill Use, That an excellent Poet, may be a very ill Man. However, as *Encolpius*, tho' he represents *Eumolpus* a Maker of fantastical Verses, yet discovers something great in his Physiognomy; he judiciously takes care, all along, not to ruin the Ideas he gave us of him. The Infirmary he has, of making Verses out of Season, even in *Vicina mortis*; his Fluency in repeating his Compositions in all Places, and at all Times, answers his ridiculous Beginning: *Et ego, inquit, Poeta sum, & ut spero, non humillimi spiritus, si modo aliquid coronis credendum est, quas etiam ad imperitos gratia deferre solet.*

His Knowledge, which was extensive enough; his extraordinary Actions; his Expedients in unlucky Encounters; his Resolution to support his Companions in the Vessel of *Lycas*; his getting about him at *Crotone* that pleasant Court of People, who were perpetually hunting after Old Men's Estates, admirably well agrees with what *Encolpius* had promis'd us of him before: *Senex canum exercitati vultus, & qui videbatur magnum aliquid promittere.*

There is nothing so natural as the Character of *Crysis*, and none of our Confidants come near her. Not to mention her first Conversation with *Polienos*; what she tells him of her Mistress, upon the Affront she receiv'd, is of an inimitable Simplicity: *Verum enim fatendum est, ex qua hora accepit injuriam, apud se non est.* Whoever has read *Juvenal*, is sufficiently acquainted with the *Impotentia Matronarum*, and the ill Humour they are in, *Si quando vir aut familiaris infelicius cum ipsis rem habuerat.* But no Body besides *Petronius* could have de-

describ'd *Circe*, so beautiful, so voluptuous, and so polite.

Enothea, the Priestess of *Priapus*, ravishes me with the Miracles she promises; with her Incantments, her Sacrifices, her Sorrow for the Death of the consecrated Goose; and the manner in which she's pacified, when *Polienos* makes her a Present, with which she might purchase a Goose, and Gods too, if she thought fit.

Philumena, that complaisant Lady, is no less entertaining; who, after she had cullied several Men out of their Estates, in the Flower of her Beauty, now being old, and by consequence unfit for Pleasures, endeavour'd to keep up this Noble Trade, by the means of her Children, whom she introduc'd with a Thousand fine Discourses to old Men, who had no Heirs of their own. In a Word, there is no part of Nature, no Profession, which *Petronius* doth not admirably paint: He is a Poet, an Orator, and a Philosopher, at his Pleasure.

As for his Verses, I find in them an agreeable Force, a natural Beauty, *Naturali pulchritudine carmen exsurgit*: Insomuch that *Douza* cannot any longer bear with the Heat and Impetuosity of *Lucan*, after he has read the taking of *Troy*, or the little Essay about the Civil War, in *Petronius*, which he prefers much above the other's *Pharsalia*.

*Quam vel trecenta Cordubensis illius
Pharsalicorum Versuum Volumina.*

Jan. Douza Pat. *Præcidaneorum Petroni.*
Lib. II. Cap. 12.

Perhaps I may be deceiv'd; but in my Opinion, *Lucretius* has not treated of Dreams, in such an agreeable manner as *Petronius*, in the following Verses:

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*Somnia, quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,
 Non delubra Deum, nec ab æthere numina mittunt :
 Sed sibi quisque facit ; nam cum prostrata sopore
 Urget membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit,
 Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit ; oppida bello
 Qui quatit & flammis miserandas sævit in urbes,
 Tela videt, versasque Acies, & Funera Regum,
 Atque exundantes perfuso Sanguine Campos.
 Qui Causas orare solent, Legesque, Forumque,
 Et pavido cernunt inclusum Corde Tribunal.
 Condit Avarus Opes, defossamque invenit Aurum ;
 Venator saltus Canibus quatit. Eripit undis,
 Aut premit eversam periturus Navita Puppim.
 Scribit Amatori Meretricis. Dat Adultera Munus.
 Et Canis in Somnis Leporis Vestigia latrat.
 In noctis Spatio Miserorum vulnera durant.*

Petron. Satyr.

When in a Dream, presented to our View,
 Those airy Forms appear so like the true ;
 Nor Heav'n, nor Hell, the fancy'd Vision sends,
 But ev'ry Breast its own Delusion lends :
 For when soft Sleep the Body folds in Ease,
 And from the heavy Mass our Fancy frees,
 Whatever 'tis in which we take Delight,
 And think of most by Day, we dream by Night :
 Th'ambitious Brave, who mighty States o'errun,
 Ruin whole Empires, and vast Cities burn,
 From fancy'd Darts believe a darken'd Sky,
 And see, in haste, defeated Squadrons fly :
 Here bloody Plains a ghastly Prospect yield,
 And Monarchs slain nobilitate the Field.
 He that by Day litigious Knots unty'd,
 And charm'd the drowsy Bench to either side ;
 By Night a Crowd of cringing Clients sees,
 Smiles on the Fools, and kindly takes their Fees.

The

The Miser views his glitt'ring Heaps of Gold,
 And oft the visionary Sums are told.
 Then fancies Thieves disturb his short Delight;
 He views their Masks, and wakens with the Fright.
 To Heav'n the Merchant does himself address,
 Dreaming of Wrecks, religious in Distress.
 Huntsmen with Joy th'imagin'd Chase pursue,
 Hollow aloud, and see the Stag in View.
 The Mistress to her absent Lover writes,
 And, as awake, with Flames and Darts indites.
 The am'rous Wife dreams of her Lover's Charms,
 And hugs her Husband with adult'rous Arms.
 Dogs, in full Cry, pursue their fearful Game;
 The Wretched, tho' asleep, still feel their Pain.

And what can one compare to that voluptuous
 Night, whose Image fills the Soul in such a manner,
 that a Man has need to call his Virtue to his Assi-
 stance, to overcome the lively Impression it makes
 upon the Mind?

*Qualis nox fuit illa, Dii, Deæque !
 Quam mollis thorus ! Hæsimus calentes,
 Et transfudimus hinc & hinc labellis
 Errantes animas. Valetæ curæ.
 Mortalis ego sic perire capi.*

Who can the Charms of that blest Night declare!
 How soft, ye Gods! our warm Embraces were!
 Our wanton Limbs, like curling Ivy twin'd;
 By eager Lips our wand'ring Souls were join'd.
 Away, all Cares: I'd gladly cease to live,
 If Joys, like these, I might in Death receive.

Altho' the declamatory Stile seems ridiculous
 to Petronius, yet, for all that, he shews much Elo-
 quence in his Declamations; and to demonstrate
 that the most Debauch'd are not incapable of
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Meditation, or Recollection, Morality has nothing more ſerious, or better manag'd than the Reflections of *Encolpius* upon the Inconſtancy of Human Affairs, and the Uncertainty of Death.

Upon every Subject that offers it ſelf, 'tis impoſſible to think more nicely, or to ſpeak with more Purity. In his Narrations, he ſometimes copies after plain unaffected Nature, and contents himſelf with the Graces of Simplicity; ſometimes he gives his Work the finiſhing Strokes, and then nothing is ſo poliſh'd. *Catullus* and *Martial* treat of the ſame Things in a groſs manner; and if any one could find the Secret of wrapping up what's Obſcene, in a Language like his, I dare answer for the Ladies, that they would praiſe him for his Diſcretion.

But that which more peculiarly belongs to *Petrarch*, is, that excepting *Horace*, in a few Odes, he is, perhaps, the only Perſon of Antiquity, that knew how to ſpeak of Gallantry. *Virgil* is, indeed, moving in his Paſſions; the Amours of *Dido*, and thoſe of *Orpheus* and *Euridice*, have Charms and Tenderneſs; yet there is nothing of Gallantry in them: And poor *Dido*, ſo compaſſionate was her Soul, fell in Love with the pious *Aeneas*, at the bare recital of his Miſfortunes. *Ovid* is witty, and eaſie: *Tibullus* delicate. But their Miſtreſſes ought to have been bred at a * College, to know what they mean. On all Occaſions they alledge Gods, and Fables, and Examples drawn from the moſt remote Antiquity; they alſo promiſe Sacrifices too, and I fancy that

Y

* Mr. de St. Evremond ſays in the French, That they ought to have been as learned as *Madam de Scuderi*, who was a famous Writer of Romances.

that Monsieur *Chapelain* † learn'd of them the Method of *burning Hearts in Offerings*. *Lucian*, as ingenious as he is, appears gross so soon as he speaks of Love, and his Courtezans talk rather the Language of the Stews, than of the Bed-Chamber.

For my own Part, tho' I am a great Admirer of the Ancients, I can't but do Justice to our own Nation, and am persuaded, that we have a great Advantage over them in this Point. And, indeed, after having examin'd this Matter, I do not know one of those great Genius's, that could have made *Massinissa* and *Sophonisba*, *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*, speak so genteely of Love, as we have heard them in our * Language. Now, as much as others fall short of us in this particular, so much doth *Petronius* exceed us. We have no Romance that can boast of a Story so agreeable as that of the *EPHESIAN MATRON*. Nothing has so much of Gallantry as the Letters of *Circe* and *Polienos*; and all their Adventures, whether you respect the Management, or the Descriptions, have a Character very much above the Politeness of our Age. You may judge, whether he

† *Mr. Chapelain*, in his *PUCELLE d'Orleans*, Book II. makes the Count Dunois, who was in Love with that Heroine, say, among other extravagant Things :

De ce Feu toutefois que me sert l'Innocence,
Si tout Sage qu'il est il me fait Violence?
Helas ! il me devore ; & mon Cœur embrasé
Déjà par sa Chaleur est de Force épuisé.
Et soit, consumons nous d'une Flamme si belle,
Brulons en Holocauste au Feu de la Pucelle :
Laissons-nous pour sa gloire en Cendres convertir,
Et tenons à bonheur d'en être le Martyr.

* See the *SOPHRONISBE* and *La MORT de POMPEE* of *Corneille*.

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he was able to treat a Noble Passion with the niceness it deserves; since this was an Affair of two Persons, that were to taste the utmost Pleasure at their first Interview.

T H E
EPHESIAN MATRON.

There was a Lady at *Ephesus*, in so high a Reputation for her Chastity, that even the Women of the neighbouring Countries came out of Curiosity to see her, as a Miracle. This *Prude* having lost her Husband, was not content, as the Custom then was, to assist at the Funeral Rites, with her Hair dishevel'd, and to beat her Breast before the People; she resolv'd to follow the Deceas'd even to his Monument; and having laid him in a Sepulchre, after the *Grecian* Manner, she watch'd the Body, and wept incessantly over it; abandoning her self to all the Excesses of Grief and Despair, and so obstinately determin'd to destroy her self by Hunger, that neither her Relations nor Friends were able to conquer this fatal Resolution. The Magistrates of the Place, who met with no better Success, were the last that took their leaves of her; and in this manner, our illustrious Matron, lamented by all the World as a dead Person, had already pass'd five Days without Eating. A faithful and affectionate Maid, bore this unfortunate Lady Company, mingling her Tears with those of her Mistress, and renewing the Light as often as there was occasion. Nothing was talked of in the City, but this unprecedented Adventure, and every one agreed;

that this was the first Example of Conjugal Love and Chastity, which the World had ever beheld.

It happen'd that, at this very time, the Governour of the Province order'd certain Robbers to be affix'd to Crosses near the dismal Vault, where this virtuous Lady bewail'd her self over the Body of her dear Husband. The following Night, a Soldier who was appointed Centinel to watch the Crosses, lest the Bodies should be stolen, perceiving a Light in the Monument, and hearing the sad Complaints of a Person in Affliction, was led, by a Curiosity common to all Men, to see what the Matter might be. With these Intentions he went down into the Sepulchre, and surpriz'd at the sight of a very beautiful Woman, he continu'd for sometime frighted, as if he had seen some Fantom; then earnestly beholding the dead Body, which lay stretch'd out before his Eyes, considering the Lady's Tears, her Face disfigur'd with her Nails, and all the other Marks of solemn Woe, he imagin'd, at last, what the Matter was: That a poor disconsolate Woman gave her self up to Sorrow, and could not bear, without Despair, the Death of him she had lost. Upon this, he went back, and brought his small Supper with him to the Monument, and began to exhort her not to persevere any longer in an unprofitable Sorrow, and insignificant Complaints; That all Men have one common *Exit*, out of this World, and must go to the same Place; not omitting any of the Arguments that are usually employ'd to cure the most distemper'd Minds. But the Lady being still the more provok'd by so unexpected a Consolation, redoubled her Lamentations, beat her Breast with more Violence than before, and tore off her Hair, which she threw upon the miserable Body.

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The Soldier was not at all discourag'd by this, but with the same Exhortations endeavours to persuade her to take some Nourishment, till the Maid, who was undoubtedly conquer'd by the delicious Smell of the Wine, as well as by his Discourse, stretch'd out her Hand to the Person, who invited them both in so obliging a manner; and having recruited her Spirits by what she eat and drank, began her self to combat the Obstinacy of her Mistress. ' And what will you be ' the better, said she, by thus starving your self; ' burying your self alive; and giving up to ' Fate, a Soul he does not yet demand back ' again?

*Think you these Tears, this pompous Train of Wo,
Are known, or valu'd by the Ghosts below?*

' What! do you imagine you can bring the Dead
' to Life again, contrary to the Order of Nature?
' For once be advis'd by me; lay aside this Weak-
' ness, which none but Women are capable of;
' and enjoy the Advantages of Life, while Hea-
' ven gives you leave to do it. This very Body
' which you see before you, sufficiently shews
' you the Value of Life, and warns you to ma-
' nage it better. Few People listen with regret,
when they are press'd to eat on the like Occasi-
ons: And we easily suffer our selves to be perswa-
ded to live. Thus our Matron, famished by so long
an Abstinence, suffered her Obstinacy to be over-
come, and took her Victuals with the same Gree-
diness as her Maid, who had yielded before. You
know that Temptations generally follow after
Meals: Therefore with the very same Arms
that the Soldier employ'd to combat her De-
spair, did he now attack her Chastity; and as
this young Fellow appeared neither disagreeable,
Y 3 nor

nor destitute of Wit ; the Maid was not wanting on her Part, to do him all the good Offices she could, telling to her Mistress :

Why will you still resist a pleasing Flame ?

In short, not to hold you any longer in suspense, the Virtuous Matron observ'd the same Abstinence as to the other part of her Body ; and the Soldier compleatly Victorious, succeeded in his Attempts upon both. Thus they continued together, not only the first Night of their Enjoyment, but the next Day also, and the next after that. The Doors of the Monument being so carefully shut, that whoever had come thither, whether a Friend or Stranger, would, without doubt, have concluded, that the most Pious Wife in the Universe, had expir'd over the Body of her Husband.

The Soldier perfectly charm'd with the Beauty of his fair Mistress, and the Secrecy of his good Fortune, laid out all the little Stock he had upon Provisions, and as soon as Night came on, he carried them to the Monument. In the mean time, the Relations of one of the Men that were hang'd perceiving that no body look'd after them, carried off the Body in the Night, and buried it. But the poor Soldier, who suffer'd this scurvy Trick to be play'd him, while he was too busily pursuing his private Pleasures, finding on the Morning one of these Crosses without a Body, repair'd immediately to his Mistress, in the greatest Apprehensions of Punishment ; and acquainted her with what had happen'd to him ; adding, That as to himself he was fully resolv'd not to wait his Condemnation, but to execute a piece of Justice upon himself, and punish his fatal Negligence with his own Hand ; That the only Favour he begg'd of her, was, to take care of his Burial ; and

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and to put him in the ſame Tomb, fatal both to her Husband and her Lover. At this, our Matron, who had an equal Share of Charity and Diſcretion, *Heaven forbid*, ſaid ſhe, *that I ſhould ever behold at the ſame time, the Funerals of two Perſons who are ſo very dear to me : I will rather chooſe to hang the Deceaſ'd, than to occaſion the Death of the Living.* According to this fine Speech, ſhe drew her Husband's Corps out of the Coffin, in order to faſten it to the Croſs, from whence the Body was ſtolen. The Soldier immediately put in execution the ſeaſonable Advice of ſo diſcreet a Lady ; and next Morning every one wonder'd *how a dead Man ſhould be able to find his way to the Gibbet.*

A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

The Mareſchal D'HOCQUINCOURT,
and Father CANAYE.

BEING one Day at Dinner with the Mareſchal * *D'Hocquincourt*, Father *Canaye*, who din'd there alſo, inſenſibly led the Diſcourſe to that Submission of Mind, which Religion requires of us; and having related to us many new Miracles, and ſome Modern Revelations, he concluded, that we ought to avoid, like a *Plague*, thoſe *Libertine Wits*, who pretend to examine every thing by Reaſon.

Y 4

Who

* He was then (in the Year 1664.) at Peronne, of which Place he was Governor.

' Who do you talk to of *Libertine Wits*, said the
 ' *Mareschal*, and who knew them better than I
 ' did? *Bardouville* and *St. Ival* were my best
 ' Friends; they engag'd me in the Party of the
 ' Count †, against Cardinal *Richelieu*: Why, I know
 ' 'em so well that I could write a Book of their
 ' Sayings. When *Bardouville* was dead, and *St.*
 ' *Ival* had retir'd into *Holland*, I came acquainted
 ' with *La Frette* and *Sauveboeuf*; these were none
 ' of your *Wits*, but brave, gallant Fellows. *La*
 ' *Frette* was as Stout as *Hercules*, and my very good
 ' Friend; and I think that I sufficiently shew'd
 ' my self to be his in the Sickness that carried
 ' him off. I saw him dying of a small Fever,
 ' like a Woman; and was enraged to see *La*
 ' *Frette*, that gallant *La Frette*, who fought *Boute-*
 ' *ville*, go out, neither better nor worse, than a
 ' Farthing Candle. *Sauveboeuf* and I, were con-
 ' cern'd to preserve the Honour of our Friend;
 ' which made us resolve to pistol him, that he
 ' might die like a Man of Honour. I clapp'd a Pi-
 ' stol to his Head, when a Son of a Whore of a
 ' *Jesuit* push'd my Arm aside, and hinder'd my
 ' Design: This put me in so great a Passion a-
 ' gainst him, that I presently turn'd *Jansenist*.

Take notice, my Lord, said Father Canaye, take no-
 tice, how Satan is always in wait for us. Circuit,
 quærens quem devoret; You are somewhat piqu'd
 against our Order, and he takes that Occasion to sur-
 prize, and devour you; nay, worse than devour you,
 to make you turn *Jansenist*: Vigilate, Vigilate;
 A Man cannot be too much upon his Guard against the
 common Enemy of Mankind.

' The Father's in the right, said the *Mareschal*.
 ' I have been told that the Devil never sleeps. We

ought

† The Count de Soissons.

ought to do the like, and be always upon our Guard; *For, Sharp is the Word.* But let us leave the Devil, and talk of my Likings. I have loved War above all Things; Madam de Montbazon next to War; and such as you see me, Philosophy after Madam de Montbazon. You have reason to love War, replied the Father, for War loves you too; it has crown'd you with Honours. Why, I'd have you to know, that I am also a Warriour. The King has given me the Direction of the Hospital of his Army in Flanders: Is not this enough to entitle a Man a Warriour? Who would ever thought that Father Canaye should turn Soldier? Yet I am one, my Lord, and do God no less Service in the Camp, than I did in the College of Clermont. You may therefore love War innocently; to go to the War, is to serve one's Prince; and to serve one's Prince, is to serve God. But as for what concerns Madam de Montbazon, if you have Lusted after her, if you have look'd upon her with a Carnal Eye, you must permit me to tell you, that your Desires were Criminal. You did not Lust after her, my Lord, but only love her with an innocent Friendship.

How, Father! said the Marechal, would you have me love like a Coxcomb? The Marechal d'Hocquincourt has not learn'd in Ladies Bed-Chambers, to do nothing more than to Sigh. I LONG'D Father, I LONG'D, ----- You understand my Meaning.--- Long'd! What Longing? In Truth, my Lord, you rally with a good Grace. Our Fathers of St. Louis, would be ready to cross themselves at these Longings. But when a Man has been a great while in the Army, he learns to bear every thing. No more, no more, you speak this, my Lord, I suppose to make your self Merry.

There is no Merriment in the Case, Father: Do you know to what Pitch I lov'd her? *Usque ad Aras*, my Lord. No, Aras, Father: Look ye here,

‘ here, said the Mareschal, taking a Knife, and grasp-
 ‘ ing the Haft fast in his Hand, Look ye here, if she
 ‘ had commanded me to kill you, I would have
 ‘ sheath’d this Blade in your Heart. Father Can-
 naye surpriz’d at this Discourse, but more frightened
 at this sudden Transport, had immediate recourse
 to his Mental Devotion, and secretly pray’d to
 his Maker, that he would deliver him from the
 Danger wherein he found himself. But not trust-
 ing altogether to Prayer, he insensibly got out of
 the Mareschal’s Reach, by an unperceivable Mo-
 tion of his Buttocks. The Mareschal kept still
 within Arm’s-length of him, by the same Motion,
 with the Knife lifted up, so that one would have
 sworn, that he was going to put the Lady’s Or-
 der in Execution.

My ill Nature made me take Pleasure, for a
 while, in the Fright of our Reverend Spark ; but
 fearing, at length, that the Mareschal in his Pas-
 sion, might render that Scene melancholy, which
 was before pleasant ; I put him in mind that
 Madam de * Montbazon was dead ; and told him,
 That it was Father Canaye’s good Fortune, that
 he had nothing to fear from a Person that was no
 more. ‘ God does every thing for the best, replied
 ‘ the Mareschal : The fairest † Woman in the
 ‘ World began to be troublesome to me, when she
 ‘ kick’d up her Heels and died. She had always
 at

* The Dutchess of Montbazon, Daughter to Count de Ver-
 tus, was then still alive ; for she died in the Year 1657. Mr. de
 St. Evremond was not ignorant of it, but he thought that this
 Anacronism might be easily forgiven him, considering it was
 difficult otherwise to recover Father Canaye from the Fright
 he was in. ’Tis long ago since Mr. Bayle made this Observation.
 See his Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres, December,
 1686.

† Thus the Mareschal d Hoquincourt called Madam de Mont-
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at her Tail one Abbot de † Rancé, who discours'd with her about *GRACE* before Company, and entertain'd her with something else in private. This made me forsake the *Jansenists*: Before that I never miss'd a Sermon of Father *Desmaretz*, and never swore but by Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*; but I have confess'd my self to the *Jesuits* ever since: And if my Son has ever any Children, I am resolv'd they shall go to the College of *Clermont*, or else I'll disinherit them.

Oh, how wonderful are the Ways of God! cried out Father Canaye: How profound is the Mystery of his Justice! A Fopling of a *Jansenist* pretends Love to a Lady whom my Lord wished well to: The Merciful God makes use of Jealousie to put the Conscience of my Lord into our Hands; **MIRABILIA JUDICIA TUA DOMINE**, Wonderful are thy Judgments, O Lord! After the good Father had ended his pious Reflection, I thought I might be allowed to have a Share in the Conversation; so I ask'd the Mareschal, if the Love of Philosophy did not succeed the Passion he had for Madam de Montbazon?

A

† Armand John Baptist de Rancé, so well known, since under the Name of the Abbot de la Trappe, was one of the Dutcheßes of Montbazon's Lovers; and let his Panegyrists say what they please, 'tis certain, that the sudden and unexpected Death of that Lady, was one of the principal Motives of his Conversion and Retirement. Madam de Montbazon died of the Small-Pox in a Country House, where the Abbot being come, from Paris, upon the first News of her Illness, and finding no body at the Gate, he went up to the Dutcheß's Apartment through the Back-Stairs; and the first Object that presented it self to his Sight, was Madam de Montbazon's Corps, disfigured in the most horrid and ghastly manner, and ready to be laid in the Coffin. This made so lively an Impression upon him, that he renounced the World, and settled in his Abbey of La Trappe a very austere Reform. He died on the 26th of October, 1700.

‘ A Plague on’t, I have lov’d Philosophy but
 ‘ too well, said the Mareschal, I have loved it but
 ‘ too well; but I have left it at last, and will
 ‘ trouble my Head no more with it. A Devil of
 ‘ a Philosopher had so puzzled my Brain about
 ‘ our First Parents, the Apple, the Serpent, Terrestrial
 ‘ Paradise, and the Cherubims, that I had like to have
 ‘ believ’d nothing at all. The Devil take me, if
 ‘ I believ’d a Syllable then; but ever since I could
 ‘ endure to be crucified for my Religion. Now
 ‘ that I see more Reason in it now; but, on the
 ‘ contrary, less than ever: But, for all that, I
 ‘ could suffer my self to be crucified, without
 ‘ knowing why or wherefore.

So much the better, my Lord, reply’d the Father,
 twanging it very devoutly through the Nose, so
 much the better; These are no Human Motions; they
 proceed from God. **NO REASON!** That’s the
 true Religion, this— **NO REASON!** What an
 extraordinary Grace, my Lord, has Heaven bestow’d up-
 on you? Estote sicut Infantes, be as Infants. Infants
 preserve their Innocency, and why? because they have
 no Reason. Beati pauperes Spiritu, Blessed are the
 poor in Spirit: they sin not; the Reason is, because they
 have no Reason: **NO REASON; WITH-
 OUT KNOWING WHY, OR WHERE-
 FORE.** Oh excellent Words! They ought to be writ-
 ten in Letters of Gold: **NOT THAT I SEE
 MORE REASON IN IT NOW; BUT,
 ON THE CONTRARY, LESS THAN
 EVER:** In Truth, this is Divine for them, that
 have any Taste of Heavenly Things: **NO REA-
 SON!** What an extraordinary Grace, my Lord, has
 God bestow’d upon you?

The Father had carried farther his Holy Hatred
 against Reason, if some Letters had not come
 from Court to the Mareschal, which interrupted
 so pious an Entertainment. The Mareschal read
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them softly to himself; and afterwards he was pleas'd to tell the Company the Contents. 'If I affected to be thought a Politician, as others do, I should retire into my Closet, to read Dispatches from the Court; but I always Act and Speak with an open Heart. The Cardinal sends me word, That * *Stenay's* taken; that the Court will be here within Eight Days; and that the Command of the Army, that made the Siege, is given me, in order to go and relieve Arras with *Turenne* and *La Ferté*: I remember well that *Turenne* suffer'd me to be beaten † by the Prince of *Condé*, when the Court was at *Gien*; Perhaps I may find an Opportunity to be even with him. If *Arras* || were reliev'd, and *Turenne* beaten, I should be content; I'll do what I can; but I say no more.

He would have related to us all the Particulars of the Battle, and what reason he thought he had to complain of Monsieur de *Turenne*: But we were inform'd, that the Convoy was got already a good way out of Town, which made us take our leaves sooner than we intended to do.

Father *Canaye* having no Horse of his own, desir'd the Mareschal to lend him one to carry him to the Camp: And what sort of a Horse will you have, Father? says the Mareschal; I will make you the same Answer, my Lord, replies the Father, as good Father *Suarez* made to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* upon the like Occasion, *Qualem me decet esse, Mansuetum, Such an one as I ought to be, gentle and tractable.* ' *Qualem me decet esse, Mansuetum!* I understand

* *Stenay* was taken the 6th of August 1654.

† At *Bleneau* the 7th of April 1652.

|| These Three Mareschals having forced the Lines in Three Places, beat the Spaniards, entred Arras, and obliged the Prince of *Condé* to retire.

‘ understand a little *Latin*, said the Mareschal;
 ‘ *Mansuetum* is a fitter Word for Sheep than Horses;
 ‘ Let the Father have my Horse; I love the
 ‘ whole Order, and am his Friend, therefore let
 ‘ them give him my best Horse. I went to dis-
 patch some small Business of my own, but staid
 not long before I rejoin’d the Convoy.

We pass’d without Danger; but not without some
 Fatigue for poor Father Canaye. I met him upon
 the March, mounted on one of the best Stone-
 Horses of Monsieur d’Hocquincourt. ’Twas a mettlesome
 fiery Devil, restless, and always in Motion;
 that champ’d his Bit eternally; still went on one
 side, neigh’d every Minute; and what most of-
 fended the Modesty of the Father, he very inde-
 cently mistook all the Horses that came near him
 for Mares. *What do I see, Father?* said I, coming
 up to him: *What Horse have they given you? Where
 is good Father Suarez’s Nag, that you ask’d so ear-
 nestly for?* ‘ Ah, Sir, says he, I am e’en spent, I
 ‘ am bruised to Pieces.— He was going on
 with his Complaints, when a Hare started. An
 Hundred Horsemen immediately hurried away in
 Confusion after the Course, and we heard pre-
 sently more Discharges of Pistols, than at a Skir-
 mish. The Father’s Horse being us’d to Fire,
 under the Mareschal, ran away with his Rider,
 and made him penetrate instantly beyond their
 confus’d Ranks. ’Twas a very pleasant Sight to
 see a Jesuit at the Head of all this Company, in
 spite of himself. By good Fortune Puss was kill’d;
 and I found the Father in the midst of Thirty
 Horsemen, who all gave him the Honour of a
 Chase, which might deserve the Name of a Ren-
 counter. The Father receiv’d their Commenda-
 tions with a seeming Modesty; but in his Mind
 he despis’d very much the *Mansuetum* of good Fa-
 ther Suarez, and hugg’d himself with the Wonders

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he thought he had done on the Mareschal's *Bar-ary-Horse*. However, 'twas not long before he remembered that fine Saying of Solomon, *Vanitas Vanitatum, & omnia VANITAS*. As he grew cool, he felt a Smart, which the Heat had rendred insensible; and false Glory yielding to real Pain, he wish'd for the Ease and quiet Life of the College he had quitted. But all these Reflections signified nothing; he must go to the Camp, and he was so tir'd with his Horse, that I saw him once ready to abandon his *Bucephalus*, and walk a-foot at the Head of the Infantry.

I comforted him for his past Fatigue, and freed him from any such Inconveniency for the future, by giving him the easiest Nag he could have wish'd. He return'd me a Thousand Thanks, and was so sensible of my Civility, that laying aside all cautious Regards to his Profession, he convers'd with me more like an honest sincere Fellow-Traveller, than a * *Jesuit*. I ask'd him what his Opinion was of Monsieur *d'Hocquincourt*? He's a *worthy Gentleman*, said he: He's a good Soul. He has quitted the *Jansenists*; and our Order is oblig'd to him: But for my part, I shall never sit at Table near him, nor borrow a Horse of him.

Being much pleas'd with this first Freedom, I had a mind to try him farther. 'Whence come, continu'd I, the great Animosities between the *Jansenists* and your Fathers? Do they proceed from your differing in Opinion about the Doctrine of GRACE? What Nonsense, said he, what Nonsense, it is to think that we hate one another for not having the same Opinion about GRACE! 'Tis
neither

Mr. de St. Evremond had studied under Father Canaye, at the Colledge of Clermont, and thereby was particularly acquainted with him.

neither that, nor the FIVE PROPOSITIONS that have set us at Variance ; The Jealousie of governing Consciences, is the Cause of all the Mischief. The Jansenists found us in Possession of the Government, and had a mind to dispossess us. Now, to compass their Ends, they make use of Methods quite contrary to ours. We employ Gentleness and Indulgence, and they affect Austerity and Rigour. We Comfort Souls by the Examples of God's Mercy ; and they frighten them by the Thoughts of his Justice. They would subdue by the Means of Fear, those whom we endeavour to attract by the Brightness of Hope. Not but that both of us have a mind to save Men ; but each has also a Design to advance his Credit, by saving them ; and to speak freely to you, the Interest of the Director is generally preferred before the Salvation of him who is under his Care. I talk to you after quite another manner than I did to the Marechal. I was a downright Jesuit with him, but with you I use the Freedom of a Soldier. I commended very much the new Character which his last Profession had made him take up ; and he seem'd to be well pleas'd with this Commendation. I had continu'd it longer, but Night approaching, we were oblig'd to part ; the Father being as much content with my Usage of him, as I was satisfied with the Confidence he repos'd in me.

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A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

My Lord * D'AUBIGNY, and
Mr. DE ST. EVREMOND.

HAVING one Day related to my Lord *d'Aubigny* the Conversation I had with Father *Canaye*; It is but Reason, *said he*, that you should meet with as much Frankness among us, as you have done among the Jesuits. Do but take the Trouble to hear me speak, and I don't doubt but you'll find me as honourable and sincere, as the Reverend Father you mention.

I must acquaint you, in the first Place, that we have, amongst us, very great *Wits*, who propagate *Jansenism* by their Writings; *vain Sophisters*, who, to credit themselves by being *Jansenists*, entertain continual Disputes in private Houses; and *wise and cunning Persons*, who prudently govern both the other. You'll find in the first a great Knowledge; a competent deal of Honesty; often too much Heat; and sometimes some Animosity. There is in the second,

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a great

* Lewis Steuart, Lord d'Aubigny, Uncle to the late Duke of Richmond and Lenox, was sent into France when he was but five Years of Age, and brought up at the College of Port-Royal. Having gone young into Orders, he was made a Canon of Nôtre-Dame at Paris. He came afterwards into England, upon the Restoration of King Charles II. and that Prince having married Catherine, Infanta of Portugal, my Lord d'Aubigny was made Lord Almoner to the Queen, &c. See Mr. de St. Evremond's Life.

‘ a great deal of Obstinacy and Self-conceit :
 ‘ Those that are least useful, fortify the Party by
 ‘ their Numbers ; and the most considerable raise
 ‘ its Credit by their Quality. As for the Politi-
 ‘ cians, they employ every one according to his
 ‘ Talent ; and govern the whole Machine by
 ‘ Springs unknown to those very Persons who are
 ‘ acted by them.

‘ Those who preach, or write upon GRACE,
 ‘ and treat that celebrated and so-long-debated
 ‘ Question ; Those who place the Council above
 ‘ the Pope, oppose his Infallibility, and thwart
 ‘ the great Pretensions of the Court of Rome, are
 ‘ persuaded of what they say : Though capable
 ‘ to change their Opinion, if the *Jesuits* should
 ‘ one Day think fit to alter theirs. Our Directors
 ‘ do not much regard the Doctrine : For their
 ‘ principal Aim is to set up one Society against
 ‘ the other ; to secure for them a *Party* in the
 ‘ Church ; and out of a *Party* in the Church, a
 ‘ Cabal at Court. They introduce a Reformation
 ‘ into a Monastery, without reforming them-
 ‘ selves ; They extol Penance, without practising
 ‘ it ; They cause some Persons, who endeavour
 ‘ to distinguish themselves by being Singular, to
 ‘ diet on Herbs, whilst they live as well as those
 ‘ that have the most delicate Palates. Nevertheless,
 ‘ our Directors, such as I represent them, do *Jansenism*
 ‘ more Service by their Directions, than our
 ‘ best Writers by their fine Books.

‘ Our Preservation is owing to a wise and pru-
 ‘ dent Management : And, if I mistake not,
 ‘ should ever Mr. de Believre, Mr. Lague, and Mr.
 ‘ du Gué-Bagnols, fail us, there will happen a
 ‘ great Change in *Jansenism*. The Reason of it
 ‘ is, because our Opinions will have much ado
 ‘ to subsist by themselves : For they put an eter-
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ligion what's comfortable in it ; and put in its Place, Fear, Pain, and Despair. The *Jansenists* endeavouring to make all Men *Saints*, do not find Ten in a whole Kingdom to make such *Christians* as they would have them. Christianity is Divine : But they are Men that embrace it ; and therefore we must, by all means, calculate every Thing for Human Capacities. Too austere a Philosophy, makes few wise Men ; Too rigorous Politicks, few good Subjects ; Too hard a Religion, few religious Persons, whose Devotion is of long continuance. Nothing can be lasting, which does not suit with Nature. GRACE, of which we talk so much, fits it self with it : For God makes use of the Docility of our Minds, and of the Tenderness of our Hearts, to make himself belov'd. 'Tis certain, that too rigid Divines raise a greater Aversion against themselves, than against Sins. The Penance they preach up, makes People prefer the Easiness of continuing in Vice, before the Difficulties that attend the getting out of it.

The other Extream appears to me equally vicious. If I hate morose People, who make a Sin of every Thing, I hate no less those easie and complaisant Teachers, who make a Sin of nothing ; who countenance the Depravation of Nature ; and become secret Favourers of Immorality. The Gospel, in their Hands, is more indulgent than *Morals* ; And Religion, when manag'd by them, does not so strongly oppose Vice, as Reason does. I love learned honest Men, who make a sound Judgment of our Actions ; who seriously exhort us to the good ; and, as far as in them lies, dissuade us from the bad. I would have them know the true Difference of Things, by a just and nice Discernment ; I would have them distinguish a

‘ Passion, from the Effect of it ; a Design, from
 ‘ the Execution ; Vice, from Crime ; Pleasures,
 ‘ from Vice : I would have them excuse our
 ‘ Frailties, and condemn our Disorders ; I would
 ‘ not have them confound light, simple, and na-
 ‘ tural Appetites, with wicked and perverse In-
 ‘ clinations : In a Word, I am for *Christian Morals*,
 ‘ neither *severe*, nor *remiss*.

The IRISH || PROPHECY. A NOVEL.

AT the time that Monsieur de Comminges was Ambassador from the Most Christian King, to the King of Great-Britain, there came to London an *Irish PROPHECY*, who pass’d for a great Performer of Miracles ; according to the Opinion of the Credulous, and, perhaps, his own Persuasion.

Some Persons of Quality having desir’d Monsieur de Comminges to send for him to his House, that they might see some of his Prodigies, he was very willing to grant them that Satisfaction, as well to gratify his own natural Curiosity, as out of Complaisance to them : And so he sent for this pretended Prophet.

Upon

|| See the Account that has been given of him in Mr. de St. Evremond’s *Life*, p. 47. 48. to which I shall only add, That Henry Stubbe, a Doctor in Physick, has written a Book of the Cures perform’d by this pretended *Irish Prophet*, whose Name was Valentine Greatrak’s.

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Upon the Noife, which this News made in all Parts of the Town, the Ambaffador's Houfe was foon fill'd with fick People, who came with a full Affurance of being cur'd.

The *Irish Man* made the Company wait for him fome time; and after an impatient Expectation, the Sick and the Curious faw him arrive with a grave, but plain Countenance, which carried in it not the leaft Mark of an Impoftor.

Monfieur de *Comminges* prepar'd himfelf to examine him to the Bottom, hoping he might enlarge himfelf with Pleafure, on all he had read in *Van Helmont* and *Bodin*; but, to his great Concern, he was not able to effect it; for the Crowd was fo great, and the Infirmary prefs'd on fo eagerly to be cur'd firft, that they had much ado, with Threats, and even Force, to regulate their Ranks.

The *Irish Prophet* afcrib'd all Indifpofitions to Spirits; and all *Infirmities*, according to him, were *Poffeffions*.

The Firft Man that was prefented to him, was one troubled with the *Gout* and *Rheumatifm*, which he had, in vain, endeavour'd to get cur'd of. This our *Wonder-Maker* obferving, *I have feen, long ago,* faid he, *this fort of Spirits in Ireland. Thefe are Watry Spirits, that bring Coldnefs, and occafion an over-flowing of Humours in thefe poor Bodies.* THOU EVIL SPIRIT, WHO HAST LEFT THE HABITATION OF THE WATERS, TO COME AND AFFLICT THIS MISERABLE BODY, I COMMAND THEE TO QUIT THY NEW ABODE, AND TO RETURN TO THY ANCIENT DWELLING. Having faid this, the fick Man retir'd; and another came in his room, who complain'd he was tormented with melancholy Vapours.

He was, indeed, one of those we commonly call *Hypochondriacks* and *Fancy-sick*, altho' they are but too much so in effect. *AIRY SPIRIT*, said the, *IRISH* Man, *RETURN INTO THE AIR, TO EXERCISE THY POWER IN RAISING STORMS; AND STIR UP NO MORE HURRICANES IN THIS SAD AND MISERABLE BODY.*

This Sick-Person made way for another, who according to the Opinion of our Prophet, was a *PUNY HOBGOBLIN*, unable to resist one Moment the Force of his Spell. He fancy'd he had found him out by certain Marks, which did not appear to us; and smiling on the Assembly, *This sort of Spirits*, said he, *are seldom troublesome, and generally diverting.*

In short, he knew every Thing that related to Spirits. He was acquainted with their Numbers, their Ranks, their Names, their Employments and Functions; nay, he boasted that he understood the Intrigues of Demons, much better than the Affairs of Men.

You cannot imagine what a Reputation he gain'd in a very little time. Both *Catholicks* and *Protestants* came to him from all Parts; and you would have said, that the Power of Heaven was lodg'd in the Hands of this Man, when an unexpected Adventure, destroy'd the wonderful Opinion which the Publick had entertain'd of him.

A Country Gentleman and his Lady, who had been married for some time, came to seek Relief in his *Miracle-working* Virtue, against certain Spirits of Discord, which, they said, disturbed their Conjugal Union, and the Peace of their Family.

The Gentleman was about 45 Years old, and look'd like a Person of Estate and Quality. Methinks, I have the Lady yet before my Eyes. She

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was about 35 Years old, and was Personable enough; but one might easily read in her Face, that she had been much Handsomer formerly. I nam'd the Husband first, for the Dignity of his Rank; yet the Wife would speak first, whether it was because she believ'd her self to be most tormented by her Spirit, or that she was only prompted by the talkative Appetite, which is so Natural to her Sex.

My Husband, said she, *is one of the best Men in the World: I give him a thousand Disquiets, and he gives me no fewer in his Turn. I would fain live comfortably with him, and should not fail of my Desires, if a strange Spirit, with which I feel my self possess'd at certain times, did not make me so haughty and ill-humour'd, that there's no enduring of me. After these Agitations are over, I return to my natural good Humour; and then omit no fond Endearments to endeavour to please my Husband: But his Demon possesses him, when mine forsakes me; and this very Husband of mine, who bears my Transports so patiently, is a down-right Fury to me, when I am Calm.* Here stopt our Lady, who, in all appearance, stated her Case truly; and the Husband, who seem'd to be no less sincere than his Wife, began his Discourse, as follows;

What-ever Reason I have to complain of my Wife's Devil, I am, however, oblig'd to him, that he has not taught her to Lye; for I must own, that she has said nothing but what is literally True. All the time that she appears to me to be in these Agitations, I am compos'd; but as soon as her Spirit leaves her in Peace, mine Torments me in its Turn; And as it inspires me with new Courage, and new Forces, I make her then know the Dependance of a Wife, and the Superiority of a Husband. Thus our Lives are spent in perpetual War, either Offensive or Defensive; which makes our Condition as miserable as can be imagin'd. Thus Doctor,

have I acquainted you with our Torments, and if you have a Remedy for them, I desire you to be our Deliverer. The Cure of a Distemper so strange as this of ours, will bring you no small Reputation.

These are neither Hobgoblins, nor Fairies, said the Irish Man; They are Spirits of the First Order, and belong to Lucifer's Legion: Proud Demons; Great Enemies to Obedience; and very hard to expel. You will not take it amiss, Gentlemen, pursu'd he, turning to the Assembly, if I examine my Books a little; for I have occasion for Words out of the common Road. Upon this he withdrew into a Closet, in order to turn over his Books and Papers; and after he had rejected a Hundred Forms, as too weak to Combat such powerful Enemies, he pitch'd, at last, upon one that was able, as he thought, to Confound and Expel all the Devils in Hell.

The first Effect of the Conjuratation was upon himself; for his Eyes began to rowl in his Head, with so many Grimaces and Convulsions, that he might very well pass for a Man possess'd, to those who came for a Remedy against Possession.

After he had star'd and look'd about him, he fix'd his Eyes, at length, upon this Virtuous Couple; and striking both of them with a Wand, which could not be without Virtue: **BE GONE, YE SPIRITS OF DISSENTION, says he, BE GONE, AND EXERCISE DISCORD IN HELL, AND BY YOUR DEPARTURE LET THAT HAPPY UNION BE RE-ESTABLISH'D, WHICH YOU HAVE SO IMPIOUSLY BROKEN.** Then he approach'd softly to the Ears of the pretended Possess'd, and raising the Tone of his Voice, **I HEAR YOU MURMUR, DEVILS, AT THE OBEDIENCE WHICH YE ARE FORC'D TO PAY ME: BUT WERE YE TO BURST WITH MADNESS, YE MUST BE GONE. DE-**
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PART, DEPART. And you, my Friends, go and merrily enjoy that Repose, which ye have been depriv'd of so long. Enough for this time, Gentlemen; I protest to you, that I am all over in a Sweat with the Fatigue, which the Opposition of these obstinate Devils has given me. I believe I have had to deal with Two Thousand Spirits in my time, who, all together, have not given me so much Pain and Trouble as these.

The Devils being thus dispatch'd away, the Irish Man retir'd; all the Company went out of the House; and our married Couple return'd to their Lodgings, with a Satisfaction more miraculous than the Prodigy, which had been wrought in their Favour.

When they came Home, every Thing appear'd agreeable to them, upon this new Alteration of Mind, which created a new Disposition in their Senses. They found a smiling Air in every Thing; they look'd upon themselves with Pleasure; and were not wanting in sweet and tender Words to express their Love. But, vain Delights, How little Dependance there is upon your Duration! And how preposterously do Persons, that are born to Misfortunes, rejoice when they obtain one short moment of Happiness!

Such was the Tranquillity of our married Couple, when a Lady of their Acquaintance came, to wish them Joy for their Cure.

They answer'd this Civility in a very obliging manner, and the usual Compliments, on this Occasion, being made and return'd, the Husband began a very pertinent Conversation upon the Happy Condition they were now in, after so many Miseries they had endur'd. His Wife, either to cause a greater Admiration of this Miracle, or else to please her own malicious Humour, enlarg'd her self with Satisfaction upon the Tricks which her Devil had suggested to her, to torment

torment her Husband. Upon which, the Husband jealous of the Honour of his Devil, or, at least, of his own Authority, gave her to understand, *That she talk'd too feelingly of Things past, the Remembrance whereof was so irksome to him.* He added, *That considering all was now well, she ought to think of nothing else, but that Obedience which a Wife owes to her Husband; as he would only be solicitous, on his side, how to make a lawful Use of his Priviledges, in order to make their Condition as happy for the future, as it had been unfortunate for the Time past.*

The Wife highly offended at the Word OBE-
DIENCE, and yet more at the severe Injun-
ction to hold her Tongue, brought all the Arguments she could think of, to maintain an Equality in Marriage, saying, *That the Devils were not at such a distance, but they might be recall'd, in case this Equality was infring'd.*

The Lady above-mention'd, who was as Dis-
creet and Judicious as any of her Sex, wisely re-
presented to her the Duty of Wives, and at the
same time preach'd up the Conduct and good
Management, that Husbands are oblig'd to use.
But her Reasons, instead of pacifying, did but
more Incense her, so that she became more insup-
portable than before. *You are in the Right, dear
Wife,* reply'd the Husband, *The Devils were not gone
so far, but they were easily recall'd; or rather, you were
so endearing to yours, that he resolves to continue with
you, notwithstanding the positive Command that was
laid upon him to leave you. I am too weak to cope
alone with you and him; which obliges me to retire,
expos'd, as I am, to such an unequal Combat. And I,
likewise, retire, says she, with this Spirit, that will
not abandon me. He must be a very ill-humour'd sort
of a Devil, indeed, if he is not more sociable than so
troublesom, and so cross a Husband. Then, turning
towards her Friend; Before I go, said she to her,*

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I am glad I have an occasion, Madam, to tell you freely, that I expected quite another Treatment from your Friendship; and that you have forgot the Interest, which obliges you to take a Wife's part, against the ill usage of her Husband. 'Tis a very strange Thing, that I should be run down by one, that ought to have espous'd my Quarrel. Adieu, Madam, Adieu; your Visits do me a great deal of Honour; but one may very well be without them, if this be all the Good they do.

Our good, but over-discreet Lady, was extremely surpriz'd at this Compliment; being now convinc'd, by her own Experience, that even Wisdom may over-shoot it self, and that, for the most part, we make an ill use of our Reason, with those who have none.

You may imagine she did not stay long alone, in a House where nothing was talk'd of but Devils; and nothing done, but what was Extravagant to the highest Degree.

The Husband pass'd the rest of the Day, and all the Night, in his Chamber, asham'd of the short-liv'd Joy he had receiv'd; vex'd at the present State of Affairs; and reflecting, with great Anxiety of Mind, upon what he might expect for the future.

As the Agitation of the Wife had been much more violent, so was it of much shorter Duration; and returning soon to her self, she made melancholy Reflections upon the loss of those Pleasures, of which she saw her self depriv'd.

A certain restless Spirit, that shall be nameless, suffer'd few Moments to pass without expostulating with the Spirit of Discord, why it should sacrifice its Interest and Pleasure, thus to no purpose. This Spirit, which particularly sways those of the Fair Sex, but chiefly a-Nights, when they cannot Sleep, had its desir'd Effect upon our Lady, so that resigning her self up purely to the Conduct

duct of Nature, she awak'd her Husband, as soon as 'twas Day, designing to ascribe all past Disorders to a strange Power, which is neither Natural nor Human. *I am satisfied, said she, in the lucid Interval I enjoy at present, that our Spirits did not immediately leave us, when our Irish Doctor commanded them to be gone: And if you'll take my Advice, my Dear, but too unhappy Husband, we will go again and beg of him a stronger and more effectual Conjur-ation.*

The poor Husband, oppress'd with Grief as he was, would not have repell'd an Injury; judge then if he was not very glad to find so unexpected a Calm; and tenderly affected with this amorous Return in his Spouse; *Let us bemoan, my dear, says he to her, Let us bemoan our common Misfortunes, and go a second time to seek a Remedy, which at first We could not obtain.*

The Wife was agreeably surpriz'd at this Discourse; for, instead of a troublesom Demon, whose Insults she expected, she happily found a tender and compassionate Husband, who gave her Comfort for that very Uneasiness she had given him; and of which he himself had bore the greatest Share.

They spent an Hour or Two to possess one another with a mutual Confidence, and placing all their Hopes in the mighty Skill of the Prophet, they return'd to the House of Monsieur de Comminges, in order to procure a more powerful Relief, than that which they had try'd before.

Scarce had they enter'd the Chappel, but the Irish-Man perceiv'd them, and calling them so loud, that he might be heard by all the Company; *Come, says he to them, come, declare the Miracle which has been effected in you; and make your Acknowledgments to that almighty Power, which has deliver'd you from the wretched Slavery under which ye groan'd.*

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The Wife, without any Consultation, immediately reply'd, That as for the Testimony he demanded of them, they were ready to give it to the Obstinacy of the Devils; but not to his Skill: For, in truth, Venerable Father, added she, Since your fine Operation, they have tormented us, as it were, out of spite, more violently than ever.

You are Incredulous, cried out our good Irish-Man in a wonderful Passion, or at least Ungrateful, who maliciously deny those Benefits ye have received. Come hither, let me Convi&ct you of Incredulity or Malice.

When they came near him, he nicely examin'd all the Lines of their Faces: He particularly observ'd their Looks; and, as if he had discover'd in their Eye-Balls some Impression of these Spirits; You are in the right, says he, all amaz'd, you are in the right; they are not yet dislodg'd. They are too deeply rooted in your Bodies, to surrender at the First Summons, but they must hold fast indeed, if the Words I am now going to pronounce, don't Eject them.

LEAVE, YOU ACCURSED RACE, AN HABITATION OF REPOSE TOO GOOD FOR YOU, AND GO AND RAVE FOR EVER IN PLACES, WHERE DWELL HORROR, MADNESS, AND DESPAIR.

'Tis done, my Friends, you are most certainly deliver'd: But return no more, I intreat ye. I owe my Time to all the World, and you have had as much of it as comes to your Share.

Now our Patients suppos'd themselves at the End of all their Misfortunes: This Day seem'd as Happy to them as the First of their Marriage, and the Night was expected with the same Impatience, as that of their Nuptials had been formerly. This Night, so much desir'd, came; but,

but, alas! How ill did it answer their Expectations!

Too much Love causes the Shame of Lovers; and I leave the Reader to imagine the Confusion an Adventure,

*Where Excess of Desire,
Does extinguish the Fire.*

'Twas Happy for the Husband, that his Wife accus'd the Devils that were Innocent; For, she was now satisfied, That our famous Prophet was a wretched *Hibernian*; who, for all his Pretences, had not Skill enough to conjure down an *Ignis Fatuus*.

Sometimes she imputed to her self this Non-performance of her Husband, after the Example of the *Spanish* Women, who attribute to themselves, on these Occasions, the Failings of their Lovers; as being persuaded, that the Force of their Charms ought neither to submit to the Infirmary of Nature, nor to the Power of Witchcraft. Thus the Wife, who accus'd her Husband in every Thing else, where he was most Innocent, justifies him where he was most Deficient, in paying the Conjugal Tribute; and rather chose to impute a want of Love in him, to a want of Charms in her self, than to a real Defect, which would prove eternally destructive of her Pleasures.

But as a Lady doth not willingly entertain a Thought injurious to the Interest of her Beauty, she immediately recall'd to her Mind, the Malice of the Devils, and turn'd her Confusion into Anger against the *Irish-Man*, who had not Skill enough to expel them.

We have, said she angrily, and as if she had been inspired, *we have too long been made Fools by*
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this sorry Bogg-Trotter; but now I find that 'tis Non-sense to expect our Deliverance from him. However, it is not enough that we are undeceiv'd; Justice obliges us to undeceive others as well as our selves, and to make known to the World, either his Roguery, or Folly.

My Dear, reply'd the Husband, 'Tis undoubtedly true, that the Misfortune of this Night is purely owing to our Devils. The Irish-Man thought to banter them, but they resolv'd to ridicule him and us in their Turn. You know me, and I know my self; such a strange Impotence could not naturally happen, I say, it could not naturally happen; and therefore see what we got by these Conjurations. But, my Dear, continu'd he, when you take the Impostor to Task, don't mention the Particulars; and let nothing slip, which may tend to our Shame. All Family Secrets ought to be conceal'd; but this in a more particular manner.

The Wife had like to take Pet, to see her self suspected of such an Indiscretion: But not to embroil Things a new, that were tending to a good Accommodation, she promis'd so to manage her self, that none but the Irish-Man should find fault with her Proceeding.

We usually seek the Night to conceal our Shame, but the Day here appear'd to dispel it; and these unhappy Persons, who were not yet well recover'd of their Misfortune, turn'd their Thoughts with the Sun, who enlivens all Things, towards the Hopes that their Affairs would change for the better.

They rose out of their Bed with more Tranquillity, than they had found there; and after a small Breakfast, and a little Conversation, to fortifie their Bodies, and reconcile their Minds, they went in Peace and good Union towards the House, whither they had gone twice with Confidence, and from whence they had twice return'd with-

without any Relief. They were there inform'd That the *Irish-Man* was gone to *St. James's*, to perform some Wonders there, at the Desire of my Lord *d'Aubigny*, so well known to all the World, for one of the most agreeable Men that ever liv'd. Behold then some of the Prodigies which I observ'd at *St. James's*, with less Credulity than the Multitude, and with less Prejudice than my Lord *d'Aubigny*.

Already did the Blind suppose they saw that Light, they did not see; already did the Deaf imagine they heard, and heard not; the Lame already thought they were grown well; and the Impotent re-assum'd, in Imagination, the first Use of all their Limbs. A strong *Idea* of Health had made the Sick forget their Distempers; and Imagination, which was no less Active in the Curious, than in the Sick, gave the First a false Prospect, through their Desire of Seeing, as it gave a false Cure to the Second, through their Desire of being cur'd.

Such was the Power of the *Irish-Man* upon our Minds: Such was the Force of our Minds upon our Senses. Thus nothing was talk'd of but Prodigies; and these Prodigies came from so great an Authority, that the astonish'd Multitude receiv'd them with Submission, whilst some more knowing Persons durst not reject them by their Knowledge. A timorous and slavish Knowledge ever paid a Respect to an imperious and authoriz'd Error: The Soul was weak, when the Understanding was sound; and those who saw best into these imaginary Cures, durst not speak their real Sentiments among a prejudic'd and deluded Herd of Believers.

Such was the Triumph of the *Irish-Man*, when our married Couple courageously broke through the Crowd, to come and insult him in all his Majesty.

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Majesty. *Art not thou asham'd, said the Wife to him, to abuse the simple and credulous People as thou dost, by pretending to a Power, which thou never hadst? Thou hast enjoyn'd our Devils to leave us in Quiet, and they have but tormented us the more for it. Thou hast commanded them to be gone, yet they still obstinately resolve to stay, in spite of thy Orders; and equally deride our foolish Credulity, and thy ineffectual Impotence.*

The Husband continu'd the same Reproaches; with the same Contempt, even so far as not to allow him the Name of IMPOSTOR, because, said he, there was need of *Wit* for an *Impestore*, and this miserable Wretch wanted even that.

Our Prophet lost his Speech with the loss of the Authority that made him Venerable; and this formidable Power, establish'd on a superstitious Subjection of the Mind, came to nothing, so soon as there appear'd Persons bold enough to disown it. Thus surpriz'd, nonplust and confounded, our *Drift-Man* withdrew, and went out at the Back-Door. However, he was less mortified than the Assembly; there being nothing that a Man receives with so much Satisfaction, as the Opinion of a Miracle, nor leaves with more Difficulty and Concern. As for my Lord *d'Aubigny*, he soon reckon'd this Prophet in the same Class with a Hundred others, whom he had try'd.

All the Company retir'd, asham'd of their Easiness to be abus'd, and yet vex'd at the Loss of their Error. Our married Couple, glorious and triumphant, enjoy'd the Pleasures of Victory, without any further Thoughts of the Devils; and my Lord *d'Aubigny*, who easily pass'd from one Opinion to another, quitted his former Belief of our Miracle-monger, to give himself the pleasure of Laughing, with me, at what had happen'd. He did not stop here; for his Curiosity led him

to a more particular Acquaintance with the Lady, who told him all the Passages of their imaginary Possession.

A LETTER

To the Marechal DE GRAM-
MONT.

YOU expostulate with me, for not acquainting my Friends with my present Condition; to which I answer, That a Man must first know who they are, before he can write to them. When the World frowns upon us, we shall find our selves exceedingly mistaken, if we lay any great Stress upon an old *Acquaintance*, which we fondly call by the Name of *Friendship*. We frequently endeavour to make our selves *remembred* by certain Persons, who are desirous to *forget* us, and in whom we rather create a *Disgust*, than an Inclination to do us any good Offices. In effect, those that are really willing to serve us in our Disgraces, are impatient to show us the Desire they have to do it; and their Generosity spares a Man of Honour the secret Pain which he always finds in explaining his Necessities.

As for those who expect to be courted, we may take it for granted, that they look upon our most reasonable Requests, as so many troublesome Importunities. To apply this general Maxim to my own particular Case, I will acquaint you, that I suppose I have already heard from all those that interest themselves in my behalf; and it would be to no purpose, to trouble those with my

Letters.

Letters, who have not yet thought fit to let me have any from them.

Among those Friends, whom I have really found to be so in my ill Fortune, some I observ'd were full of Warmth and Tenderneſs; others did not want Friendship, but had a lively Senſe of their Incapacity of ſerving me; and as they were little concern'd to find themſelves without Credit upon this Occaſion, they fairly left me to bear all my Miſfortunes by my ſelf. However, I am oblig'd to them for the good Opinion they have of my Patience; 'tis a Virtue to which we reconcile our ſelves as well as we can; but would willingly leave the practice of it to our Enemies. In the mean time, we ought to be content with the Services that are done us, without complaining of thoſe that are left unperform'd; and diſteſt our ſelves, as much as poſſible, of the ſuggeſtions of *Self-love*, which make us think People more obliged to ſerve us than really they are. Ill Fortune is not content with bringing us into calamitous Circumſtances, but makes us more tender, and more apt to receive the Impreſſions of every Thing that offends us; and Nature, which ought to reſiſt her, as it were in Confederacy with her, gives us a more exquisite Senſe of our Miſfortunes.

In my preſent Condition, 'tis my greateſt Care to fortifie my ſelf againſt ſuch Impreſſions. Although I ſhew Concern enough, I have, indeed, brought my ſelf to a kind of Inſenſibility; And my Soul, which beholds the moſt doleful Accidents with indifference, is affected with nothing but the good Offices, and conſtant Kindneſs of ſome of my Friends. For theſe Four Years, ſince I have been out of the Kingdom, I have, from Six Months to Six Months, undergone new Hardſhips, which I alleviate as much as I can, by bearing them patiently. I don't love to make

an unprofitable Resistance, which instead of preserving us from Misery, does only retard that Familiarity which, sooner or later, we must contract with it.

Besides, Those in whose Power it is to do all they please, are not so severe upon us, as otherwise they might be, when they see us patiently submit to their Orders. Opposition does but inflame their Anger, without lessening their Power. This Submission to my real Superiours disposes me insensibly to bear with those who are not so; I hear my self censur'd, frequently without Reason, and after a slight Justification, because I would not incense the World by too full a Vindication of my self, I patiently expect that People will at last undeceive themselves; and in truth, while our Disgrace is recent, 'tis much better to wait for a favourable time, than trouble the World with our Apology. Some think it a trouble to make it, and others to hear it; but upon any Change either of Interest or Humour a Man is sometimes extolled to the Skies for that very thing, which occasion'd his Misfortune. There are few Persons at Court whose Reputation I have not observ'd to vary twice a Year, either through the Levity of their Judgments, or the Diversity of their Conduct; I am so vain as to hope that the same thing may befall me; but rather by the Reflections of others, than any Alteration in my self. One Day, or other perhaps, I shall be accounted a good *Frenchman*, for the very same Writing which has drawn an *Odium* upon me; and if the *Cardinal* were still alive, I should have the Satisfaction to know that he justified me in his Conscience: For I have not said one Syllable of him, which he has not said inwardly to himself a thousand times. As I was jealous of the King's Honour, and of the Glory of his Reign,

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I had a mind to describe the Condition we were in before the Peace, that all other Nations might be sensible how much we were Superior to them; and imputing the ill Success of the Negotiation to a Foreigner, might reflect on nothing but our Advantages in the War.

To conclude this melancholy Letter, 'tis a common, but ridiculous Practice of People in Disgrace, to infect all Discourses with the Recital of their Misfortunes; and as they are wholly taken up with these Thoughts, to endeavour to possess every body else with them. The Company of my Lord d'Aubigny, which I am going now to enjoy, saves me this Impertinence, and you the Fatigue, which you must otherwise have expected. With him Joy is of all Countries and Conditions; insomuch that by the Influence of his Conversation, an unfortunate Man becomes too gay, and loses that serious Air, which we ought, in good Manners at least, to preserve in our Misfortunes.

A L E T T E R

To the Marquis DE CREQUI*.

AFTER having lived in the Constraint of Courts, I take up with the Comfort of Ending my Days in the Freedom of a Commonwealth, where if nothing is to be hoped for, there's at least, nothing to be fear'd. It would be scandalous for a young
 A a 3 Man

* Mr. de St. Evremond wrote this Letter, in the Year 1665, after he was gone back from England to Holland.

Man not to enter the World, with a Design to make his Fortune. But when we are upon the Decline, Nature calls us back to our selves; and the Sentiments of Ambition yielding to the Love of our Repose, we find it a Blessing to live in a Country, where the Laws guard us against the Wills of Men; and where, to be secure of all, we need only be secure of our selves.

To this Blessing we may add, That the Magistrates have a great sway in their Offices, for the Interest of the Publick; but are little distinguish'd in their Persons, by private Advantages: So that here are no odious Distinctions offensive to Men of Breeding; no needless Dignities; no cumberfom Greatness, which cramps Liberty, without enlarging one's Fortune. Here Men in Authority procure our Repose, without expecting any Acknowledgment, or even any Respect for the Services they do us. They are Severe, in the Execution of the Orders of the State; Still in the Management of the Interest of their Country, with Foreign Nations; Mild and tractable with their Fellow-Burghers; Easy with all sorts of private Persons. The Bottom of Equality still remains, notwithstanding Power; and therefore Credit never makes a Man insolent, and the Governors never bear hard on those that are govern'd.

As for Taxes, they are indeed very great; but they are faithfully laid out for the Publick Good, and leave every one the Comfort of contributing only for himself. Therefore the Love People have here for their Country is not to be wonder'd at, since properly speaking, 'tis no more than Self-Love. But I dwell too long on the Government, without mentioning him † who seems to have the greatest

† The Pensionary De Wit.

greatest share in it: To do him Justice, nothing equals his Capacity but his Disinterestedness, and Spirit.

Spiritual Matters are managed with the like Moderation: The Difference of Religion, which in other Places raises so many Commotions does not, in the least, ruffle here the Mind of People: Every one seeks Heaven after his own way; and those who are thought to go astray, are more pined than hated, and bespeak from others a pure Charity, free from the indiscretion of mistaken Zeal.

As there is nothing perfect every way in this World, we find here fewer Polite Persons, than Men fit for Business; and more good Sense in the Management of Affairs, than Delicacy in Conversation. The Ladies are very civil, and the Men are so easy as not to take it ill of one, if he prefers their Wives Company to theirs. The latter are sociable enough for an *Amusement*; but have not Vivacity enough to disturb a Man's Repose. Not but some of them are very lovely; but then there is nothing to be expected from them; which may be ascrib'd either to their Discretion, or to their natural Coldness, which serves them instead of Virtue. Whatever may be the Reason of it, we find in *Holland* a certain Reservedness generally establish'd, and I know not what Tradition of Chastity, which passes from Mother to Daughter, like an Article of Faith.

'Tis true, they do not find Fault with the Gallantry of young Women, who are honestly allow'd to use all innocent Helps to get Husbands. Some conclude the Course of their Gallantry in a happy Marriage; while others, more unfortunate, feed themselves with vain Hopes of a Condition, which is daily put off, and never comes. These long Amusements, however ought not to be imputed to any meditated Design of Infidelity.

A Man finds himself disgusted at long run; and a Disguſt for his Miſtreſs breaks his Reſolutions of making her his Wife: Thus fearing to paſs for a Deceiver, he has not Courage enough to break off, at the ſame time, when he is not willing to come to a Concluſion; And ſo what by the Power of Habit and long Acquaintance, what out of a fooliſh Vanity of being thought conſtant, a Man makes a ſhift to keep up languiſhingly the miſerable Remains of a worn-out Paſſion. Some Examples of this nature, have put very ſerious Reflections into the Heads of ſome young Women, who conſider Marriage as an amorous Adventure, and their natural Condition as the true State in which they ought to continue.

As for the Wives, when they are once within the Circle of Marriage, they think they have no Right to diſpoſe of themſelves, and ſeem to know nothing in the World, but barely their Duty. They would make it a Conſcience to allow themſelves the Liberty of Affections which the chaſteſt Women reſerve to themſelves in other places, without any regard to their Obligations, or Dependance. Here the leaſt Liberties for Infidelity; and Infidelity, which paſſes for a genteel Merit in agreeable Courts, is reckon'd the fouleſt of all Vices with this honeſt Nation, which is very wiſe as to the Conduct of its Government, but unexperienc'd as to refined Pleaſures, and a polite way of Living. The Huſbands reward the Fidelity of their Wives, by a great Subjection; and if contrary to this receiv'd Cuſtom, a Man ſhould affect to be Lord and Maſter in his own Houſe, the Wife wou'd be pitied by all her Neighbours, as the moſt unfortunate of her Sex; and the Huſband exclaim'd againſt as a very ill-natur'd Fellow.

A wretched Experience has given me Judgment enough, at my own Expence, to diſtinguiſh between

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between these things, and makes me regret that time wherein we receive more satisfaction from Sense than Knowledge. Sometimes I call to mind what I have been, to re-animate what I am at present; and from this remembrance of my former Sentiments, is form'd a certain Disposition to Tenderneſs, or at least a Removal from Indolence. A happy Tyranny that of our Passions, which make up all the Pleasures of our Lives! An irksome Empire that of Reason, if it robs us of all our agreeable Thoughts, and keeps us in an unprofitable Idleness, instead of establishing a true Repose!

I will not trouble you with a long Account of the *Hague*: 'Tis enough to tell you, that Travelers are charm'd with it, after they have seen the Magnificence of *Paris*, and the Rarities of *Italy*. On one side you see a Walk to the Sea, worthy of the Grandeur of the old *Romans*: On the other you enter a Wood, which is the most agreeable one that ever I beheld in my Life. In the very same place you see Houses enough to make a great City, and Rows of Trees sufficient to make a delicious Solitude. At certain private Hours, you find here all the innocent Pleasures that the Country affords; at that of publick Meeting, all the busie Chat and Noise, which the most populous Cities are able to furnish. Their Houses are more free than in *France*, at the appointed Times for receiving Company; but more reserved than in *Italy*, when too exact a Regularity obliges Strangers to withdraw, and reduces the Family to a close way of Living. We now and then go to make our Court to the young * Prince, who

* The Prince of Orange, (afterwards King William III.) who was then but 14 Years of Age.

who will have Reason to complain of me, for telling you only, that a Person of his Age and Quality was never Master of so good a turn of Wit. To say all, I must tell you Things that would not be believ'd; and by a secret impulse of Self-Love, I chuse rather to pass over in silence what I know, than not be believ'd in Acquainting you with what you know not.

A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

*The Duke of CANDALE. and
Monsieur de St. Evremond.*

I Do not pretend to entertain the Publick with my own Affairs. The World has no Concern to know the Misfortunes and Accidents that have befallen me; But no Man, that is not in the Spleen, can take it ill, If I make some Reflections upon my past Life, and divert my Mind from melancholy Thoughts, to those that are not altogether so disagreeable. However as it is extremely ridiculous for a Man to talk always of himself, altho' it be to himself; to avoid this Impertinence, I will introduce several Persons of great Merit into this Discourse, the very Remembrance of whom will give me more Satisfaction than I can expect from any Conversation, since I have had the Misfortune to lose that of my Lord

* *D'Aubigny.*

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* *He died in 1665.*

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At the time of the Prince of Condé's * Imprisonment, I had a great Intimacy with the Duke of Candale. This Commerce had nothing of Design or Interest in it; but was purely occasioned by Pleasures and Good-Fellowship, and entertained by the bare Satisfaction we took in one another's Company. He had formerly lived in a strict sort of an Amity with Moret †, and the Chevalier de la Vieuville; which Vincuil call'd the League, by way of Ridicule. Nor was this Nick-Name altogether undeserv'd: For they improved a Thousand Trifles into Secrets, made Mysteries of the most insignificant Nothings; and met together in private, at least Ten times a Day, without any other Pleasure, than that of being separated from others. It was my good Fortune to be admitted into their Confidence, which, at last, broke off without any Occasion for a Rupture on either side.

Monfieur de Vardes, when he went to the Army, had left behind him a Mistress at Paris, who was one of the most agreeable † Women in the World: She had formerly had a Lover, and had been in Love her self; but as her Tendernefs was wholly exhausted in her first Amours, it was impossible for her now to have a real Passion; so that she studied nothing but down-right Gallantry, which she manag'd with great Art and Address, and cover'd with an Air of Simplicity; making the Easiness and Freedom of her Wit pass for Ingenuoufness and Plainness. As her History was well known, she had not the Assurance to set up for a Person of Vertue; and, instead of making a great Figure in the World, she chose
a re-

* In the Year 1650.

† Count Moret, eldest Brother to the Marquis de Vardes,

‡ Madam de St. Loup.

a retir'd Life; to which the present Circumstances of her Fortune induc'd her, and carried on this seeming Negligence with a great deal of Cunning. She never went to the *Louvre* to dispute Gallants with those young Beauties, which make so great a Noise in the Town; but had Address enough to disengage a Lover from their Charms; and was no less industrious to preserve, than she had been to gain him. She would not suffer him to maintain the least Correspondence with any Woman of tolerable Beauty; and if he perform'd but common Civilities to his Friends, she would reproach him with throwing away that Love upon others, which was only due to her self. Private Pleasures made her fear the Loss of her Lover; and she was afraid of being forgotten in Publick Diversions. Above all, she exclaim'd against the Entertainments of the † *Commandeur*, in which Men breath'd a certain Air of Freedom, inconsistent with a nice and refin'd Passion; in short, if all your Applications and Thoughts did not center in her, she complain'd of being abandoned; and because she protested that she was wholly yours, she expected that you should be entirely devoted to her.

Monsieur *de Vardes* being absent, could not maintain himself long in the Affections of so tyrannick and humourfom a Mistress. She surrendered her self, at first Sight, to the young Duke of *Candale*: Nay, 'tis said, that her Design preceded the Impression which his Presence made, and that she had resolved to possess him, before she had seen him. Monsieur *de Vardes* was sensibly touched at this Alteration in her, knowing it would rob him of a Pleasure that was very dear

to

* He means the *Commandeur de Souvré*.

to him; however, like a Man of Honour, he made no Noise about it, looking upon the Duke of Candale with the Discontent of a Rival, and not the Hatred of an Enemy.

Moret, whose Gravity personated *Honour* in every Thing, looked upon himself as injured, in the Person of his Brother, and improved that into a real Affront, which the Party concerned took only for a bare Disappointment. His Complaints, at first, ran in a high Strain; but finding them ill received in the World, he altered his Language, without altering his Conduct. He said, he was a very unhappy Man, to be so little regarded by a Person, for whom he had all his Life so profound a Veneration; That the Duke of Candale was little to be pried; That he would find those that better deserved his Friendship; and that 'twas with a great Concern that he saw himself obliged to look out for others, upon whom he might securely depend. After this rate he talked in all Companies, with a seeming Modesty, which is a surer Evidence of Vanity, than a moderate degree of Assurance. As for the Chevalier de la Vieuville, he looked upon himself to be disobliged, as soon as Moret thought so too; and partly by the natural Heat of his Temper, and partly to please his Friend, he carried these Expostulations higher than ever.

I kept the Duke of Candale Company as usual; and as he could not be without some one or other to unbosom himself to; he soon made me the Confident of his Complaints, upon the Behaviour of these Gentlemen, and shortly after of his Passion for Madam de St. Loup. In the Heat of this new Confidence, he communicated to me the most trivial Things that beset him; which, though they appear weighty Things to a Lover, are yet very indifferent to those that are obliged

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to hear them. I seemed, however, to receive them, as Things of great Importance, though, in truth, I looked upon them as impertinent Trifles. But his Humour was agreeable, his Deportment obliging, and his Air so noble, that I took a Pleasure to behold him, at the same time when I took little or none at all to hear him talk. Till then, I had not the least Design in my Correspondence with him. But when I found I had some Authority with him, I thought it would not be amiss to manage and cultivate the Friendship of a Person, who was one Day to make a considerable Figure in the Kingdom; and so I made it my particular Business to study him, and omitted nothing to engage him, on his most sensible side. I commended his Mistress, without betraying my Opinion, for indeed she seemed to me exceeding amiable; and I blamed the Behaviour of *Moret*, and of the *Chevalier de la Vieuville*, who, in my Judgment, had no manner of Reason for what they did.

There are certain Insinuations, which the least artificial Man may honestly make use of; and there is a Complaisance to be practised, on occasion, as far distant from Flattery, as it is from ill Nature. As I knew the Duke of *Candale* to be amorous in his Temper, I took care to suit my Conversation to it, and to entertain him with the most tender Things I knew. His Humour was sweet and delicate, and his Judgment was exact enough in Things that required no great Profoundness of Thought to dive into them. Besides his natural Inclination, he bent his whole Study that way, and I industriously furnished him with proper Subjects, to employ that Talent upon. Thus when we parted from one another, we did it without any of those Disgusts, in which Conversation generally ends; and as he was pleased with

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with me, because he was better pleased with himself, he daily encreased his Affection to me, in Proportion to his being more delighted with himself.

Those who expect Docility in others, seldom established the Superiority of their Judgment, without discovering a troublesome, imperious Temper. Merit does not always make an Impression on the most honourable Persons; every one is jealous of his own Deserts, so that we cannot easily suffer those of another. A mutual Complaisance, for the most part, gains our Affections; nevertheless, since we give this way, as much as we receive, the Pleasure of being flatter'd is sometimes dear-bought, by the Violence we put upon our selves, to flatter others. But he that commends, without expecting a return of the Compliment, doubly obliges us, by giving his Commendations, and dispensing with ours. 'Tis a great Secret, in a familiar Commerce with other Men, to turn them, as far and as honourably we can, to the side of Self-Love. When a Man finds a fit Opportunity to examine them, and makes them sensible of some Talents in themselves, which they knew nothing of before, they are secretly pleased at the Discovery of this concealed Merit, and are so much the more unwilling to part with us, as they desire to be agreeable to themselves. I may, perhaps, justly incur Censure for quitting particular Things, to enlarge upon general Observations; and, indeed, I should have been more careful to avoid it, if I could entertain the Publick with Affairs of great Importance. But as I only pretend to talk to my self upon Matters of little Consequence, I do by my self, as I have frequently done by others; and aiming at nothing else, but barely to please my self, I employ my Invention to find out matter of Satisfaction. I will, therefore,

therefore abandon my self to my Fancy, provided it does not carry me into Extravagancies; for Irregularity and Constraint ought to be equally avoided; but because I will not ramble too far, return to the Narration I begun.

The first thing the Court did after the Confinement of the Prince of Condé, was to go with some Forces into *Normandy*, to turn the Dutcheſs of *Longueville* out of that Province, and to lodge thoſe Governments in other Hands, which were then poſſeſs'd by the Creatures of that Family. I took this Journey with the Duke of *Candale*, and for Two Days together, when the Roads and Weather were extreemly bad, we were ſcarce one Hour aſunder; and our Converſation was ſo much the more entertaining, as it ran upon Variety of Matters.

After we had talk'd of his Amours, and thoſe of other Perſons, till the Subject was quite exhausted, and had diſcourſ'd indifferently of all ſorts of Pleaſures, we fell inſenſibly into the miſerable Condition, wherein the Prince was at preſent, after he had acquir'd ſo much Glory in the World, and had paſſ'd through ſo many conſiderable Poſts. I told him, ' That ſo great and ſo unfortunate a Prince ought to be univerſally lamented; that, in Truth, his Conduct had been ſomewhat diſreſpectful to the Queen, and no leſs diſobliging to the Cardinal; but that theſe were Faults againſt the Court, and not Crimes againſt the State, which ought not to obliterate thoſe important Services that he had done the Nation in general; that his Services had ſupported the Cardinal, and ſecur'd him in that Power, which his Eminence now employ'd to ruin him; That *France* had, perhaps, been reduc'd to the laſt Extremities in the beginning of the Regency, had it not been for the Battle of *Rocroy*, which was intirely

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owing to the Prince's Conduct; that all the ill Steps the the Court had made after the Battle of *Lens*, were without his Privity and Direction, and that he alone had retriev'd Affairs in the War of *Paris*; That after so many signal Services, the Offence he had given, was wholly to be charg'd on the Impetuosity of his Temper, which he was not Master of; but that all his Designs and Actions manifestly tended to the Grandeur of the King, and Advantage of the whole Nation. I don't know, *continued I*, what the Court propose to gain by his Confinement; but this I am certain of, that nothing cou'd be more welcome to the Spaniards.

I am oblig'd, says the Duke of Candale, to the Prince, for a Thousand Civilities I have receiv'd from him, notwithstanding his Spleen against the Duke of *Espernon*, my Father. However, I have, perhaps, shew'd too grateful a Sense of such light Obligations; and I know full well, that I have been blam'd for not engaging my self far enough in the Interests of my Family. But let the World say what they please, all those Discourses shall not hinder me from being his most humble Servant; neither shall his present Disgrace keep me from being so still. But considering in what Circumstances I stand at Court, I can only grieve in Private for his Misfortunes: This, indeed is unserviceable to him in his present Condition, but it might be fatal to me, if I made it appear.

You have express'd your self on this Occasion, said I to him, like a Person of Honour, and 'tis so much the more generous in you, because the Imprisonment of the Prince is the most advantageous thing you cou'd have desired. I look upon you at present, to be the most considerable Person in *France*, if you have a mind to be so; our Princes of the Blood are sent to the *Bois de Vincennes*, from whence, in all Probability, they

' will not come out in haste. Monsieur de Turenne,
 ' and Monsieur de Bouillon, are gone off to serve
 ' them. The Duke of Nemours, as much a Man
 ' of Honour as he is, signifies just nothing, and
 ' does not know at present what Party to take.
 ' The Duke of Guise is a Prisoner in Spain; all the
 ' rest of our Noblemen are either suspected, or
 ' neglected at least, by the Cardinal. As Affairs
 ' stand at present, if you don't put a just Value
 ' upon the eminent Rank you hold in the World,
 ' and the good Qualities of your Person, do not
 ' blame Fortune in the least, but e'en thank your
 ' self, for being wanting to your self. He listen'd
 to me with great Attention; and being more af-
 fected with my Discourse than I imagin'd he
 wou'd have been, he thank'd me very heartily for
 the Hints I gave him. He told me frankly,
 That his Youth and his Pleasures had hitherto
 hindred him from applying himself to Business;
 but that he was resolv'd to shake off this lazy,
 unactive Life, and to set every Wheel a going,
 in order to make himself considerable. I will,
 continued he, communicate a Secret to you, which I
 never yet imparted to any one; You cannot imagine how
 much I am in the Cardinal's good Graces. You know,
 that he intends I shou'd marry one of his Nieces, and 'tis
 commonly believed, that his good Inclinations to me are
 grounded upon the Project of this Alliance. I my self
 ascribe part of his Kindness to it; but either I am ex-
 ceedingly mistaken, or else he has an unaccountable Fond-
 ness for my Person. I will trust you with a greater Se-
 cret still than this, which is, that I don't perceive in my
 self the least Inclination to love him; and to deal plainly
 with you, I am as cold to his Eminence, as his Emi-
 nence is to the other Courtiers.

' I had much rather, said I to him, that you real-
 ' ly loved him, for you'll find it a difficult Matter
 ' to conceal your true Sentiments from a Person

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of his Penetration. If you will be advis'd by me, see him but seldom in private; and when you are oblig'd to do it, entertain him with your Devotion to him in general, without descending to nice Particulars, which may give him Leisure to sift you, and an Opportunity to know you. When the King and Queen are with him, when he seeks to divert himself with the ordinary Courtiers, never fail to make your Appearance among them; and there endeavour, by the most complaisant and winning Carriage towards him, to secure that Friendship, which he is so dispos'd, on his part, to cultivate. If he was really inclin'd to have a Favourite, his Familiarity wou'd be very advantageous to you; but as 'tis impossible his Affection shou'd be so disinterest'd, as not to be mixt with Design, a frequent Correspondence with him, will make him discover your weak Side, before you are in the least acquainted with his. Let a Person of your Age be Master of never so much Dissimulation, yet he'll find it a great Disadvantage to have all his Actions scann'd by a prying old Minister, who is superior to him, as well by the Eminence of his Post, as that of his Experience. Take my Word for't, Sir, 'tis dangerous to see a Politician too often, when the Difference, and frequently the clashing of Interests will not permit us to repose an entire Confidence in him. If this Maxim ought to be receiv'd by other Nations, much more ought it to be eternally practis'd in ours, where our Penetration to discover others, is much greater than our Dissimulation to conceal our selves. Don't presume therefore that you are able to combat the Cardinal at his own Weapons, or to vie in Cunning and Fineness with him. Be satisfi'd with endeavouring to make your self as agreeable to him, as you can,

' and leave the rest to be brought about by his
 ' own Inclination. Inclination is a pleasant Mo-
 ' tion of the Soul, which is therefore the dearer to
 ' us, because it seems to be purely of our own
 ' Growth. It is the Product of our Tenderneſs,
 ' which fondly cheriſhes it with Pleaſure; in
 ' which Particular it differs from Eſteem, which
 ' is of foreign Extraction, and maintains the
 ' Ground it has won upon us, not by the Favour
 ' of our own Opinion, but by the Juſtice we are
 ' oblig'd to pay to virtuous Perſons.
 ' ' We ſhall, in all Probability, ſhortly ſee the
 ' time, when the Cardinal will have Occaſion for
 ' the Services of thoſe about him: Therefore you
 ' muſt make your ſelf conſider'd by him as a ſer-
 ' viceable Man, after you have gain'd his Love by
 ' being agreeable. The ſureſt way for you to be
 ' entirely in his Favour, is to let him ſee, that by
 ' making you his Friend, he will conſult his Inte-
 ' reſt, as well as gratify his Affection; and you
 ' will infallibly ſucceed in your Deſign, by pro-
 ' miſing him the Aſſiſtance of the Credit and Au-
 ' thority which you will gain, by ſteering a dif-
 ' ferent Courſe from that of the Duke of *Eſpernon*;
 ' without departing from his Interests, which
 ' ought always to be your own. 'Tis happy for
 ' you, that Nature has given you a Humour di-
 ' rectly oppoſite to his. Nothing in the Univerſe
 ' can be more contrary than the Sweetneſs of your
 ' Temper, and the Auſterity of his; than your
 ' complaiſant Carriage, and his ſplenetick Rough-
 ' neſs; in ſhort, than your inſinuating Addreſs,
 ' and his haughty imperious Behaviour. Let me
 ' therefore adviſe you to follow your own natural
 ' Temper, but take care not to be miſ-led, by any
 ' Blaze of falſe Glory. It is no eaſie Matter to di-
 ' ſtinguiſh the falſe from the true: An ill-grounded
 ' Haughtineſs often paſſes for Greatneſs of Soul;
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'and as we are too nice in whatever regards our
'Quality, so we shew less Concern than we
'ought for great Things, which better deserve
'our Consideration. The true Character of the
'Duke of *Espernon*, unless I am mightily mistaken,
'is this: In the Respect that he demands, in the
'Devoirs that are paid him, he can easily forget
'what is owing to the *Gouverneur*, and to the * *Co-*
'*lonel*, provided you pay that to the Duke of
'*Espernon* which does not belong to him. I don't
'pretend that Persons of great Quality ought not
'to value themselves upon being distinguish'd by
'their Rank, but then they should endeavour to
'merit this Distinction, and not presumptuously
'arrogate it to themselves.

'It would be a scandalous Thing, for a Man
'tamely to part with any Privileges acquir'd by
'the Merits and Reputation of his Predecessors:
'Nor can he maintain these Rights with too much
'Resolution, when he is left in Possession of them;
'but it is not the same with new Pretentions,
'which are to be establish'd by a nice obliging
'Address, before the World takes any notice of
'them. In such a Case, we must first make our
'Application to others, that they may afterwards
'insensibly do the same by us; and, instead of
'assuming by Arrogance, what may be deny'd
'with Justice, a Man of true Conduct will leave
'no Method untry'd, to procure that to be given
'him, which he does not demand.

'Be complaisant, obliging, and liberal; let
'every Man find with you, both his Convenience
'and Satisfaction, and the World will, of its own
'accord, put that into your Hands, which you
B b 3 ' will

* The Duke of *Espernon* was then *Gouverneur* of *Guienne*,
and *Colonel* (or *General*) of the French *Infantry*.

' will unsuccessfully demand by an affected
 ' Haughtiness. No one thinks it much to pay
 ' Respect, when it comes voluntarily from him,
 ' because it lies in his Power whether he will pay
 ' it or no; and because he thinks he rather gives
 ' you Testimonies of his Friendship, than of his
 ' Duty. The Jealousy of maintaining one's Li-
 ' berty, is common to all Mankind, but different
 ' People make it to consist in different Things.
 ' Some throw off all manner of Superiority; and
 ' with some others, the Choice of their Superiours
 ' supplies the Place of Liberty. The *French*, par-
 ' ticularly, are of this Humour; equally impa-
 ' tient of Authority and Freedom: They won't
 ' have a Master put upon them, without Relu-
 ' ctance; nor can they continue their own Ma-
 ' sters, without Disgust. This makes them consi-
 ' der how to bestow themselves; and being over-
 ' satisfied with the disposal of their own Wills;
 ' they submit with Pleasure, to a Master of their
 ' own choosing. This, generally speaking, is our
 ' natural Temper, which you ought to consult,
 ' rather than your own, in the Conduct you are
 ' to observe in the World.

' There are Two Things among us, which di-
 ' stinguish a Man from the rest of the World;
 ' the first is the open Favour of the King; the
 ' second, an acknowledg'd Merit in War. Fa-
 ' vour, which in *Spain* does not abate the Pun-
 ' tilios about Precedency, removes abundance of
 ' Contests in *France*, where every one wholly
 ' pursues his own Interest, under the specious Pre-
 ' tence of honouring the Confidence or Inclina-
 ' tion of his Prince. The most corrupted Per-
 ' sons, whose Number is very great, carry their
 ' Servitude, where they hope to find their For-
 ' tune; and those who least devote themselves to
 ' others, yet, for all that, pretend to some Merit

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by their Submissions. There are, indeed, Men
of false Generosity, that take a Pride in despising
the Ministry : And there are fierce Spirits, that
think themselves Men of Resolution ; but we
have few Men of Address and Dexterity enough
to maintain their Dignity in the management of
their Affairs. To take it right, the Favourites,
with us, carry the World before them, if the
Court does not depart from its receiv'd Maxims.
As for Martial Merit, 'tis of extraordinary Im-
portance ; and when a Man has worthily com-
manded great Armies, the Impression of this
Authority still continues with him, and keeps its
Ground, even at the Court it self. We honour,
with Pleasure, a General, under whom we have
acquir'd Honour ; and even those, who gain'd
but very little of it, in their softer Moments
remember, with Delight, their past Fatigues.
We entertain our selves with our past Actions,
though we are idle for the present ; we call to
mind the Dangers we have run, in times of Se-
curity ; and the Image of War never presents it
self to us, even in Peace, but we think both
of the Command that has been exercis'd over
us, and the Obedience we have paid. Now 'tis
this Merit of War, which you ought to be am-
bitious to attain ; this should be the Scope of all
your Endeavours, in order to get, one Day,
the Command of an Army. A Post so Noble,
and so Glorious, equals Subjects to Sovereigns
in Authority ; and as it sometimes makes a pri-
vate Man a Conqueror, it may make the great-
est Prince the most miserable Man upon Earth,
if he neglects a Vertue so necessary to support
his Fortune. After you have carefully regulated
your Conduct for the Court, and animated your
Ambition for the Wars, it will then be necessary
for you to procure your self Friends, whose

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' well-establish'd Reputation may contribute to fix
' yours, and who will cry up your new Applica-
' tion to Business, when they see you give your
' self up to it in good earnest.

' Of all the Men I know, there are none
' whom I should desire you to be more thorough-
' ly acquainted with, than Monsieur de * Pa-
' luau, and Monsieur de † Mioffens. The intimate
' Friendship I have, both with the one and the
' other, may, perhaps, incline you to suspect that
' I am partial in their Commendation; but I de-
' sire you to believe no such Matter; and take
' my Word for't, you will not easily find Two
' Persons of their Sincerity, and Honour, in the
' World. I own to you, however, that the Mar-
' quis de || Crequi's Friendship, seems to me pre-
' ferable to any other. His generous and lively
' Warmth for his Friends; his plain and unaffe-
' cted Sincerity, make me have an infinite Esteem
' for him. Besides his noble Ambition, his Cou-
' rage, his Genius in Military Affairs, and his
' Universal Knowledge, and a very particular
' Consideration to Friendship. We may give him,
' without the least Partiality, that noble Character
' which was bestow'd upon one of the Ancients,
' *Ita ut ad id unum natus esse videretur quod aggredie-*
' *retur.* When his Choice determin'd him to his
' present Employment, Nature had equally pre-
' par'd him for all; he being capable of a hun-
' dred different Things, and as fit for any Pro-
' fession as his own. He might acquire Reputa-
' tion

* Philip de Clerembaut, Count de Paluau, was made a Marechal of France in 1653, and died in 1665.

† Cæsar Phœbus d'Albret, Count de Mioffens, who was made a Marechal of France in 1653. and died in 1673.

|| Francis de Grequi, Marquis de Marines, who was made a Marechal of France in 1668,

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tion by Learning, if he had not resolv'd to gain
 it wholly by Arms. A noble Principle of Am-
 bition does not admit little Vanities: However,
 he is not lefs Curious for it; and as in his pri-
 vate Studies he finds a particular Pleasure in im-
 proving himself; fo to the great Advantages of
 his Knowledge, he joins the Merit of conceal-
 ing it difcreetly. Perhaps you would not expect
 to find thefe Abilities in one of his Youth, which
 we feldom meet in the moft advanc'd Age; and
 I own, that by a favourable Prepossession, we
 fometimes beftow an Esteem upon young Men,
 which they don't deferve; but then fometimes
 we are too flow in doing Juftice to their Merits;
 forgetting to commend what they have wor-
 thily perform'd in a time of Exercife and Action,
 to praife them for what they have done in their
 Retirement and Solitude. We feldom propor-
 tion Reputation to a Man's Vertue; and I have
 feen a Thoufand Men in my time, that have
 been esteem'd either for a Merit which they
 were not then in Poffeffion of, or for that which
 they had already loft: But in the Marquis de
 Crequi, the Cafe is quite otherwife. Whatever
 great Expectations he gives us of what he may
 be hereafter, he lets us fee at prefent, enough
 to fatisfy the moft difficult; fo that he is the
 only Perfon who may defire that which others
 have Reason to be afraid of, I mean the Attention
 of Observers, and the Delicacy of good Judges.
 A Prime Minifter, or Favourite, who would
 make it his Buftnefs to find out at Court, fome
 Perfon worthy of his Confidence, could not, in
 my Opinion, pitch upon a Man that deferves it
 more than Monsieur * DE RUVIGNY. You
 may,

* The late Marquis de Ruvigni, Father to the Earl of Gallway.

' may, perhaps, find in some others, either bright-
 ' er Parts, or some Actions that have made a
 ' greater Noise than his: But to take a Man al-
 ' together, and judge of him, not by any one Pe-
 ' riod, but the whole Tenor of his Life, I am
 ' acquainted with none, who better deserves our
 ' Esteem, and with whom we may longer main-
 ' tain a Confidence without Suspicion, and a
 ' Friendship without Disgust. Let People make
 ' what Complaints they please of the Corruption
 ' of the Age, there are still faithful Friends to be
 ' found; but the greatest Part of Persons of Ho-
 ' nour have a sort of Rigidity with them, which
 ' tempts People to prefer the Insinuations of a
 ' Pretender, to such an austere Integrity. I have
 ' observ'd in those Gentlemen, whom the World
 ' calls *Solid* and *Wise*, either a cumberfom Gra-
 ' vity, or a tiresom Dulness. Their good Sense,
 ' which, perhaps, has been serviceable to you
 ' once in your Affairs, is so impertinent, as to
 ' disturb your Pleasures every Day. However, a
 ' Man is forc'd, in his own Defence, to keep fair
 ' and even with these Gentlemen, though they
 ' plague him never so much, in Consideration
 ' that he may have an Occasion, one time or
 ' other, to make use of their Service; and be-
 ' cause they never deceive you, when you con-
 ' fide in them, they think they have a right to
 ' teaze you when they please, although you have
 ' nothing to trust them with. The Probity of
 ' Monsieur *Ruvigni*, which makes him altogether
 ' as proper for a Confident as any Body, is at-
 ' tended with nothing but what is easy and free:
 ' He is a cordial and agreeable Friend, whose
 ' Intimacy is solid, whose Familiarity is pleasing,
 ' and whose Conversation is always sensible and
 ' improving.

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'The Confinement of the Prince has driven from the Court a considerable Person for whom I have an inexpressible value, I mean the Duke of *ROCHEFOUCAULT*, whose Courage and Conduct will convince the World, that he is capable of every thing which he has a mind to pretend to. He will now find Reputation in a Place, where his Interest will be but little concern'd; but his ill Fortune will have this good Effect, as to make a full Discovery of that Merit, which the Reservedness of his Temper has hitherto reveal'd to none but the nicest Observers. To whatever unhappy Condition his Destiny may reduce him, you will find him equally free from *Weakness*, and from a *false Resolution*; being cool and fearless, in the most dangerous Circumstances, yet not persevering obstinately to play out a desperate Game, either out of Heat of Resentment, or an indiscreet Bravery. In the common Course of his Life, his Commerce is civil and entertaining; his Conversation just and Polite; all that he says is solid and well digested; and in his Writings, the Easiness of the Expression equals the Clearness of the Thought. I will not say any thing to you of *Monsieur de Turenne*; it would be too great a Presumption in a Private Man, to think that his single Opinion wou'd be consider'd among Publick Testimonies, and that ununiversal Justice which whole Nations have pay'd to his Merit. Besides, it signifies little to entertain you long about Persons who are at so great a distance, and consequently cannot promote your Interest.

I now return to *Monsieur de Palluan* and *Mr. de Miossens*, in order to characterize them by those Qualities, which may either be agreeable or useful to you. You will find in your Acquaintance

' tance with Monsieur *de Palluan*, all the Agreea-
 ' bleness imaginable, and as much Safety and Se-
 ' crecy as you can desire. You must not expect
 ' to find in him the Forwardness of giddy young
 ' Fellows, who pretend to serve you, but whose
 ' Imprudence you have more reason to fear, than
 ' to be fond of their Heat. He will ever do pun-
 ' ctually, what you shall desire of him; and I dare
 ' engage he will be wanting in none of those Of-
 ' fices which a nice Courtier is capable of per-
 ' forming. If your Friendship is but once well
 ' Knit, he will interest himself in your Conduct,
 ' and you will find him more serviceable to regu-
 ' late that by his Advice, than proper to advance
 ' your Affairs by his Vigor. I ever found him a
 ' great Enemy to false Pretenders of Generosity:
 ' and because he has ever ridicul'd the Ostentati-
 ' tion of an affected Probity, some malicious
 ' People have concluded that he is no great Ad-
 ' mirer of Sincerity. But I dare venture to say,
 ' That I never knew in any Man an integrity
 ' more natural, than I have found in him. He
 ' uses no Deceit, no Artifice, no Fineness with his
 ' Friends; he is devoted to the Court, without
 ' any sordid Prostitution; and endeavours to please,
 ' by a Delicacy untainted with Adulation.

' An intimacy with Monsieur *de Mioussens* will
 ' be more advantageous to your Affairs; particu-
 ' larly in this critical Juncture, where almost eve-
 ' ry thing is owing to Industry. He cannot fail
 ' making great Figure at a Court, where there
 ' will be clashing Interests, and great Caballing
 ' He will make no Difficulty of opening himself
 ' to you at first sight, out of hopes that you may
 ' serve him upon Occasion; and if you maintain
 ' a fair Correspondence with him, he will make
 ' it his particular business to have the Honour of
 ' obliging you in all things. Do but shew a lit-

' cle

the Diligence on your side, and you will engage him to mind nothing but your Service; if you are Complaisant, he will be a Flatterer; express an Affection for him, and he will be more sensible of it than you cou'd well believe, or he himself cou'd think to be. Then he quits all Consideration of Interest, and animating himself with all the Zeal of Friendship, he will at last undertake your Affairs with the same vigor as if they were his own. Industrious, punctual, diligent in the Prosecution of them; reckoning for nothing those general Offices by which ordinary Friendships are entertain'd, he will not be brought to believe, that you can be satisfied with him, much less will he be satisfied with himself, till he has most effectually serv'd you. The only danger you run, is, lest you should happen to offend the Niceness of his Humour. A Forgetfulness; an Indifference shown without Design, may occasion his to you in good earnest; a little Raillery upon a Mistress whom he loves, a Discourse of his misconstru'd, or expos'd, pass with him for sensible Affronts; nay, without proportioning his Resentment to the Offence, he will take Occasion perhaps to revenge himself upon you in Things of the greatest importance to you. As no Man living is more capable of setting off and extolling your good Qualities, while he loves you, so no Man better knows how to expose your Infirmities and Defects in the most aggravating manner, than he does, when he thinks you give him a just Provocation to break with you. This is what you have to apprehend from his Humour; but it will be no difficult Matter to avoid it. To make sure of him, you have nothing else to do, but to make sure of your self; and if you shew the least

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‘ Regard to him, I dare engage that he will re-
 ‘ turn it with far greater.

As for Monsieur de Palluan, replied the Duke of Candale, I own to you, that I could like his Humour, as soon as any Man’s in the World; and you will oblige me, since you have so particular a Share of his Friendship, if you will introduce me into his. I have as great an Esteem for Monsieur de Mioffens as you can have. I know well enough, that no Man can be Master of better Qualities; no Man has more Wit, or exerts it more readily, or more effectually than he does to serve his Friends: But he has hitherto shown so disobliging a Behaviour to me, that I am resolv’d never to make any Advances towards an Acquaintance with him. If he had any Inclination to court mine, or if you cou’d contrive a way to bring us together, and lay the Foundation of a Friendship between us, I should take no less delight to see it effected, than I should find my Advantage in it.

Moret and the Chevalier de la Vieuville, had, it seems, possess’d the Duke of Candale with an ill Opinion of him, and he was inclinable enough of himself to receive it, out of a secret Pique of Honour, which made him resent the Imperiousness which Monsieur de Mioffens assum’d with him on all Occasions, and which his unactive and lazy Humour made him think not worth his while to oppose. I would not in this be understood, as if I call’d his Courage in question: For he really did not want it; but the Easiness of his Temper, and his Indifference to all things, had an Air of Weakness in it; particularly on little Occasions, which he did not think important enough to disturb his Quiet. Every Thing of *Eclat*, and which made a Noise in the World, was an Incentive to his Glory; and Glory made him discover the true Use of his Spirit. I have even seen him go farther than he ought to have done for his own Honour,

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nour, after he had slighted little Matters, which however made a Bustle at the end. He was forward enough to hazard his Fortune, nay, and his Life too, when he thought his Reputation was thoroughly engaged; but he gave the World too much Advantage over him, by Supineness; and generally the World carried it too far, by maliciously ridiculing his Conduct, which made him lose the Moderation of his Humour, that was generally soft enough, but always less soft than ambitious.

This is a short Sketch of the Duke of Candale's Character: But as he made Noise enough in the World, to give People a Curiosity to know him perfectly, it will not be amiss to draw him in full Length. I have known but few Men, who had so many different Qualities: But he had this Advantage in the Commerce of the World, that Nature expos'd only those to publick View, that were agreeable, and took care to conceal whatever might create Aversion. I never in all my Life beheld so noble an Air as his: All his Person was agreeable, and nothing came amiss to him that lay within the reach of an ordinary Genius, both for a pleasant Conversation, and Diversions. A small Acquaintance made him be beloved; but it was impossible for one to have a long intimacy with him, without being disgusted; so little care did he take to preserve your Friendship, and so fickle was he in his own: While he was thus indifferent. Men of Address left him without breaking off abruptly, and brought down their Familiarity to a bare Acquaintance. Those of more tender Inclinations, complain'd of him, as some do of an ungrateful Mistress, whom they cannot however part with. Thus the Charms of his Person supported him in spite of all his Defects, and oblig'd even those

those who had been provok'd by him, to have a favourable Opinion of him. As for him, he liv'd with his Friends, as the generality of Mistresses do with their Lovers : Whatever Services you had done him, he ceas'd to love you, when you ceas'd to please him ; being, like them, disgusted with a long Acquaintance, and fond of the Pleasure which a new Friendship gives, as the Ladies are of the tender Delights of a new-born Passion. However, he left his old Engagements without an open Rupture, and you would have given him some Uneasiness, to have broken off entirely with him ; the Noise of such a Separation having something of Violence in it, which was contrary to his Nature. Besides, he was not for excluding the return of an old Friend, who had been either agreeable or serviceable to him. As he was addicted to Pleasure, and interested at the same time, he would come back to you upon the score of your Agreeableness, and court you in his Necessities. He was extremely Covetous, and yet a Spendthrift ; fond of making a great Figure, tho' he did not like the Charge of it. He was Easy, and Vain-glorious ; Selfish, but Faithful and Honest ; Qualities very oddly sort'd, but which, however, met together in the same Person. There was scarce any Thing troubled him more, than to be worse than his Word ; and when Interest, the usual Director of all his Actions, made him break it, he was so dissatisfy'd with himself, that he was ashamed to see you, till he thought you had forgotten the Wrong he had done you. Then he would bestir himself with new Vigour for you, and thought himself secretly oblig'd to you, for having reconcil'd him to himself. If his Interest was not concern'd, he would seldom disoblige you ; but then you were to expect as few good Offices from his Friendship, as Injuries from his

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Hatred ; and 'tis sufficient Matter of Complaint, among Friends, the not having any Thing to commend a Man for, but his doing us no Hurt.

As for the Fair Sex, he had for a long while an Indifference to them, or at least took but little Pains to gain their Affections. When once he appear'd so amiable to them, they soon discover'd that his Indifference was owing rather to them, than to himself ; And being acquainted with their own Interests, they began to form Designs upon a Man who was too slow in executing any upon them. In short, they lov'd him, and then, at last, he knew what it was to love. Towards the latter part of his Life, all our Ladies began to cast their Eyes upon him : The most retir'd of the Sex sigh'd in secret for him ; the most gallant, disputing the Prize among themselves, strove to possess him, as their best Fortune. After he had divided them in their Interests of Gallantry, he reconcil'd them in their Tears for his Death. All felt they lov'd him, and a common Tenderness soon became a general Grief. Those whom he had formerly lov'd, reviv'd the Memory of their old Passion, and fondly imagin'd that they had just now lost, what they had lost long before. Several that were indifferent to him, flatter'd themselves that they would not have been always so ; and accusing Death of preventing their Happiness, they mourn'd for so amiable a Person, of whom they might have been belov'd, had he liv'd. There were some that lamented him out of Vanity ; and Ladies that never knew him, were seen to join their Tears with the Parties concern'd, to give themselves a Merit of Gallantry. But his true * Mistress made her self Famous, by the Ex-

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* *The Countess of Olonne.*

cess of her Affliction ; and had, in my Opinion been happy, if she had kept it on to the last One Amour is creditable to a Lady ; and I know not whether it be not more advantageous to their Reputation, than never to have been in Love.

A LETTER

To the Marquis DE LIONNE ||,

Who had sent me word to write him a Letter which he might shew to the King.

DO not imagine, Sir, that I am over-fond of foreign Countries, because you see me employ so little Care and Industry to procure my Return to my own. It proceeds not from true Supineness : Neither is it occasion'd by a great Affection to the Places I am in, or an Aversion to that where you are. The Truth is, I would not beg of the King the least Alleviation, before I had suffer'd what I ought to undergo, for having been so unfortunate as to displease Him. But, after so many Years Misfortunes and Indispositions, I hope I may be allow'd to lay before you, in what manner I have fail'd ; or, if I dare speak it, clear my self of an apparent Fault.

As

|| Hugues de Lionne, Marquis de Fresne and de Berny, Minister and Secretary of State for foreign Affairs.

As the blaming of those that are opposite to us, is the most nice Commendation that can be given us, I thought I did artfully contribute to the Glory of the Genius that reigns at present, by exposing the Weakness of that which govern'd heretofore. Not but that the Cardinal (*Mazarin*) had commendable Talents: But those *Qualities*, which would have been applauded by Men, consider'd in themselves, are become contemptible by the Opposition of those of the *King*: From whence it comes to pass, That tolerably great Actions are eclips'd by others more shining; That a less Merit, when set near a greater, looks like a Defect; and, consequently, that the King's Glory ruins the Reputation of his Minister: So that to find fault with the despising what his Eminency has done, little differs from being sorry, that what his Majesty performs, is admir'd.

I own, that if the Maxims that were then follow'd, were now put in practise, it would look as if an Approbation of them should be requir'd; And we should immediately give ours, out of respectful Duty: But since they are purposely laid aside, and even the most opposite Schemes pursu'd, there's room for some scrupulousness in not approving what's avoided, and 'tis a Piece of Prudence to reject what so *Wise a KING* thinks not fit to do.

Don't urge to me, That 'tis a Crime to attack the Reputation of a dead Person: For if that be admitted, he who ruins it, would be the first and greatest Criminal himself. When he humbles the Haughtiness of the *Spaniards*, and the Pride of the *Germans*; when he checks *Rome*, and submits himself to the Church; when he supports the Empire against the Power of the *Turk*, at the same time that the King of *Spain* abandons the Emperor, and leaves the Dominions belonging to his Fa-

mily expos'd to the Invasion of the Infidels ; when he makes War with so much Conduct and Valour, and Peace with so much Spirit and Wisdom : What does he do, *I beseech you*, but condemn by *his Actions*, what I have blam'd by *Writing* ; and pass a more severe and more positive Censure upon it before the whole World ?

Never, doubt it, SIR, 'tis the KING himself who has done the Cardinal the Injury that is charg'd on me : His Majesty's shining and admirable Qualities ; his Actions ; his Administration ; his Counsels, have suggested to me the small Idea I have of his Eminence : So that, in my present Condition, I must ask Pardon for a Thing, which 'tis not in my Power to repent of. But what Subject-matter of Complaint has the Cardinal, which is not common with him and all our *former* Kings ? Have not their Reigns the same Fate with his Ministry ? Are not their Atchievements drown'd, and their Reputation eclips'd, like his ?

In former Times, we thought it sufficient to maintain our selves against one Nation, in War with us : But now-a-days, all *Europe*, if one may speak it, in Confederacy, does not find it self capable to resist us. Heretofore we accounted that a glorious Peace, by which some Place or other was restor'd to us ; now the *Spaniards* seek their Safety in the yielding up of whole Provinces : And if *Justice did not ever regulate our Pretensions*, what they yield up would be more considerable, than what they retain. Formerly, our Allies murmur'd for being ill-supported in the War, or abandon'd in the Peace : But in our Days, those who were fallen, through their own Fault, have been rais'd up again by our Assistance ; and the Influence of our Power has made up the whole Greatness of others : To adhere to

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us, is a certain Advancement ; to be divided from us, almost a certain Fall.

As long as the KING shall act as he does, he authorizes me to speak as I speak : If they will have me recant, let him grow remiss ; abandon his Allies ; and suffer his Enemies to retrieve their Forces. In such a Case, I shall become favourable to the Cardinal, and cry up the same Things I have run down : But at this time, when the Nations who adhere to our Friendship, behold with Pleasure our *present Government*, and, on the contrary, the Nations opposite to our Interest, regret, with Grief, our *last Ministry*, all my Reflections confirm me in what I have said ; and my Mind steady in its first Opinion, cannot be diverted to other Thoughts.

If the KING's Tenderness continu'd to the Memory of a Person, who was dear to him : If the Constancy of his Affection for a dead Man, have enclin'd him to take ill what I thought so much to his Advantage, I beseech him to consider, that my Intentions were disappointed. I did not think to offend the Niceness of his Friendship, but rather fancied, that I had exquisite Thoughts for the Advantage of his Glory. Mistakes are excusable in all Things : But an Error that proceeds from so noble and so excellent a Principle, leaves no room for Resentment. Do not think, however, that I hereby design to give Lessons, instead of putting up most humble Prayers ; and instruct His MAJESTY of his *Duty*, instead of submitting to his *Will*. I expect, with a perfect Resignation, his Orders about my Fate ; and I prepare my self, either to acknowledge the *Pardon*, or patiently to suffer the *Punishment*. If he be so Gracious as to put an End to my Miseries, he will add the Dependence of a *Creature*, to the Obedience of a Subject, and soften

the Constraint that binds us, by the Affection which begets our Devotion. But I little consult my Thoughts when I speak at this Rate: The Obligation in which I was born, is to me the strongest Devotion in the World; and *Duty* has the same Charms for me, as Favours might have for others. In most Men, *Subjection* is only an *apparent Docility*; which while it affects a Submissive Air, stirs up inward Murmurings; and with an humble look endeavours, by a secret Resistance, to defend a Remainder of Liberty. It is not the same with me: Nature keeps nothing in Reserve for it self, when Obedience comes in Question: The King's Orders meet with no Sentiments in my Soul that do not either prevent 'em by *Inclination*, or submit to them, without Constraint, by *Duty*. What Severity soever I undergo, I seek a Comfort for my Sufferings, in the good Fortune of him who is the Cause of them; I alleviate the Hardships of my Condition, by the Felicity of his; and nothing can render me unhappy, since nothing can alter the Prosperity of his Affairs.

*The IDEA of a WOMAN that
never was, nor will ever be found.*

IN all the beautiful Persons I ever saw, if some Things were to be admired, there were others not to be touch'd upon, or such as were to be disguis'd with much Artifice; For to speak the Truth, it is hard to commend all, and be sincere. I am oblig'd to *Emilia* for leaving me purely in my natural Temper, equally enclin'd to commend what's commendable, as to keep exactly to the Truth. As she does not stand in need of Favour

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or Kindness, I have no occasion either to conceal or flatter. To her it is owing, that I can now praise without Complaisance; From her it proceeds, that the most prying Observers lose that malicious Nicety, which is only employ'd in seeking out Faults; and as she inspires them with other Thoughts, they pass with satisfaction from their usual Censures, to their real Approbations.

It is certain that the Generality of Women are more indebted to our Flattery, than to their own Merits, for the Praises they receive from us. But *Emilia* is oblig'd only to her self, for the Justice which is done her; and secure that she deserves Praise, 'tis her sole Interest that Men should not conceal it.

And indeed, if her Enemies speak of her, it is not in their power to betray their Conscience, and they confess with as much Truth as Reluctance, the Advantages which they are oblig'd to acknowledge in her: If her Friends enlarge themselves upon her Commendations, it is not possible for them to add any thing to the Merit which affects them. Thus the former are forc'd to submit to Truth, when they would follow the Dictates of their Malice; and the others, with all their Friendship, are but barely just to her; nor is it in their Power to be either Officious or Partial. She therefore expects nothing from Affection, as she fears nothing from Spleen, in the Judgments that are made of her. But since every one is free to conceal his Opinions, *Emilia* may have Reason to fear the Malice of Silence, the only Prejudice that Rivals and Enemies can do her. But let us come from Generals, to a more particular Description of her Person.

All her Features are regular, which but seldom happens: All her Features are regular and agreeable, which is scarce ever seen; for it seems,

that the Caprice of Nature produces Agreeableness from Irregularity, and that compleat Beauties, who have always something to make them be admired, have rarely the Secret to please. *Emilia* has sparkling Eyes, her Complexion is delicate, and smooth, with the best mixture of Red and White that can be imagined. Whiteness of Teeth, and Vermilion of Lips, are Expressions too general for a secret and particular Charm, which I cannot describe. Were it not for her, that fine Turn of the lower part of the Face, wherein the Ancients placed Beauty, would be found no where but in the Idea of some Painter, or in the Descriptions which Antiquity hath left us: And to animate all this, you see in her looks a lively Freshness, a healthful clear Complexion; and such a Plumpness as does not make us apprehend her growing fatter.

Her Shape is of a just Size, well proportion'd, and easie: As far from Constraint, as from that affected Negligence, which makes a Woman's Body look disjointed from the Hips, and spoils a good Carriage. Add to these, a noble Air, a grave, but natural Aspect, neither formal, nor wild. Her Laughter, Speech, and Actions, are all agreeable and decent.

Her Wit is extensive, without being vast; never losing it self so far in general Thoughts, as not to be able to return easily to particular Considerations. Nothing escapes her Penetration; her Discernment leaves nothing unknown: And I can't say, whether she be more ready at unfolding a Mystery, or at making a sound Judgment upon Things that appear. She can keep Counsel, without being mysterious; knowing equally when to speak, and when to be silent. In her ordinary Conversation, she says nothing with study, and nothing at a venture; the least Matters discover

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Attention, and there appears nothing strain'd in the most serious; her liveliest Discourses are exact, and her most natural Thoughts exprest with a delicate Turn: But she despises those lucky Hits that fall from the Mind without Choice, and without Judgment, which as they are generally admir'd; so, for the most part, they make those little esteem'd that speak them.

In all her Person, you see something Great and Noble, which proceeds from a secret relation between the Air of the Face, the Qualities of the Mind, and those of the Soul.

If She follow'd her natural Inclination, She would be too Magnificent; but a just Consideration of her Affairs restrains her, and she chuseth rather to confine the Generosity of her Humour, than to fall into a Condition, where she must stand in need of that of others; equally resolved not to be beholden to those about her, as ready to serve Strangers, and warm for the Interest of her Friends. Not that these Considerations make her quit so Noble an Inclination; she only regulates it in the Management of her Fortune: Her natural Temper, and her Reason, making her disinterested, but not negligent.

Her good Sence and Dexterity, sufficiently appear in her Management of Affairs, where she she engages freely, provided she finds a Prospect of any solid Advantage either for herself, or her Friends. But she hates to act meerly out of a Spirit of Restlessness; being equally averse to busie impertinent Stirring, and to an unactive Laziness, which vainly affects the Name of Tranquillity, to cover a real Carelessness.

After having described so many fine Qualities, 'tis time to see what Impressions they make upon our Soul, and what passes in her own.

She

She has somewhat Majestical, that commands our Respect; somewhat sweet and obliging, that wins our Inclination. She attracts and retains us, and we always approach her with Desires that we dare not to express.

To consider her within, I don't believe her incapable of the Sentiments she gives: But as she has no less a Command over her self, than over you, she masters in her own Heart by Reason, what Respect constrains in yours.

Nature is so feeble in some Souls, that they have not the Power to form any Desires; so boisterous in others, that it produces Transports and Passions: Exact in *Emilia*, it has made the Heart sensible, which ought to be so; and has given to Reason, which ought to command, an absolute Empire over her Motions.

Happy she, that complies with the Tenderness of her Sentiments, without intereſſing the Delicacy of her Choice, or that of her Conduct: Happy, who in a Correspondence establish'd for the Comfort of Life, contents her self with the Approbation of the better sort, and her own Satisfaction; who fears not the Murmurs of the Envious, that are jealous of all Pleasures, and malicious against all Vertues.

We know by an infinite Number of repeated Examples, that the Mind is blinded by Passion; and that Love can never be truly said to have establish'd his Power, till he has ruin'd that of our Reason: But our Admiration of *Emilia* increases, as our Knowledge becomes more refin'd; and that Passion, which always appear'd a Mark of Folly, is here the trueſt Effect of our Judgment.

The great Enemies of *Emilia* are only those that have a false Knowledge of Things; and her Friends are all such as know how to judge with Discretion. Every Man has more, or less Affection

for

for her, according as he has more or lefs Nicety ; and he that can discover every Day fome new Charms in her, to make him be the more in Love with her, is fatisfied, that he improves in his Judgment.

Some Persons have no occafion for fo long an Inquiry, and for fo flow a Study. At the firft fight they are touch'd with her Merit, without the Knowledge of it ; and feel fecret Motions of Esteem, as well as Inclination for her. Scarce has ſhe utter'd fix Words, but they find her the moft reasonable Perſon in the World : No Body ever appear'd to them fo Civil, nor fo Chaſt ; and yet they know nothing of her Behaviour, and Conduct. They frame, as it were, by inſtinct, the moſt advantageous Thoughts of her Vertue ; and when their Reaſon is afterwards conſulted, inſtead of condemning the Surprize, it does but approve ſuch happy and juſt Prepoſſeſſions.

Amongſt the Advantages of *Emilia*, one of the greateſt, in my Opinion, is to be always the ſame, and always pleaſing : For we find, that the gayeſt Humour doth, at length, become tireſom ; the moſt fertile Imagination is at laſt exhausted, and makes you languish with it ; the moſt animated Vivacity, either diſguſts or wearies you. This is the Reaſon why Women ſometimes ſtand in need of ſome Caprices to affect us ; or elſe are oblig'd to relieve their Converſation by ſome Diversions, to revive us. She whom I deſcribe, pleaſes by her ſelf alone, and at all Times ; an eternal Evenneſs never affords us a Quarter of an Hour's Diſtaſte. We are glad if we can find with others, one agreeable Hour ; we ſhould complain to paſs one tedious Minute with her. Viſit her in any Condition, upon any Occaſion, you go to a certain Pleaſure, and to an aſſur'd Satisfaction.

Here

Here is not an Imagination that at first surprises, and soon after tires you. Her serious Moments do not make you purchase a solid Conversation at the Loss of Gayety: Her Reason pleases, and her Judgment is agreeable.

I'll conclude by a Quality, which ought to be considered before all the rest. She is Devout, without Superstition, and without Melancholy; far remote from that Infirmary, which fancies Miracles wrought in every Thing, and, at every turn, is intoxicated with supernatural Nonsense; averse to those solitary Humours, which insensibly diffuse in the Mind a Hatred of the World, and an Antipathy to Pleasure.

She is not of Opinion, that we ought to retire from Human Society, to seek God in the Horrors of Solitude: She doth not believe, that to disengage ones self from a Civil Life, and to break off the dearest and most reasonable Commerce, is to be united to God, but rather to be tied to one's self, and foolishly to pursue one's own Imagination. She hopes to find God amongst Men, where his Goodness is most active, and his Providence appears to be more worthily employ'd; and there she endeavours, by his Assistance, to enlighten her Reason, to perfect her Manners, to regulate her Conduct, both as to the Care of Salvation, and the Duties of Life.

Thus I have given you the Description of a *Woman that is not to be found*, if 'tis possible for one to make the Description of a Thing that is not; 'tis rather the *Idea of an accomplish'd Person*. I would not look for it amongst the Men, because there is always wanting in their Conversation, something of that Sweetness which we meet in that of Women; and I thought it less impossible to find in a Woman the strongest and soundest Reason of Men, than in a Man those Charms and Endearments that are so natural to Women.

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A LETTER

*To the Count DE * LIONNE:*

SIR,

IF I could discharge all the Obligations you have laid on me, by Thanks, I would most humbly return you a Thousand; but since the least of the Pains you have taken for me, is worth more than all the Compliments in the World, I would have you to quit Scores with your self, by the Pleasure which a Man of Honour finds in obliging others. You'll say, perhaps, I am ungrateful: If I am, 'tis not, at least, after the ordinary rate; and knowing, as I do, the Delicacy of your Taste, I believe I shall please you more by a refin'd Ingratitude, than by too common a Gratitude. If, by Misfortune, this way of dealing should not please you, justify me your self; and by what you have done for me, judge of my grateful Sense, which, indeed, is such as it ought to be. Whatever be the Success of your Endeavours, I shall always be infinitely oblig'd to you; for the good Intentions of those who would do me Service, are ever very agreeable and acceptable to me, altho' they prove not successful.

As for the Papers you mention, they are entirely at your disposal; for nothing belongs to us with more Right, than what we get by our Industry.

* First Gentleman of the King's Great Stable, and Nephew to the Marquis de Lionne, Minister and Secretary of State.

Industry. Your Dexterity in making this Theft deserv'd a better Recompence, by making you light on something more Curious. 'Tis impossible to tell me more ingeniously than you do, that † *Emilia* is not much lik'd by the Ladies of Paris. To speak the Truth, she's somewhat *Dutch-built*. Her *Plumpness* inclines me to think that she drinks foggy Beer; and her *Devotion*, that she carries her Bible under her Arm every Sunday. I beg of you not to give any Body a Copy of the little *Pièces* I send you, except the LETTER which the Prince de *Turenne* had ask'd of you, in order to serve me, and which you had done well to have given him before now. I have made some Additions to the DISSERTATION on Mr. *Racine's* ALEXANDER, which makes it appear to me more tolerable than when you saw it. The Earl of *St. Albans* desires to see what's in your Hands, you may gratify his Curiosity; for I have not one Thought, that I would not trust him with.

I should extreamly rejoice to see the Marquis de *Coeuvres's* Son married with the Daughter of the Marquis de *Lionne*, Minister of State, having always been a very humble Servant of both the Fathers. But when I consider that I saw the Marquis de *Coeuvres* married; and his Son, with his Bib, come to the Bishop of * *Laon*, whom he call'd *Papa*, to bid him Good † *Morrow*, I make a melancholy Reflection on my Age; and lifting up my Eyes to Heaven, with a Shrug of the Shoulders, I sing, though not so agreeably as *Noblet*,

Mais

† See the foregoing Idea of a Woman that never was, nor ever will be found.

* The present Cardinal of *Estrées*.

† We should say in English, Ask his Blessing: But that Custom is not used in France.

*Mais helas ! quand l'Age nous glace,
Nos beaux Jours ne reviennent jamais.*

But oh ! when Age benums our Veins,
No longer sprightly Joy remains.

The Report goes here, as well as at *Paris*, that the Peace is made || with *Portugal* ; but this News comes from *Madrid* ; and the *Portuguese* * Ambassador, with whom I play at *Hombre* every Day, has no manner of Account of it from *Lisbon*. Upon the Credit that is given to this Piece of News, he complains that *Portugal* is reckon'd for Nothing : And this is his Reasoning. People, says he, believe the Peace is made, because they know Spain offers us every Thing ; but who knows whether we will accept, even this Offer ? I doubt, whatever comes from the *Castilians*, and will believe nothing, till I have Advice from *Lisbon*. He has dispatched an Express thither about it, and concerning his Business in this Country. The Elector of *Cologne* is incognito at *Amsterdam* ; and the Prince of *Tuscany* will arrive there in few Days. The Prince of *Strasbourg* is at the *Hague*, giving it out, that there will be a Peace ; but few will give Credit to him ; upon a firm Belief, that before the *Spaniards* are come to a full Resolution to treat, the Armies will be in the Field. Do not envy them the Honour of losing patiently : They let us gain what we will ; for by their familiarity with Misfortunes, they do not stir much to prevent them.

This

† It was concluded the 13th of February, 1668.

* Don Francisco de Melos.

This is all you shall have of me at present. What you ask of me, out of Civility, to shew, I suppose, that you remember my Trifles at the Hague, is in such ill Order, and so ill Written, that you could not so much as read it; and, besides, I have good Breeding enough to save you the Tiresomness it would give you. There are, indeed, some Things which I like well enough; but then there are many others to be left out. If you desire to have the Observations I have made on some *Latin* Historians, I will send them to you.

I intreat you to return my hearty Thank to M * * *. What Esteem soever you may have for him, you would value him still more, if you knew him as well as I do. Farewel, Sir; I am by Nature so grateful, that I cannot, either by Design or Study, become an Ingrate; and whatever was my Resolution, at the beginning of this Letter, I cannot end it, without assuring you, I shall, as long as I live, remember the Obligations you have laid on me. I wish it may be a long Time;

*But oh! when Age benums our Veins,
No longer sprightly Joy remains.*

If you did not value your self more upon having Arms and Legs to be broken in the War, than on Writing, I should tell you your Letter is as finely writ as it can be.

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SIR,

IF you do me the Honour to write to me; pray let us leave out this *Sir*, and all other Ceremony that cramps the Freedom of a Commerce by Letters. I must desire you, in the next Place; not to jeer me as you do, by the excessive Commendations you bestow on Trifles. They were the Result of *Idleness*; on which I set no other Value, than with relation to the Amusement they afford me, during some very tedious and melancholy Hours. I wish they may prove likewise an Amusement to you: And; such as they are, I'll not fail sending you, by the next Post, the OBSERVATIONS on Sallust and Tacitus, which I mention'd to you. The First ascribes all to the natural Constitution. With him all Events are the Effects of Men's Tempers; wherefore 'tis his chiefest Care to give us a true Knowledge of Men, by the admirable Characters he has left us. The other, turns all into Politicks, and makes a Mystery of every Thing, ascribing all to Craft and Address, and little or nothing to a Man's Constitution. I then consider how difficult it is; to find in the same Person, a perfect Knowledge of Men, and a profound Skill in Business; and in eight or ten Lines I shew, That Mr. de Lionne, the Minister, has reconcil'd two Qualifications, generally divided, which are found in him in the highest Perfection. It is so excessive cold, that for an Empire I would not write a Sheet of Paper. I'll send you also the DISSERTATION on ALEXANDER, in my Opinion, much more tolerable than as you have it. This is all I can do, in Return for all your Favours.

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I am

I am very much oblig'd to you, for sending me Monsieur Corneille's Translation of the little Latin Poem on the King's * Conquests. I should highly commend the Latin, were I not, in Conscience, bound to commend the French more. Our Language is more Majestick than the Latin of that Piece; and the Verses, if I mistake not, more Harmonious: But 'tis no Wonder, that he, who has added Strength and Majesty to Lucan's Thoughts, should have the same Advantage over a Modern Latin Author. However, I admire more what Corneille has done himself on the King's Return, than his Translation, as admirable as it is. I never saw any Thing finer: And, if we had (in our Language) a Poem of that Strength, I should not much value the Homers, the Virgils; and the Tassos. I account it one of the King's Prosperities, the having a Person, who can so worthily speak of his great Actions.

I desire you to assure Monsieur de Lionne of my most humble Respects. I doubt not but he will be so kind, as to employ his good Offices in my Favour, when Occasion offers; and I expect from you a discreet and well-tim'd Sollicitation, not to importune him, but now and then, to put him in mind of the Affair of your most humble and most obedient Servant.

Monsieur Van Benninghen goes † Ambassador Extraordinary to France; and 'twould be very well for me, if I could return with him.

* Father de la Ruë is the Author of that Latin Poem on the King's Victories in 1667; the French Translation whereof, by Mr. Peter Corneille, is inserted at the End of the Fifth Volume of his Theatre, of the Paris Edition, 1706.

† Viz. Towards the End of February, 1668.

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To the same:

I Should have great Excuses to make to you, for not sending what I promis'd, if it was worth it: But I am ingenious in delaying your being tir'd by my Trifles; wherein I give you a nice Proof of my Friendship. However, I shall over-look your Interest and mine; by transmitting to you the Pieces that are now transcribing. I address one of them to Monsieur *Vossius*, my Literary Friend, and with whom there's more to be learn'd, than with any Man I ever saw in my Life. I'll tell you, in the mean time, that I write to Men of the Sword and Courtiers, as a Wit and a Scholar; and that I converse with the Learned, as a Man that has been a Soldier, and seen the World.

As to the frank Acknowledgment of my Fault, which you mention, I should not have fail'd to make it, if I had design'd to shew what you stole from me: But no Body knows better than you, how far that was from my Thoughts. You will oblige me, by letting me know, whether I may entertain any Hopes of returning to *France*, or must resolve to pass the remainder of my Days in Foreign Countries? Hope is the Source, or, at least, one of the first Causes of Uneasiness; and Uneasiness is tolerable in Love only, where 'tis even pleasurable: For you know the Song,

*Pains of Love are sweeter far,
Than all other Pleasures are.*

Every where else Disquiet is a great Torment. We have not here *Corneille's ATTILA*; and therefore you'll oblige me to send it me, with some
D d 2 of

of *Moliere's* Plays, if there be any new Ones: For the Works of those two Writers are the only Objects of my Curiosity. The Ancients taught *Cornille* to think well; and he thinks better than they. The other learn'd from them the Art of making, in Comedy, excellent Draughts of the Men and Manners of his Age; which had not before been seen on our Stage. I am insensibly become Learned in your Company: I am just now going to receive a Visit from Monsieur *Vossius*, to whom I shall talk of the War in *Flanders*. Farewel, Sir, I first banish'd a tedious Ceremony; I desire you not to take it ill.

I forgot to desire you to assure Count de Grammont, that I am over-joy'd to see him the Protector of the House of † Grammont.

† Count de Guiche having been a long time in Exile, at last obtain'd leave to return to France, by Count de Grammont's Interest. The Pleasantry of Mr. de St. Evremond's Expression runs on Count de Grammont's performing, what the Marechal his Brother had several times unsuccessfully attempted.

To the same.

YOU are none of those who endeavour more to satisfy themselves, as to the Honesty of their Conduct towards their Friends, than to bring their Affairs to a good Issue. Your first Care of mine laid Obligations enough on me: But your Perseverance, and all the industrious Pains you take, give me a sort of Shame; and I should not easily suffer them, if I did not think they may put me in a Condition to come and shew you my

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Gratitude. You know nothing is equal to the
Tenderness of a Man in Disgrace: *And as* I am
naturally pretty sensible of the Favours done me ;
you may judge what ill Fortune has added to this
good Disposition. Of the Temper, and in the
Condition I am, I give my self over to the Im-
pression your Generosity has made on me ; and
this my most soft and tender Pleasure to be touch'd
by it : But sometimes, ungrateful Reflections
would bias my Judgment ; and it comes into my
Head, to examine coolly the Obligations I have
to you. I swear to you, in good earnest, that,
after having consider'd all you do for me, I won-
der how an Acquaintance, which came about by
Chance, could produce such eager Concern in
you, for the Interest of a new Friend.

It seems as if, by a secret Justice, the Relations
of Mr. de Lionne would acknowledge the great
Esteem and Veneration I always had for him.
The Marquis de Leissens Lionne, on his return from
Holland, made my Business his own : But your
Warmth in it still surpasses his. I hope you will
inspire the Marquis de * * * with a Disposition to
favour me ; and that, at last, his Father's good
Offices will have the good Effect you have pre-
par'd. You can't imagine how sensibly I am af-
fected with the new Favour the Marquis de * * *
has receiv'd ; which is owing to the great Services
of the Father, and the great Hopes that are justly
entertain'd of the Son ; I mean the Hopes of the
Services that are expected from him ; for as to
his Merit, it is already grown to Perfection, and
there's no need of expecting any Thing further on
that side.

I had scarce Leisure to cast my Eyes on † A N-
D d 3 D R O.

† One of Racine's Tragedies.

DROMACHE and † ATTILA; however, by the cursory View I had of them, it appears to me that ANDROMACHE has in it some *fine Thoughts*, and that 'tis but one Degree remov'd from the *Great*. Those who shall not go to the Bottom, will admire it; but those who are looking for perfect Beauties, will miss something in it, that shall hinder them from being fully satisfied. You have reason to say, that that Piece has lost much by the Death of *Montfleury*: For it wants great Tragedians, to make up its Defects by Action. But, take it all together, it is a fine Piece, and very much above the *Indifferent*, tho' somewhat below the *Great*. ATTILA, on the contrary, must have got something by the Death of *Montfleury*: For a great Tragedian, (as he was) would have strain'd too high a Part, which is full enough of it self; and his Ferocity would have made too great an Impression on tender Souls. Not but that Tragedy had been admired in the time of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, when fierce and bloody Representations were more relish'd, than the soft and tender. All the Thoughts are just, and I found some excellent Verses in it. As for the Fable, or Plot, of those two Pieces, I had no time to make the least Reflection upon it.

I wish, with all my Heart, that *Corneille* may handle the Subject of *Hannibal*; and if he can bring into his Piece the Conference he had with *Scipio* before the Battle, I fancy he will make them speak like the greatest Men in the World, as they were indeed. I send you herewith the OBSERVATIONS on SALLUST, which I mention'd before; and I will shortly send you the DISSERTATION upon ALEXANDER

† One of *Chrneille's Tragedies*.

DER, both indifferently transcrib'd. As for the Characters, they are so interwoven with the CONVERSATION with Mr. de Candale, that they are inseparable from it, and I cannot yet send that Piece. Farewel: Love me always; and believe I am yours, more than any Body's selfe.

I know not whether Mr. de Lionne will be thought to be as polite, as nice, and as much a Man of Pleasure as he is. When these Qualities produce nothing but a soft Idleness, they suit but ill with a Minister of State; but when a profound Statesman, consummate in Business, can so master them, as to put himself above them, and procure to himself besides, some agreeable, and even voluptuous Leisure, his Merit, in my Opinion, reaches the highest Degree of Perfection.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

Salust and Tacitus.

To Monsieur † VOSSIUS.

I Once intended to have made an exact Criticism upon *Salust* and *Tacitus*; but being inform'd since, that others had done it before me; that I might neither wholly pursue, nor lose my Design,

D d 4

† Isaac Vossius, Son to the famous John Gerard Vossius.

Design, I have reduc'd my Thoughts to one single Observation, which I here send you.

In my Opinion, the latter turns every Thing into Policy; with him Nature and Fortune have very little to do in the Management of Affairs; and I am mistaken, if he does not often assign Causes too far-fetch'd for some Actions, which are altogether simple, ordinary, and natural.

When *Augustus* would set Bounds to the Empire, it is, in his Conceit, out of a jealous Apprehension, lest another should have the Glory of extending it. The same Emperor, if you will believe him, to be secure before-hand that the Roman People will lament his Death, artfully consults for the Advantage of his Memory, by the Choice of his Successor.

The dangerous Temper of *Tiberius*, and his Dissimulation, are known to all the World; But whoever ascribes to that Prince a Craftiness in every Thing, is not sufficiently acquainted with the Temper of Man. Nature is never so much shackled, but that she preserves as great a Command over our Actions, as we can pretend to have over her Motions. Something of one's Temper always enters into the best form'd Designs: And it is not credible, that *Tiberius*, who was for so many Years subject either to the Will of *Sejanus*, or to his own infamous Pleasures, could in that Weakness and disorderly Life, act by so refin'd and mysterious a System of Politics.

The poysoning of *Britannicus* causes not so much Horror at it should, by reason of *Tacitus's* Care to make us observe the Behaviour of the Spectators: So long as the Reader is taken up in considering the different Motions they are in, the indiscreet Fears of some, and the profound Reflections of others: *Nero's* dissembled Coldness, and

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and the secret Apprehensions of *Agrippina*, his Mind is diverted from the Blackness of the Action, and from the sad Image of this Death: Thus the Parricide escapes his Hatred, and the unhappy dying Person misses his Pity.

The Cruelty of the same *Nero*, in his Mother's Death, has too refin'd a Conduct. Altho' *Agrippina* had perish'd by a Court-Intrigue so well manag'd, yet he ought, at least, to have suppress'd half the Art: For, by that means, the Crime finds less Aversion in our Minds; and, if I may speak it, gains upon the Judgment of the Readers, when so much Address and Dexterity are put in the Management of it.

Tacitus, in most places, gives us Pictures too finish'd, where nothing of Art, indeed, is wanting; but he seldom consults Nature, or paints after the Life. Nothing is finer than what he represents; but, frequently, they are Things that ought not to be represented. Sometimes he overshoots the Point by too great a Depth and Penetration: Sometimes, by his too nice Speculations, he robs us of the true Objects, to leave us pleasing Ideas in their room. What may be said in his Favour, is, that, perhaps, he has oblig'd us more than he had done, had he related nothing but gross trivial Things, that were not worth our knowing, and the Truth of which had been of no Importance.

Salust, who was of an opposite Genius, ascribes as much to Nature, as *Tacitus* does to Policy. The greatest Care of the former, is to shew us the Genius of Men, and afterwards Affairs come on naturally, by the Actions of those Persons whom he hath describ'd, which are never far-fetch'd.

If you consider with Attention, the Character of *Catiline*, you will neither wonder at that execrable

crable Design he engag'd in, to oppress the Senate, nor at that vast Project he fell upon, to make himself Master of the Republick, without the Assistance of the Legions. When you reflect on his Pliantness, his Insinuations, his admirable Talent of bringing others to be of his Mind, and uniting factious Persons to himself; when you consider that so much Diffimulation was supported by so much Spirit and Resolution, when there was a Necessity for Action: you will not be surpriz'd, that at the Head of all the ambitious, and corrupted Men, he was so near overturning the Commonwealth of *Rome*, and ruining his Country. But *Salust* doth not content himself with describing Men in their Characters; he makes them describe themselves to us in Speeches, where you always see Nature copied to the Life. *Cæsar*, in his Oration, plainly enough gives us to understand, that the Conspiracy did not displease him. Under the Zeal which he pretends, for the Preservation of the Laws, and the Dignity of the Senate, he lets us see, he had a secret Inclination for the Conspirators: He is not so careful to conceal his Opinion of a Future State; the Gods are less consider'd by him, than the Consuls; and, in his Conceit, Death is nothing but the End of our Torments, and the Repose of the Miserable. *Cato* makes his own Picture, after *Cæsar* has given us his. He speaks like an honest well-meaning Man, but with a morose Air: The Austerity of his Manners is inseparable from the Integrity of his Life; he mixes the Sourness of his Mind, and the Roughness of his Temper, with the useful Counsels he delivers.

That single Expression of *Optimo Consuli*, which vex'd *Cicero* so much, for not giving to his Merit so much as he thought was due to it, makes me fully

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comprehend both the good Intentions, and the vain Humour of that Consul. In short, by the various Descriptions of different Actors, I not only represent to my self the Persons, but I seem to behold all that pass'd in the Conspiracy of *Catiline*.

You may observe the same Thing in the History of *Jugurtha*. The Description of his Qualities, and his Humour, prepares you to see the Invasion of the Kingdom; and three Lines shew his whole Method of making War. You see, in the Character of *Metellus*, with the Restoration of Discipline, a happy Alteration in the Roman Affairs.

Marius leads the Army to *Africk*, with the same Spirit with which he spoke at *Rome*. *Sylla* talks to *Bocchus*, with the same Genius that appears in his Character, little tied to Duty and Regularity, and sacrificing all to his Passion of making Friends to himself. *Deni Parentes abunde habemus, amicorum unquam neque nobis, neque cuiquam omnium satis fuit*. Thus *Salust* makes Men act by their Temper, and thinks he sufficiently obliges his Reader, by describing them well. Every extraordinary Person that is represented, is exactly drawn, even when he has no considerable part in his Subject. Such is the Character of *Sempronia*, which, in my Judgment, is inimitable; nay, he goes out of his way, to give us the Pictures of *Cato* and *Cæsar*, which are really so fine, that I should prefer them to entire Histories.

To conclude my Observation upon these two Authors, Ambition, Avarice, Luxury, Corruption; in short, all the general Causes of the Disorders of the Republick, are very often alledg'd by *Salust*. I know not whether he descends enough to particular Interests and Considerations. One would think, that subtle and refin'd Counsels seem'd

seem'd to him unworthy of the Grandeur of the Republick ; and that is the Reason perhaps, why he traces up few Things to Speculation and Design ; and almost every Thing to the Passions and Genius of Men.

In the History of *Tacitus*, we see more Vices, more Wickedness, and more Crimes by far ; but Ingenuity conducts, and Dexterity manages them ; every one speaks there always with Design ; nothing is acted without Premeditation ; Cruelty is prudent, and Violence discreet. In a Word, the Crimes with him are too delicate ; whence it comes to pass, that Persons, even of the greatest Integrity, come insensibly to relish the Art of Mischiefe, which doth not wholly discover it self at first, and that they learn to become Wicked, before they are aware, while they imagine only to improve in Skill. But to leave *Salust* and *Tacitus*, in their different Characters, I dare affirm that we but seldom meet together, a true Knowledge of Men, and a profound Intelligence of Things.

Those that are brought up in Societies, that speak in Assemblies, learn the Order, the Forms, and all the Matters that are debated in them. Passing from thence, through Embassies, they instruct themselves in foreign Affairs, and there are but few things but what they become capable of, by Application and Experience. But when they come to settle at Court, they are perplex'd and awkward in their Choice of Persons, without any Taste of Merit, ridiculous in their Expences, and in their Pleasures.

Our Ministers in *France* are altogether free from these Defects ; I may affirm it of them all without Flattery ; and enlarge my self a little upon Monsieur de *Lionne*, with whom I am better acquainted.

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'Tis in him, properly, that different Talents are reconcil'd ; 'tis in him we find a curious Knowledge of the Merits of Men, and a consummate Mastery of Business.

To speak the Truth, I have a thousand Times admir'd, how a Minister, who hath confounded all the Politicks of the *Italians* ; who hath disorder'd the steady Prudence of the *Spaniards* ; who hath engag'd so many Princes of *Germany* in our Interests ; and made those, who with so much Difficulty stir for themselves, to act for us, just as we would have them : I have admir'd, I say, how a Man, so dextrous in Negotiations, so well vers'd in Affairs, could have all the Delicacy of our most polite Courtiers, in his Conversation and Pleasures. One may say of him, what *Salust* affirm'd of a great * Person of Antiquity, *That his Leisure is Voluptuous* : But that by a just Dispensation of his Time, with his great facility in managing Business, of which he has got the Mastery, never was any Affair retarded by his Pleasures.

Amidst the Diversions of his Leisure, amidst his most important Employments, he still dedicates some Hours to polite Learning, of which *Atticus* himself, one of the greatest Ornaments of Antiquity, did not acquire a more curious Stock, in the Sweetness of his Repose, and the Tranquillity of his Studies. His Knowledge is Universal ; and Learning, which very often debauches Nature, doth but adorn his ; it throws off, with him, whatever it had of obscure, difficult, uncouth,

* *Sulla* *** *Literis Græcis atque Latinis juxta atque doctissimè eruditus, animo ingenti, cupidus voluptatum, sed Gloriæ cupidior : otio luxurioso esse ; tamen ab negotiis nunquam voluptas remorata, &c.*

Salust. de Bello Jugurt.

uncouth, and gives him entirely all its Advantages, without corrupting the Clearness and Politeness of his Mind. No Man is better acquainted with the Works of the Ingenious than he; no Man writes better; he knows equally how to judge, and how to compose; so that I question whether we ought to esteem more in him, the Solidity of his Judgment, or the Brightness of his Genius. But it is time to leave his, and come to that of the Courtiers.

As they are not only educated, but have their ordinary Residence near Princes, they make it their particular Study to know them well: There is not an Inclination that is conceal'd from them, no Aversion unknown, no Weakness which escapes them. Hence result those Insinuations, Complaisances, and all those curious Measures which compose the Art of winning the Hearts; or, at least, of reconciling the Wills of others; but either through want of Application, or because they look upon those Employments, which instruct a Man in Affairs, to be below them, they are equally ignorant of them all; and their Agreeableness coming to fail with their Age, they must consequently lose their Consideration and Credit. Thus they grow old in the Cabinet, expos'd to the Raillery of the young Men, who can't endure their censorious Humour; with this difference, however, that these, for the most part, act agreeably to their Temper, while the others cannot abstain from those Things that don't become them; and, indeed, the most accomplish'd Person, if he is not in a Post to serve others, will find it a hard Matter to keep himself from being ridiculous in his old Age. But it fares with them, as with our Ladies of Gallantry, who are still pleas'd with the World, when that's no more pleas'd with them. If we were wise, our Disgust
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would be govern'd by that which others have for us; for when once we become unprofitable to the World, and can no longer support our selves by the Merit of pleasing, 'tis high time to think of making a Retreat. Lawyers, on the other side, appear less Genteel when they are young, by a false Affectation of the Court-Air, which makes them succeed in the City, though it renders them ridiculous at Court; but, at last, the true Knowledge of their Interest brings them back to their Profession; and as they become consummate in Business, in time they arrive to considerable Stations, where every Body, in general, stands in need of their Assistance. It is true, those Courtiers who advance themselves to Honours by great Employments, are of consummate Abilities; and their Merit arrives to full Perfection, when to the Nicety of the Court, they joyn the Knowledge of Affairs, and Experience in War.

A D I S.

A DISSERTATION On RACINE's *Tragedy*,

CALL'D

The Grand Alexander.

To Madam * BOURNEAU.

SINCE I have read the *GRAND ALEXANDER*, the old Age of *Corneille* does not so much alarm me; and I am not so apprehensive that the writing of Tragedies will End with him. However, I could wish, that, before his Death, he would adopt the Author of this Piece, and, like a tender Father, give a right Cast to the Judgment of one, who alone deserves to be his Successor. I wish that he would give him a good Taste of Antiquity, which he enjoys to so much advantage; that he would make him enter into the Genius of those dead Nations, and know judiciously the Character of Heroes, that are now no more. This is, in my Opinion, the only thing which is wanting to so great a Genius. Some of his Thoughts are strong and bold; his Expressions equal the Force of his Thoughts: But then you must give me leave to say, that he is not acquainted with *Alexander*, or *Porus*. By his Performance one would think, that he had a mind to

* Wife to Mr. Bourneau, President of the Seneschal's Court at Saumur.

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give the World a greater Idea of *Porus*, than of *Alexander*, in which it was not poffible for him to fucceed ; for the History of *Alexander*, as true as it is, has much of the Air of a Romance in it ; and for an Author to make a greater Heroe than him, is to affect to deal in Fiction, and rob his Work, not only of the Credit of Truth, but the Agreeablenefs of Probability. Let us not therefore imagine any thing greater than this Conqueror of the World ; otherwife our Imaginations will range too far, and foar too high. If we would give other Heroes an advantage over him, let us take from them the Vices which he had, and give them the Vertues which he had not : Let us not make *Scipio* greater, altho' there never was, amongft the *Romans*, a Soul fo aspiring as his ; he fhould be made more juft, more difpos'd to do good, more moderate, more temperate, and more vertuous.

Let not thofe that are moft partial to *Cæfar*, againft *Alexander*, alledge in his Favour, either his Paflion of Glory, Greatnefs of Soul, or Firmnefs of Refolution. Thefe Qualities are fo confpicuously fhining in the *Grecian*, that to have had them in a higher Degree, would have been to have had them to Excefs ; but let them make the *Roman* more wife in his Undertakings, more dexterous in his Affairs, one that better understood his own Interests, and was more Mafter of himfelf in his Paflions.

A very nice Judge of the Merits of Men, is contented to compare to *Alexander*, the Man whom he thought worthy of the higheft Character : He durft not attribute to him greater Qualities, but took away from him the bad : *Magno illi Alexandro par, fed fobrio neque iracundo * fimillimus.*

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* Valleius Paterculus (*Hift. Lib. II. c. 41.*) meaning *Cæfar*.

Perhaps these Considerations influenc'd our Author in some measure : perhaps, to make *Porus* the greater Man, without diving into Fables, he thought it convenient to lessen his *Alexander*. If that was his Design, 'tis impossible for him to have executed it better ; for he has made him so moderate a Prince, that a hundred others may be prefer'd to him, as well as *Porus*. Not but that *Hephestion* gives us a fine Idea of him ; that *Taxilus* and *Porus* himself, speak advantageously enough of his Greatness : But when he appears himself, he has not Force enough to sustain it ; unless, out of Modesty, he had a mind to appear an ordinary Man amongst the *Indians*, in a just Repentance, for having been ambitious to pass for a God amongst the *Persians*. To speak seriously, I can here discern nothing of *Alexander*, but his bare Name ; his Genius, his Humour, his Qualities, appear to me no where. I expect to find in an impetuous Heroe, such extraordinary Motions, as should excite my Passion ; but I find a Prince of so little Spirit, that he makes no manner of Impression upon me.

I imagin'd to find in *Porus*, a Greatness of Soul, which would be somewhat more surprizing to us ; an *Indian* Heroe should have a different Character from one of ours. Another Heaven, if I may so speak, another Sun, and another Earth, produce other Animals, and other Fruits : The Men seem to be of another Make, by the difference of their Faces, and still more, if I dare say so, by a distinction of Reason : Both their Morals, and a Wisdom peculiar to their Climate, seem there to over-rule and guide another sort of Men, in another World. *Porus*, however, whom *Quintus Curtius* describes an utter Stranger to the *Greeks* and *Persians*, is here purely *French*. Instead of transporting us to the *Indies*, he is carried into *France*, where

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where he is so well acquainted with our Humour, that he seems to have been born, or at least to have pass'd the greatest part of his Life among us.

They that undertake to represent some Heroe of ancient Times, should enter into the Genius of the Nation to which he belong'd, of the Time in which he liv'd, and, particularly, into his own. A Writer ought to describe a King of *Asia*, otherwise than a *Roman* Consul; one should speak like an absolute Monarch, who disposes of his Subjects as his Slaves; the other, like a Magistrate, who only puts the Laws in Execution, and makes their Authority respected by a Free People. An old *Roman* should be describ'd furious for the publick Good, and moved by a wild Notion of Liberty, different from a Flatterer of *Tiberius's* time, who knew nothing but Interest, and abandon'd himself to the Slavery of the Age. We should not make the same Description of Persons of the same Condition, and of the same Time, when History gives us different Characters of them. It would be ridiculous to make the same Description of *Cato* and *Cæsar*, *Catiline* and *Cicero*, *Brutus* and *Mark Anthony*, under pretence, that they liv'd at the same Time, in the same Republick. The Spectator, who sees these Ancients represented upon our Theatres, follows the same Rules to judge exactly of them, as the Poet doth to describe them well; and the better to succeed in this, he removes his Mind from all that he sees in Fashion; he endeavours to disengage himself from the Humour of his own Time; and renounces the Inclination of his own Nature, if 'tis opposite to that of the Persons represented; for the Dead cannot entertain our Opinions, but Reason, which is of all Times, may make us entertain theirs.

One of the greatest Faults of our Nation, is to make all Center in it, even to that Degree, as to call those very Persons Strangers in their own Country, who have not exactly, either our Air or Manners. Upon this score we are justly reproach'd, for not knowing how to esteem Things, but by the Relation they have to us, of which *Corneille* made a sad, but undeserv'd Experiment, in his *Sophonisba*. *Mairet*, who describ'd his, unfaithful to old *Syphax*, and in love with the young and victorious *Massinissa*, pleas'd the whole World, in a manner, by hitting upon the Inclination of the Ladies, and the true Humour of the Courtiers. But *Corneille*, who makes the *Greeks* speak better than the *Greeks*, the *Romans* than the *Romans*, the *Carthaginians* than the Citizens of *Carthage* speak themselves: *Corneille*, who is, almost, the only Person that has a true Taste of Antiquity, has had the Misfortune not to please our Age, for representing the true Character of *Asdrubal's* Daughter. Thus to the Disgrace of our Judgments, he that hath surpass'd all our Authors, and has, in this respect, perhaps, even surpass'd himself, by allowing to those great Names all that was their due, could not oblige us to do him the same piece of Justice; being enslaved by Custom, to set a value on those Things the present Mode recommends; and little dispos'd by Reason, to esteem those Qualities and Sentiments, which are not agreeable to our own.

Let us then conclude, after so long a Reflection, that *Alexander* and *Porus* ought to have preserv'd their Characters entire; that it was our business to view them upon the Banks of *Hydaspes* such as they were; not theirs to come to the Banks of the *Seine*, to study our Nature, and speak our Thoughts. The Speech of *Porus* should have had something more unusual, and extraordinary

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in it. If *Quintus Curtius* has made himself admir'd for his Oration of the *Scythians*, where he gives them Thoughts and Expressions natural to their Nation, this Author might have render'd himself as much admir'd, by representing to us, the Rarity of a Genius of another World.

The different Conditions of these two Kings, in which both of them behav'd themselves so gallantly; their Vertue differently exercis'd in the Variety of their Fortune, bespeak the Attention of Historians, and oblige them to describe them to us. The Poet, who was at liberty to add to the Truth of Things, or at least to set them off with all the Ornaments of his Art, instead of using Colours, and Figures to embellish them, hath taken away much of their Beauty; and whether the scruple of saying too much of them, did not suffer him to say enough; or whether 'tis owing to the Barrenness of his Invention, he falls vastly short of the Truth. He might have enter'd into their most private Thoughts, and have drawn from the bottom of those great Souls, as *Corneille* hath done, their most secret Motions; whereas he scarce goes so far as their bare outside, little curious to remark well what appear'd above-board, and little prying to discover what lay conceal'd.

I could have wish'd, that our Author had laid the Stress of his Skill in giving us a just Representation of those Great Men; and that in a Scene worthy of the Magnificence of the Subject, he had carried the Greatness of their Souls as high as it was possible.

If the Conversation of *Sertorius*, * and *Pompey*, had such an Influence upon our Minds, what

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should

* See *Corneille's SERTORIUS, Act III. Scene I.*

Should not we expect from that of *Porus* and *Alexander*, upon a Subject so uncommon? I could likewise have wish'd, that the Author had given us a greater Idea of this War. And, indeed, the Passage of the *Hydaspes* is so strange, that it is hardly to be conceiv'd; a prodigious Army on t'other side the River, with terrible Chariots and Elephants, at that time formidable; the Lightning, Thunder and Tempests, which occasion a general Confusion; and, above all, when so large a River must be pass'd over in Skins; in short, a hundred dreadful Things, which astonish'd the *Macedonians*, and which made *Alexander* say, That at last he had found a Danger worthy of himself; all this, I say, ought to have rais'd the Imagination of the Poet, both in the Description of the Preparations, and the Recital of the Battle.

However, he scarce mentions the Camps of these two Kings, whom he robs of their true Character, to enslave them to imaginary Princesses. All that is either great or valuable amongst Men, the Defence of a Country, the Preservation of a Kingdom don't excite *Porus* to the Battle; he is encourag'd to it by the beautiful Eyes of *Axiana* alone, and the design of his Valour, is only to recommend himself by it to her. Thus Knight-Errants are describ'd, when they undertake an Adventure; and the finest Genius, in my Opinion, that *Spain* has produc'd, never makes *Don Quixot* enter the Lists, before he has recommended himself to *Dulcinea*.

A Maker of Romances, may model his Heroes according to his Fancy. Neither is it of great Importance, to confine one's self religiously to the true Character of an obscure Prince, to whose Reputation we are perfect Strangers: But those great Persons of Antiquity, so famous in their Age, and better known amongst us than the Li-

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ving themselves ; the *Alexanders*, the *Scipios*, and the *Cæsars*, ought never to lose their Characters in our Hands : For the most injudicious Spectator perceives, that he is offended, when an Author ascribes Faults to them, which they had not ; or when he takes from them Vertues, which had made upon his Mind an agreeable Impression. Their Vertues, once establish'd, interest our Self-Love near as much as our own real Merit ; and 'tis impossible to make the least alteration in them, without making us feel this Change with Violence. Above all Things, we ought not to injure the Reputation of their Genius in the War, to render them more illustrious in their Amours ; we may give them Mistresses of our own inventing, we may mix Passion with their Glory, but let us take Care of making an *Anthony* of an *Alexander* ; and not ruin a Heroe, confirm'd for so many Ages, meerly to favour a Lover of our own creating.

To banish Love out of our Tragedies, as unworthy of Heroes, is to take away that secret Charm which unites our Souls to theirs, by a certain Tie that continues between them ; but then to bring them down to us by this common Sentiment, don't let us make them descend beneath themselves, nor destroy what they possess above Men. Provided this Discretion be observ'd, I dare affirm, that there are no Subjects, where so universal a Passion as Love is, may not be introduc'd naturally, and without Violence. Besides, since Women are as necessary in the Representation, as Men, we should give them frequent Occasions to speak of that which is most agreeable to their Nature, and of which they talk better than any thing else. Take away from some of the Fair Sex the Expression of amorous Thoughts, and from others those private Familiarities, into

which the mutual Confidence they have in each other leads them, and you reduce them, for the most part, to very tedious Conversations. Most of their Motions, as well as their Discourses, should be the Effects of their Passion; their Joy, their Sorrow, their Fears, and their Desires, ought to have a little Tincture of Love, in order to be taking.

If you introduce a Mother rejoicing for the Happiness of her dear Son, or afflicting her self for the Misfortune of her poor Daughter, her Satisfaction, or her Grief, will make but a weak Impression upon the Spectators. To affect us with the Tears and Complaints of this Sex, shew us a Mistress that bewails the Death of a Lover; and not a Wife, that laments the Loss of a Husband.

The Grief of Mistresses, which is tender and endearing, has a far greater Influence upon us, than the Affliction of an inveigling, self-interested Widow, who, as sincere as she happens to be sometimes, always gives us a melancholy Idea of Funerals, and their dismal Ceremonies.

Of all the Widows that ever appear'd upon the Theatre, I can endure none but * *Cornelia*, because, instead of making me think of Fatherless Children, and a Wife without a Spouse, her Affections truly *Roman*, recal to my Mind, the Idea of ancient *Rome*, and of the Great *Pompey*.

This is all that may reasonably be allow'd to Love upon our Theatres; let our Writers be contented with this, so far even the severest Rules of the Drama will allow of it; and let not its greatest Favourers believe, that the chief Design of Tragedy, is to excite a Tenderness in our Hearts.

* See Corneille's *CORNELIA*.

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In Subjects truly Heroick, a true Greatness of Soul ought to be maintain'd above all Things. That which would be pleasing and tender, in the Mistress of an ordinary Man, is often weak and scandalous in the Mistress of a Heroe. She may entertain her self, when alone, with those inward Conflicts she feels in her self; she may sigh in secret for her Uneasiness; and trust a belov'd and virtuous Confident, with her Fears and Grievs: But, supported by her Glory, and fortified by her Reason, she ought always to remain Mistress of her Passions, and to animate her Lover to great Actions by her Resolution, instead of disheartning him by her Weakness.

'Tis, indeed, an indecent sight, to see the Courage of a Heroe softned by Tears and Sighs; but then, if he haughtily contemns the Grief of a beautiful Person that loves him, he rather discovers the Hardness of his Soul, than the Resolution of his Heart.

To avoid this Inconvenience, *Corneille* has no less regard to the Character of his Illustrious Ladies, than to that of his Heroes. *Emilia* encourages *Cinna* to execute * their Design, and answers all the Scruples that oppose the assassinating of *Augustus*.

Cleopatra hath a Passion for *Cæsar*, and leaves nothing undone to preserve † *Pompey*: She had been unworthy of *Cæsar*, if she had not declar'd against the base Treachery of her Brother; and *Cæsar*, undeserving of her, if he had been capable of approving so infamous an Action. *Dirce*, in *Oedipus*, vies Greatness of Courage with *Theseus*, turning upon her self the fatal Explanation of the Oracle,

* See *Corn. CINNA, Act I. Scene III.*

† In the Tragedy of *POMPEY*.

Oracle, which he would apply to himself, out of Love to her.

But, above all, we ought to consider * *Sophonisba*, whose Character might be envy'd by the *Romans* themselves. We ought to behold her sacrifice the young *Massinissa*, to old *Syphax*, for the Good of her Country; we ought to see her hearken as little to the Scruples of Duty, in quitting *Syphax*, as she had done to the Sentiments of Love, in losing *Massinissa*: We ought to see her subject the strongest Inclinations, all that binds, all that unites us, the most powerful Ties, the most tender Passions, to her Love for *Carthage*, and her Hatred for *Rome*. In a word, we ought to see her, when being utterly abandon'd, she's not wanting to her self; and when those Hearts, which she had gain'd to save her Country, fail'd her Expectations, to owe to her self the last Support, to preserve her Glory and her Liberty.

Corneille makes his Heroes speak with so exact a Decorum, that he had never given us the Conversation of *Cæsar* with † *Cleopatra*, if *Cæsar* had believ'd, that he had any Work upon his Hands at *Alexandria*: As beautiful as it is, even to that degree, as to make an amorous Discourse agreeable, even to indifferent Persons that should hear it. He had certainly let it alone, but that the Battle of *Pharsalia* was fully won, *Pompey* dead, and all his Party dissipated. As *Cæsar* then believ'd himself to be the Master of all, an Author might justly enough make him offer a Glory, of which he was in full Possession, and a Power, in all probability well settled: But when he discover'd *Ptolemy's* Conspiracy; when he beheld his Affairs in

* See *Corneille's SOPHONISBA.*

† See *Corneille's POMPEY, Act IV, Scene III.*

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an ill Condition, and his own Life in Danger ; he is no more a Lover, that entertains his Mistress with his Passion, but a *Roman* General, that acquaints the Queen with the Danger that threatens them, and leaves her in haste, to provide for their Common Security.

It was therefore very ridiculous, to busy *Porus* wholly with his Love, just before a great Battle, which was to decide his Destiny ; nor was it less preposterous to make *Alexander* quit the Field, when the Enemy begin to rally. One should have introduc'd him impatient to find out *Porus*, and not make him leave the Fight with Precipitation, only to pay a Visit to *Cleophile* ; he that was never troubled with any such amorous Disorders, and who never thought a Victory compleat, till he had either destroy'd or pardon'd. That which is harder upon him still, is, that he is made to lose much on one side, without gaining any thing on t'other : He is as indifferent a Heroe in Love, as in War ; and thus the History is disfigur'd, without any Ornament to the Romance : We find him a Warrior, whose Glory cannot inflame our Courage ; and a Lover, whose Passion cannot affect our Tenderness.

This is what I had to say of *Alexander* and *Porus*. If I have not regularly tied my self to an exact Criticism, 'tis because, instead of entering into Particulars, I rather chose to enlarge my self upon the Decorum that ought to be observ'd in the Discourses of Heroes, and the Difference of their Characters ; upon the good and ill Usage of the Tenderness of Love in Tragedies, which is rejected too severely by those, that ascribe every Thing to the Motions of Pity and Fear ; and is too nicely pursu'd by those, that have no Relish, but for these sorts of Sentiments.

A LETTER

To the Count DE LIONNE:

I Know not yet what Success your Endeavours to serve me will have ; but I can assure you, they make a deep Impression on a Man, who is very sensible of the least Obligation that is laid upon him. I am more concern'd at your Illness, for the Trouble it brings upon you, than by the Hinderance it gives to your Sollicitations in my Affair. I am apprehensive they may be somewhat too pressing, with respect to the Prince of Turenne, and that I may become, at last, obnoxious to him, by the Importunity I give him. If he had not sent me a Compliment by Count *d'Auvergne*, and Count *d'Estades*, I would not have taken the Liberty, to desire his Good Offices; for I never did him any Service that may oblige him to concern himself in my Behalf. If I admir'd him all my Life-time, 'twas only to do Justice to his great Qualities, and to Credit my own Judgment: But I never expected any Thing from it, because, indeed, I had no Pretentions to any Thing. If he be so kind, as to be willing to oblige me, I shall be extreamly grateful ; but if I am indifferent to him, I shall have no manner of Reason to complain.

The Kindness which you assure me the Marquis *de Lionne* has for me, gives me a secret Satisfaction, far greater than I ought to enjoy in my present Condition. If I was fully persuaded of it, it would take up my whole Attention, and agreeably divert my Thoughts from my Ill-Fortune. In

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what place soever I may be, pray assure him, that he will have, in me, a very unprofitable Servant against his Will, and no less zealous than your self, in every Thing that concerns him ; which, I think, is the most emphatical way I can use to express my Sentiments.

Pray moderate the excessive Praises you bestow on my Trifles. At the Time when you shew so much Sincerity in solid Things, and real Services, you have not the same Frankness in telling me your Opinion of what I send you. I might, with more Reason, tell you, that your Letter is the best written that ever I saw ; but I am afraid to injure your Reputation, in a nice Country, where a Man cannot write much, and write well, without passing for a Pedant, or for an Author.

Your ANDROMACHE is very fine : Three of my Friends sent me one each, by the Post, without considering how frugal a Man ought to be in a Common-Wealth. 'Tis not the Money I regard ; but if the Burgomasters were acquainted with this Lavishness, they would turn me out of *Holland*, like a Man who might corrupt their Citizens. You are better acquainted with a popular State, when you free me from those Expences, which you lay very judiciously on the * Ambassador, whom it becomes extreamly well to scatter his Money for the Honour of his Master, and the Dignity of the Crown. Nevertheless, as those little Things are re-printed in *Amsterdam*, eight or ten Days after they came out in *France*, I would not put the Ambassador to so considerable an Expence, for Postage, too frequently. Those that sent me *Andromache*, have desir'd my Opinion of it : As I told you before, it appear'd to me
very

* Count d'Estrades, the French Ambassador at the Hague.

very beautiful ; but I think that Passions may be carried further, and that there is in the Sentiments something deeper than what's to be found in it : For what ought to be tender, is only soft ; and what ought to excite Pity, raise nothing but Tenderneſs. However, take him all together, *Racine* deſerves the higheſt Reputation, next to *Corneille*.

To the ſame.

IF it were true, as you tell me, that *Monſieur de Lionne*, the Miniſter of State, ſhould like thoſe little Pieces I have ſent you, the Pleaſure of hitting ſo nice a Palate as his, would eaſily drown the Grief of my Diſgrace ; and I ſhould think my ſelf oblig'd to the Miſfortune of being an Exile, in which Condition, for want of Diverſions, I amuſe my ſelf with Trifles of this Nature. If he be not ſatisfy'd with the Picture I have made of his Accompliſhments, he muſt lay the Blame on his own Merit, which I could not be ſo happy as to expreſs well. Why is he a Man of ſo much Ability and Probity ? I had rather find in him more Capacity and Nicety than I beſtow upon him, than to make him more Able, or more Nice, than I ſhould find him.

It fares with him, as with thoſe Women of extraordinary Beauty, in whoſe Pictures there is ever ſomething wanting ; and who ought to be over-joy'd to ruin the Reputation of all Painters.

Madam Bourneau has ſerv'd me a very ſcurvy Trick, in ſhewing a very confus'd Opinion I had ſent her, about the Tragedy of *Alexander*. This Woman, whom I often convers'd with in *England*, and who had a great deal of ſound Wit, ſent me that

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Volume, pag.

that Piece of *Racine*, with a Desire to give her my Judgment upon it; which I did, in haste, without allowing my self sufficient Time to peruse that Play with Attention. I desir'd her, as earnestly as possible, not to shew my Letter: But being less scrupulous than your self, in following the Advice of Friends, I find she has shewn it to all the World, and has now brought me into the Perplexity you mention. I hate extreamly to see my Name toss'd about, particularly with Things of this Nature. I am unacquainted with *Racine*: But as he is a great Wit, I wish it were in my Power to serve him; and yet his greatest Enemies could not have done worse, than what I have done without Design. However, *Sir*, if, as you tell me, 'tis not possible to hinder the Printing of those collected Pieces, 'tis better they should be printed by the Copy you have, and as correctly as possible, than in such a Confusion as they have been handed about to the Printer: But, pray, take care that my Name be not put to them.

I don't desire you to communicate to any Body the Side-wind * Justification of what I wrote at *St. John-de-Luz*: You know the Reason of it as well as my self. I intended to praise him who is now on the Throne; but I know not whether my Praises are acceptable. Neither will you, I hope, part with the little Character which you did but imperfectly copy out; As for the rest, it is wholly yours, and you may use it as you please. You would oblige me, however, to take special Care that nothing of it be printed: But, in case you cannot prevent it, I leave it entirely to your Management and Discretion. Your

* See the Letter to the Marquis de Lionne, inserted in this Volume, pag. 255.

Your Letters are so polite and delicate, that the Printers of this Country, who are no less eager than those of *France*, wou'd not fail to dunn me for them, if they knew I had any thing so ingenious and so nicely writ. In truth, no Man can write better than you do, nor act so well in a Friend's Concern. As desirous as I am to see *France* again, I wou'd not have return'd before I had been acquainted with you, both because it is very uncommon to find so careful and so affectionate a Friend, and upon the Score of your agreeable Correspondence. As for the Praises of *ATTILA*, you make 'em more ingenious than I intended 'em. The Truth is, that Piece is less fitted to the Taste of your Court, than to that of Antiquity ; but I think it extreamly fine : Here are abundance of Trifles, which I wou'd not have ventured upon, if the Confidence of a very strict Friendship did not admit the smallest Matters in a familiar Intercourse.

To the same.

I Am justly apprehensive lest the Continuance of our Correspondence may become troublesome to you, by Reason of the Continuance of my Disgrace : Which will oblige me for the Future, to retrench much of my own Satisfaction, not to abuse so warm a Zeal as yours. Discretion is a Virtue that ought to be practis'd with true Friends ; and I am too much concern'd to preserve you, not to use your Friendship with Circumspection. If I durst, in this Place, discover my Soul to you, you wou'd see it deeply affected with the Kindness of the most disinterested Friend

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in the World ; since nothing but your own Generosity maintains me in your Affection : Which makes me believe that you have a mind to set an Example to Posterity, which she must despair ever to be able to imitate. In short, I examine my self every Way, and find nothing in me but what justifies the Disgust which others ought to entertain of my Person. Reflections wou'd be very irksome to me, were they not alleviated by the Remembrance of a Person for whom I have the same Veneration, which so accomplish'd a Merit gains him from every Body.

But I will no longer make so nice a Modesty as yours uneasy : And therefore proceed to the Judgment you have ask'd of me upon * *BRI-TANNICUS*. I have read it with Attention enough to observe fine things in it. It exceeds, in my Opinion, both *ALEXANDER* and *ANDROMACHE* : The Verses of it are more magnificent ; and I will not be surpriz'd if some *Sublime* be found in it. However I deplore the Misfortune of that Author, for having written so worthily upon a Subject which cannot afford an agreeable Representation. And, indeed, the Characters of *Narcissus*, *Agrippina* and *Nero* ; and the black and horrible Idea which is entertain'd of their Crimes, cannot be effaced from the Memory of the Spectators ; and whatever Efforts he can make to shake off the Thoughts of their Cruelties, the Horror he has for them, does, in some measure, destroy the Merit of the Play.

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Of

* *One of Racine's Tragedies.*

OF RETIREMENT.

THERE'S nothing more common with Old Men than to desire a Retirement, and nothing so rare with them as not to repent it, when they are once retired. Their Souls, that are in too great a Subjection to their Humours, are disgusted with the World for their own Tiresomeness; for scarce have they quitted this false Object of their Misfortune, but they are as angry with Solitude, as they were with the World, being uneasie at themselves, where nothing but themselves can give them any Uneasiness.

The essential Reason that obliges us to withdraw our Selves out of the World, when we are Old, is to prevent that Ridicule and Contempt, to which Age generally exposes us.

If we quit the World in good Time, they will still preserve the *Idea* of that Merit, which we had there. If we tarry too long in it, our Defects will lie open; and what we are then, will efface the Memory of what we were. Besides, 'tis a shame for a Person of Honour to drag about him the Infirmities of Age at the Court, where the end of his Services occasions that of his Interest.

Nature teaches us to reassume our Liberty, when we have nothing more to hope from Fortune. 'Tis what a Sense of Decency, what the Care of our Reputation, what good Manners, and Nature it self require from us. Nor is this all, for the World has likewise a Right to demand the same thing of us. Its Commerce furnish'd us with Pleasures, while we were capable of relishing 'em: And it would be Ingratitude to be a Burden to it, when we can give it nothing but Disgust.

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As for my self, I am fully resolved to live in a Convent or a Desert, rather than to give my Friends an Occasion to pity me, or to furnish those that are not so, with a Subject for their malicious Mirth and Railery. But the Mischief is, that a Man is not sensible, when he becomes either weak or ridiculous. It is not enough to know that we are gone for good and all; but we ought to be the first that perceive our Selves to be upon the Decline, and like prudent Men, to prevent the publick Knowledge of this Change.

Not that every Alteration that Age brings along with it, ought to inspire us with the Resolution of retiring. I own, we lose a great deal by growing Old; but amongst the Losses we sustain, some of them are recompenc'd by considerable Advantages,

If after I have lost my Passions, the Affections continue with me still; I shall find less Inquietude in my Pleasures, and more Discretion in the Conduct of my Life, in relation to the World. If my Imagination decays, I shall not please so much sometimes; but then I shall be infinitely less troublesome for the general part. If I quit the Crowd for a select Company, my Thoughts will be more compos'd. If I come from a large Acquaintance to the Conversation of a few, 'tis because I know how to make a better Choice.

Besides, 'tis to be consider'd, that if we change, we do it amongst People that change as well as our selves; Men of equal Infirmities, or at least subject to the very same. Therefore I shall not be at all asham'd to search in their Presence some Relief against the Weakness of Age; nor shall I be afraid to supply by Art, what begins to fail me by Nature. A nicer Precaution against the Injury of Time, a more careful Management of a Health that daily becomes more feeble, cannot

scandalize any Men of Sense, and we ought not to trouble our selves with those that are not so.

To say the Truth, that which displeases in Old People, is not too affected a Care of their own Preservation. We should easily forgive them every thing that relates to themselves, if they had but the same Consideration for others. But the Authority they assume, is full of Injustice and Indiscretion; for they preposterously thwart the Inclinations even of those that bear the most with their Infirmities. Their long Course of Life, it seems, has untaught them how to converse with Mankind, for they shew nothing but a Spirit of Moroseness, Austerity and Contradiction, to those very Persons, from whom they exact Affability, Docility and Obedience. All that they themselves do, they imagine to be virtuous; and place among Vices every thing that lies out of their Power. And as they are constrain'd to follow Nature, where she is tiresome and offensive, they would have others oppose what is sweet and agreeable in her.

There is no part of our Life wherein we ought to study our own Humour with more Application than in Old Age; for it is never so difficult to be discover'd as then. An impetuous Young Fellow has a Hundred Returns, when he is dissatisfied with his Extravagancies: But Old People devote themselves to their Humour as if it was a Virtue; and take Pleasure in their own Defects, because they carry a false Resemblance of the most commendable Qualities. In effect, as they grow more difficult, they vainly imagine that they become more delicate. They take up an Aversion to Pleasure, believing that they are justly opposing the Current of Vice. A serious Air passes with them for Judgment; Phlegm for Wisdom; and hence proceeds that supercilious Authority they al-

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low themselves to censure every thing: *Spleen*, supplying the Place of *Indignation* against Sin; and *Gravity* of *Sufficiency*.

The only sure Remedy when we are come to this Pass, is to consult our Reason in the Intervals, when she is disingag'd from our Humour; and from a Resolution to conceal our Defects from the Sight of the World. 'Tis all that our Wisdom can do at this Juncture to hide them, and it would be a superfluous Labour, to endeavour wholly to get clear of them.

'Tis at this Point of our *Life* that we ought to assign some Time between *it* and *Death*, and to chuse a convenient Place to pass it in Devotion, if possible, at least with Prudence; either with a Devotion that gives us Confidence, or with Reason that promises us Repose.

When our Reason, which qualified us for the World, is, if I may use the Expression, worn out with long using, a wise Man forms another out of it to serve him in his *Retreat*, which of ridiculous Fools, as we were growing in Conversation, makes us truly wise in respect of our selves.

Of all the Retreats that a Man can chuse when he is Old, I should infinitely prefer that of a Convent to all the rest, if their Rules were less severe. 'Tis certain that Old Age shuns a Crowd, out of a nice and retired Humour, that cannot endure to be either importun'd or tired; and yet it avoids Solitude with greater Diligence, where it becomes a Prey to its own black Disquietudes, or to sullen vexatious Imaginations. The only remaining Relief against all this, is the Conversation of a virtuous Society: Now, what Society can better agree with it than a religious one, where one would think, all manner of human Helps should be afforded, with more Charity than elsewhere, and where their Vows should be uni-

ted to demand those Succours from Heaven, which cannot reasonably be expected from Men.

It is as natural for Old People to take up with *Devotion*, as it is ordinary with Young Men to abandon themselves to *Pleasures*. In the latter, Nature full charg'd, throws out of herself her Superfluity of Vigor, hunting after Voluptuousness in external Objects: In the others, languishing Nature seeks in God what she has lost, and adheres more closely to him, to provide for herself a kind of Resource in her Decay. Thus the same Spirit that leads to Society in our Wants, conducts us to God in our Languishings; and if Convents were instituted as they ought to be, we should find in the same Place, both the Support of Heaven and the Assistance of Men: But after the manner they are settled, instead of an Alleviation of our Miseries, we find there the Hardship of a blind Obedience, either in the Performance of unprofitable Things, or in the Forbearance of innocent ones. We find there an ordinary Sacrifice of Reason; Laws more difficult to be observ'd than the Divine and Political; Ordinances scandalously broke by Libertines, and impatiently born by the most Submissive.

I confess, we meet sometimes with some religious Persons of an inestimable Merit; such as knew the Vanities of the World, which they have quitted; and the Grimace of that kind of Life, which they have embrac'd. These are truly virtuous and devout Men, who refine the Dictates of Morality by those of Piety. They live not only exempt from the Perturbation of Passions, but enjoy a most admirable Serenity of Mind; and are more happy in desiring nothing, than the greatest Monarchs in possessing all. Such Examples are indeed very rare: And the Virtue of those religious Persons is more to be admir'd, than their Condition to be embraced.

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For my part, I would never advife a Gentleman to engage in fuch Obligations, wherein all the Rights of one's Will are generally loft and swallow'd up. The Penance which a Man would willingly undergo, is made neceffary; the Sin he designs to avoid, muft be fhun'd by Injunction; and the Good which he would do, is to be purfu'd by Constraint. Common Slavery goes no further than to force us to what we are unwilling to do: But that of Convents lays a Neceffity upon us, even in Things that we are willing to perform.

The late † Queen of Portugal, who was as capable to manage her own Conduct in Tranquillity, as to govern a State in a Storm, had the Fancy to turn Nun, upon her refigning the Government to her || Son; But after having examin'd the Rules of all the Religious Orders, with as much Care as Judgment, ſhe found none that allow'd either the Body the neceffary Conveniences of Life, or the Mind a reasonable Satisfaction. 'Tis certain, that the Idea of a Convent is agreeable enough to one who ſeeks Innocence and Repoſe; but it is a hard Matter to find there the Contentment one fancied. If he does, which happens very rarely, he does not enjoy it long; And the beſt Caution one can uſe againſt entering into a Monaftery, is to conſider, that the Generality of thoſe Religious Perſons continue there with Regret, and get out from thence, when they can, with Joy.

I could wiſh we had eſtabliſh'd Societies, where Gentlemen might commodiouſly retire, after they have

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† Luíſa-Francifca de Guſman, Daughter to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and Wiſe to Don Juan Duke of Braganſa, who afterwards became King of Portugal. She died the 18th of Febr. 1666.

|| Don Alſonſo.

have done the Publick all the Service they were able. When they were once enter'd here, whether out of a Consideration of their future State, a Dislike of the World, or a Desire of Tranquillity, after so many different Agitations of Fortune, they might taste the Delight of a pious Retreat, and the innocent Pleasure of vertuous and agreeable Conversation: But in this Place of Repose, I would have no other Rules than those of Christianity, which are generally receiv'd every where. And, indeed, we have Ills enough to suffer, and Sins to commit, without creating new Torments, and new Crimes, by new Institutions 'Tis a Piece of Folly, to seek far from Court, a Retreat where a Man will live with more Hardship, and damn himself with more Ease, than in the Conversation of Men.

I hate the Austerity of those, who, to enlarge Duty, leave no room for Good-Will: They make all center in the Necessity of Obeying, without any other Reason, than constantly to exercise our Obedience; and, because they still delight in enjoying their Power. Now, I don't like Subjection to their Fancy; and am only for Docility to a wise and discreet Conduct. It is not reasonable, that the small remainder of Liberty, which Nature preserves from the Laws of Politicks and Religion, should be wholly Lost in the Institutions of these new Legislators; and that Persons who enter a Monastery, through the Notion of Ease and Repose, should find nothing there but Slavery and Pain.

As for my self, were I in such a Place, I would freely make Shift without Delights, at an Age when a Man's Relish of Pleasures is, as it were, extinguish'd; but then I would have all Conveniencies, at a time when we more sensibly feel whatever offends us, as in Proportion we become
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more nice in the Pursuit of what pleases us, or are less tender in Relation to what affects us. These Conveniencies, desirable in old Age, ought to be as far remov'd from Plenty, that Causes Perplexity, as from Want, which creates Anxiety. To explain my Thoughts more clearly, I would have in a Convent, a cleanly and well-manag'd Frugality ; where God should not be look'd upon as a morose Master, who forbids agreeable Things, because they are pleasing ; but where nothing should please sound Minds, but what's either Just, or entirely Innocent.

When Monsieur *Fouquet* was in Prison, the *Maréchal de Clerembaut* had his Head full of these Thoughts about Retirement. *How happy might a Man Live*, said he, *in Society, where he could divest Fortune of that Jurisdiction she pretends to have over him ! We Sacrifice to this Fortune, our Estates, our Repose, our Tears, perhaps unprofitably ; and if we arrive to Possess its Favours, we Purchase the short-liv'd Enjoyment, sometimes at the Expence of our Liberty, and sometimes of our Lives. But, suppose all our Greatness should continue as long as we liv'd, yet it would at least expire with our selves. And what use of their Grandeur have those great Favourite made, who never beheld the Course of their Fortune interrupted ? Don't they seem to have acquir'd this mighty Stock of Glory, and to have heap'd these prodigious Riches for no other End, than to make themselves more sensible of the Torment of being neither able to quit nor keep them. This was his usual Discourse for a whole Month we were together ; and that agreeable Courtier, whose Conversation was the nicest Delight his Friends enjoy'd, suffer'd himself to be entirely possess'd with this Train of Thoughts, sometimes Judicious, but always melancholy.*

I confess there is a certain Time when the wisest Action we can do, is to quit the World :

But

But as fully persuaded as I am of this Truth, I should infinitely sooner be directed by Nature to Retirement, than by my Reason. 'Tis by the Impulse of the former, that in the midst of the World, I live now after such a fashion, as if I were retir'd out of it. I still continue in it, as far as I seek what pleases me; and am still out of it, as far as I avoid whatever incommodes me there. Every Day I steal away from Acquaintances that weary, and Conversations that tire me. Every Day I entertain my self in a sweet Commerce with my Friends, and find the most sensible Pleasure in their Company.

After my way of Living, I neither enjoy a full Society, nor a perfect Retirement. 'Tis only an innocent confining of my self to those Delights, which best agree with my Inclinations. Disgusted with gross Vice, and offended by the Practise of too rigid Virtue, I possess all those harmless Pleasures that are most suitable to the Repose of Old Age, and affect me in Proportion to what I am capable of relishing with Satisfaction.

*When we approach our Fatal Urn,
And Life's decreasing Lamp does feebly burn,
Nature, to Innocence inclin'd,
Pursues the Pleasures of the Mind:
And she, whose fierce impetuous Heat
Fir'd ev'ry Vein, now seeks a blest RETREAT.
'Tis true, when Love's no more,
Our brightest Days are o'er;
But when our scorching Noon is past,
Soft Ev'ning's gentler Light succeeds at last;
Then gladly we forget th'intemperate Blaze,
REASON prevails o'er Rage, and solid Judgment sways.*

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A L E T T E R

From Mr. CORNEILLE,

To Mr. De St. EVREMOND.

*To return him Thanks for the Praises he
had bestow'd upon him, in the Disserta-
tion on Racine's ALEXANDER.*

SIR,

THE Obligation I have to you, is of such a Nature, as never to be worthily acknowledged by Thanks; and I am in such Confusion about it, that I should still take up with Silence, were I not apprehensive, it should pass with you for Ingratitude.

Although such weighty Applause as yours ought to be extream dear to us, there are yet Conjunctions which infinitely raise the Price of it. You honour me with your Esteem, at a time when there seems to be a Party form'd to rob me of all. You support me, when they fancy they have thrown me down; and you give me a noble Comfort, for the niceness of our Age, when you vouchsafe to allow me the true Taste of Antiquity. This is a wonderful Advantage for a Man, who cannot doubt that Posterity will depend upon your Judgment: And, after this, I must freely own to you, that I think I have some Right to treat as ridiculous, those vain Trophies that are erected upon the imaginary Ruins of mine; and to look
down

down with Pity on those obstinate Prepossessions that were entertain'd for ancient Heroes, new cast after our Fashion.

Will you give me leave to add, in this place, that you have hit my weak Side; and that my SOPHONISBA, for whom you show so much Tenderness, has the best Part of my own? How agreeably you flatter my Sentiments, when you confirm what I have advanc'd about the Share which Love ought to have in noble Tragedies, and with what Fidelity we ought to preserve to those Illustrious Ancients, those Characters of their Time, Nation and Humour! I have hitherto been of Opinion, that Love was a Passion attended with too much Weakness to be predominant in an Heroick Poem: I would have it to be the Ornament, but not the Substance; and that great Souls should not be acted by it, any farther than it is consistent with nobler Impressions. Our *Beaux* and *Merry Sparks* are of a contrary Opinion; but since you declare for mine, 'tis a sufficient Reason for me, to be extreamly beholden to you, and ever to profess my self,

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Your most Humble and
Obedient Servant,

CORNEILLE.

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Mr: DE ST. EVREMOND's

ANSWER

To Mr. CORNEILLE,

SIR,

I Don't doubt but you would be the most thankful Person in the World, if one should do you any good Office, since you think your self oblig'd for the Justice which has been done you. If you were to thank all those who have the same Opinion of your Works with my self, you must return Acknowledgments to all those that understand them. I can assure you, that no Man's Reputation was ever so well establish'd as yours is, in *England* and *Holland*. The *English*, who are naturally prone enough to value any thing of their own, renounce that Opinion, though often well-grounded, and think they do sufficient Honour to their Ben[†] Johnson, by calling him the *ENGLISH CORNEILLE*. Mr. Waller, one of the greatest Wits of the Age, does still impatiently expect your new Plays, and fails not translating one or two Acts of them into *English Verse*, for his own Satisfaction. You are the only Man of our Nation, whose Thoughts have the Advantage to hit his. He owns that they Speak and Write well in *France*; but of all the *French*, he says, that you alone

[†] Ben Johnson flourish'd, in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I. He undertook to reform the English Stage, and did it with great Success. His Comedies are very admirable, and much beyond his Tragedies. He died in 1637.

alone know how to think. Monsieur *Voffius*, the greatest Admirer of *Greece*, who cannot bear the least Comparison between the *Grecians* and the *Latins*, does yet prefer you before *Sophocles* and *Euripides*. After the Approbation of such great Men, you surprize me, to tell me, that your Reputation is attack'd in *France*. Does it then fare with Good Taste, as with Fashions, which begin to settle amongst Foreigners, when they are Old at *Paris*? I should not wonder to see them have some Disgust for old Heroes, when we see a young one, who eclipses all their Glory: But if we are still pleas'd to see them represented upon our Theatres, how is it possible for them not to Admire those you describe? I believe the Influence of *Ill Taste* is upon the Decline; and that the first Piece you shall give the Publick, will show, by the return of your former Applause, both the Recovery of good Sense, and the Restoration of Reason: I cannot conclude, without returning you most humble Thanks for the Honour you have done me: I should think my self unworthy of the Praises you bestow on my Judgment; but as it is generally imploy'd in finding out the Beauties of your Works, I confound our Interests, and with Pleasure gratify a Vanity mixt with the Justice I do you.

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A LETTER

To the Count DE LIONNE.

YOUR Impatience for my Return, increases mine, that I may have the Pleasure to see you again : But you cannot intirely remove my Apprehensions, that too earnest Sollicitations with Monsieur de Lionne, the Minister, may render you less agreeable, and my Affair importuning. I ought to be so equitable, as to manage his Good Will, and believe that the weighty Affairs that lie upon his Hands, are somewhat more pressing than my own. Your Activity for your Friends, gives me this Suspicion ; which, however, is not of long Duration ; for your Address heartens me again, and persuades me, that you will always nick the time. I should have been very sorry that the Comparison of the Prince, the *Sidewind Letter*, and the Character of — should have been at the disposal of Mr. † *Barbin*. As for all the rest, your Theft has made it yours, provided my Name do not appear in it ; and I have no manner of Share in it : So that the Thing it self, and the Management of it, depend upon you alone. You are too reasonable, to be so concern'd as you seem to be, at what I have writ to you about the Printers in *Holland*. I had no other Design in it, than to let you see how much I value the Delicacy of so polite a Stile as yours : For, in truth, no Man can write better than you do.

The

† A famous Bookseller in Paris.

The new Writing of * *Lifola* was printed at *Brussels*, and only Seven or Eight Copies of it were brought to this Place. One of my Friends read it to me, but would not let me have it. It is a Continuation of Remarks on the Letter of *Monsieur de Lionne*, the Minister; wherein he endeavours to prove, that all the Advances made at *Paris*, towards Peace, are only Amusements, to hinder *England* and *Holland* from opposing the Conquest of the *Netherlands*; and maintains, that the Design of attacking *Franche-Comté*, and that of making Peace, were inconsistent; drawing Consequences from every Thing. There are some Things very witty in his Remarks; but then there are too many Jest, for so important a Matter.

The *Spaniards* cannot avoid accepting the Alternative, *England* and *Holland* being the Umpires of the Peace; but the Marquis de *Castel* † *Rodrigo* wishes for nothing more than the Continuation of the War, which will bring the *English* and *Dutch* into his Party. They very much wish for Peace here, but neglect nothing that regards the War.

I am very much oblig'd to *Monsieur Corneille* for the Honour he does me. His Letter is admirable, and I know not whether he writes better in Verse than in Prose. I desire you to deliver my Answer to him, and to assure him, That no Man in the World has so great an Esteem for any Thing

* Francis, Baron de *Lifola*, born at *Besancon*, betook himself to the Emperor's Service, who employ'd him in several Embassies, wherein he made himself very advantageously known. During the War in *Flanders*, the Garrison of *Lille* having intercepted a Letter, which Mr. de *Lionne* wrote to the King, Mr. de *Lifola* publish'd some Remarks upon it. He wrote also some other Pieces against France. See Mr. BAYLE's Dictionary, in the Article of *LISOLA*.

† Governour of the *Netherlands*;

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Thing that comes from him, as my self. I have read neither AMPHITRYON nor LAODICE, but as I cast my Eyes, by chance, upon the latter, the Verses have kept up my Attention longer than I thought: I desire you to return the Author Thanks, in my Name, for sending me his Piece, which I shall read very carefully, and, without doubt, with great Pleasure. You shall have no Compliments for your self; for a well-establish'd Friendship rejects whatever looks like Ceremony.

P. S. Since this Letter was written, I read an Act of LAODICE, which seems to me very fine. *Moliere* surpasses *Plautus* in his AMPHITRYON, as well as *Terence* in his other Plays.

To the same.

Nothing is so agreeable to Friendship, as well as Love, as the Demonstration of a true Affection, which cannot be better express'd, than by bearing a part in the Misfortunes of those we Love. Your Concern for the Miscarriage of my Affair, takes off one half of my own, and puts me in a Condition to bear the other patiently. I knew nothing of what you write to me, none of my Friends having been forward, no more than your self, in sending me a melancholy Piece of News: But this Discretion, as obliging as it is, gives me to understand, That they have but an ill Opinion of my Constancy. Seven full Years of Misfortunes ought, at least, to have inur'd me to Sufferings, if they have not been able to form in me a Vertue superior to them. To end a Moral Discourse, impertinent in him that makes it, and too severe for him we entertain, I'll tell you, in

few Words, That I should have been glad to see again the pleasantest Country I know of, and in it some Friends, as dear to me for the Demonstrations of their Friendship, as in consideration of their Merit. However, a Man must not be driven to Despair, because he lives in a Nation where Delights are scarce. I content my self with *Indolence*, where I cannot enjoy *Pleasures*. I had still Five or Six Years to relish Plays, Musick, and Good-Cheer, and I must take up with Policy, Order, and Oeconomy; and form to my self a languishing Amusement from the Contemplation of the grave *Dutch* Vertues. You will oblige me to return a Thousand most humble Thanks to Monsieur *de Lionne*, the Minister, for his Kindness to me. I am so unprofitable a Servant, that I dare not even mention *Gratitude*; but I am not the less sensible of the Obligation. You will oblige me likewise, to acquaint me with the State of my Affairs, and what Answer has been return'd. Your Letter will certainly be receiv'd in the Packet of Monsieur *d'Estrades* when he is here. As for the Airs and Novelties, I will not put him to so much Charge for Postage: But pray send me nothing but what you like very well, either in Musick, or of any other kind. As for those Trifles with which I amus'd my self now and then, I have nothing but about one half of a Discourse, which is not yet copied fair. About a Year ago, the Fancy took me to treat of *Interest in Persons altogether corrupted; The too rigid Vertue; and the Sense of a Man of Honour, who keeps a Medium, and draws from both what ought to enter the Commerce of the World.* I had left those Papers in *England*, and found them lost, except some Periods of the last Writing. I shall endeavour to make them up again; but as they have too great a Connexion with those that are lost, I believe the whole will be but indifferent.

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The Corrupted speaks.

I Have pass'd, Gentlemen, through all Conditions, and after an exact Reflection upon Life, I find but two Things that can deserve the Thoughts and Application of a wise Man ; the Care of *Getting*, and that of *Hoarding*.

Honour is nothing but the Infatuation of young Men ; 'tis by that a Man begins his Reputation, when he is a *Fool*, and he concludes it by that which is call'd *Corruption*, so soon as he becomes *wise*.

As for me, I never had my Mind possess'd with Chimeras. Duty, Friendship, Gratitude ; and the rest of those Errors, that entangle Coxcombs and Fools in their Snares, have not given me a Moment's Trouble in all my Life. Nature sent me into the World with the true Principles of Interest, which I have improv'd by Study, and fortified by Experience. Greediness, which causes the same Thirst after Wealth, as Ambition doth after Power, has rais'd me to great Advantages, without making me careless of the smallest Profits.

There are a hundred different ways of getting, which are but so many different Rewards of our Industry. It would be a difficult Thing to assign all the particular Ways of getting ; but a Man can never be deceiv'd, if he makes it his principal

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Maxim, to *prefer the Profitable before the Honest*: To apply one's self to the Profitable, is to follow the Intention of Nature; which, by a secret Instinct, leads us to what is agreeable to us, and obliges us to make all Things center in our selves. *Honour* is an imaginary Duty, which meerly for the Consideration of others, makes us abstain from the Goods we might enjoy, or part with those which we should retain.

As for what relates to Hoarding; Is it not reasonable, we should manage with Care, what we have acquir'd with Difficulty? So long as we have Money in our Coffers, we shall have Friends and trusty * Servants: If we exhaust it by a vain Liberality, we shall only give the World liberty to be Ungrateful, when we have lost that which secur'd to us the Services and Respect of others. There are but a few grateful Persons, and though we should meet with such, it is certain, that the Price of Gratitude very rarely comes up to that of the Benefit.

There is one Thing of great use, which I have happily practis'd; and that is, Gentlemen, to promise eternally, and very rarely to perform. A Man gets more Services by Promises, than by Presents: For Men generally endeavour to deserve, what they hope from us; but are beholden to themselves only for what they receive; and either look upon it to be a Recompence of their Pains, or an Effect of their Industry. However, of all the several sorts of the Ungrateful, these seem to me to be the least dangerous, because they undeceive us immediately, and never put us to the Expence of a second Gift.

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* *This is one of Machiavel's Thoughts.*

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You will meet with others much more to be fear'd, who perpetually extol the Good which is done them, so far as to trouble the whole World with their Acknowledgments : They have always the Name of their Benefactor in their Mouths, and his Picture in their Chambers ; But what do they propose to themselves from this vain Shew of Gratitude ? They imagine it gives them a Title to a new Pretention ; and whilst you think they are employ'd about acknowledging the Favour which they so lately receiv'd, they think they have already done enough to deserve another, and will not be wanting to ask for it. A fine Subtlety indeed, of this Age, to turn Gratitude towards what is to come, which, till now, was nothing but the Sence of a past Obligation !

As you are to live with Persons, that have their Designs upon you, 'tis your Business to use all Caution against them ; but without putting your Judgment to the Expence of examining their good and evil Intentions, the best way will be, to secure your self by a general Distrust of all Mankind. However, not to create an universal Disgust, which would make all the World abandon you, it will be proper to appear disinterested sometimes, out of a secret Design of Interest ; it will be convenient, now and then, to do some Publick Actions of seeming Generosity, though indeed 'tis but all Artifice ; and to force your Nature to do a Favour as Nobly, as if it came from a true Inclination. By this means, you will efface the remembrance of what is past, and make the World expect great Matters from you for the future.

But on these rare Occasions, the Secret is, to chuse a Man of an establish'd Merit, or one who for his agreeable Qualities is generally belov'd : By this universal Esteem, or Friendship, every

one foolishly thinks himself oblig'd by a Favour, which is receiv'd but by one single Person. After the Noise of so noble an Action, let the World continue in the good Opinion of your Generosity, and take Pleasure sometimes in enjoying the Flattery of supple Slaves, and the Approbation of ill Judges.

As by this Conduct you have rais'd Desires, and permitted Hopes to be entertain'd, all those that think themselves deserving, will strive to shew it in your Presence. Your Enemies will endeavour to find out secret Ways to reconcile themselves, that they may not be excluded from your Favours. Your Friends, animated by a new Zeal, will do their utmost to deserve them; and those Persons, that are particularly devoted to you, will redouble their Care and Diligence in serving you.

Then, when you see all the World concur in your Praise, you may insensibly betake your self again to your usual Method. Your Acquaintance will become more difficult; to have a bare Sight of you will be no small Condescension; to speak with you will be a greater; your Frowns will drive away the troublesom, and your Smiles will satisfy the foolish; your Familiarity, as unprofitable as it may be, will be taken for a mighty Favour; and, to conclude all, in a Word, you will practise all your vain Things with others, and prudently reserve all the solid Ones for your self.

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Too Rigid VIRTUE.

The Virtuous Perſon ſpeaks.

I Have paſs'd, as well as you, through all Conditions, and after an exact Reflection upon Life, I find but two Things that can render it happy : To moderate our Deſires, and to make a good Uſe of our Fortune.

They, to whom Reason affords Repose, which Opinion takes away from us, live free from many Misfortunes, and are in a Condition of enjoying the moſt real Bleſſings. A Man, advanc'd to Greatneſs, who makes others find their Fortune in his, joins a great Merit to a great Happineſs ; he is not the more happy by the Wealth he enjoys, than by that which he knows how to give : But he, who, like you, courts all Mankind for his Intereſt, and will not ſuffer any to ſhare Advantages with him, makes himſelf unworthy of common Society, and deſerves to be excluded from all Converſation.

Notwithſtanding the ill Opinion I have entertain'd of you, I cannot but think, that there is a Vanity in the Confeſſion of your Vices. Nature has not left it in your Power to be ſo wicked, as you would appear to be. A Man is not abſolutely ungrateful, with Impunity ; he doth not betray, without Remorſe ; nor is he ſo greedy of another's Wealth, and ſo tenacious of his own, without ſome Shame. And though you had compounded with your ſelf, free from inward Struggles, and ſecret Agitations, you are ſtill to ac-

count with the World, whose importunate Reproaches, and troublesom Accusations, you must be forc'd to endure.

As for the mercenary Principle of Interest, you were talking of, 'tis that which renders you contemptible : For Story tells us of illustrious Villains, but there never was an illustrious Miser in Nature. Greatness of Soul cannot consist with the sordid Baseness of Avarice. Besides, what can be more unjust, than to engross that which is the Soul of Commerce and of publick Conveniency, to make no use at all of it? 'Tis no better than fostering of Crimes, and to rob the Publick by a continu'd Theft, of what was once extorted from private Persons.

Those that take away with Violence, in order to scatter with Profusion, are far more excusable. Their Expence is, as it were, a kind of Restitution ; and the Losers seem to recover some part of their Possessions, when Magnificence exposes to their Eyes, what Force had wrested out of their Hands. If an ill Reputation is indifferent to you, if Injustice hath no Influence upon you, yet have, at least, some regard to your own Repose.

Since all your Desires center in Money, whether it be in your own Custody, or another's, it equally disquiets you ; you are mad to be disappointed of getting it ; what you possess, keeps you in perpetual Pain ; and if you lose it, you are upon the Rack of Despair : Now, as nothing is so agreeable, as to have Riches, and to make a right use of them ; so there is nothing so uneasy, as to be greedy, and too frugal, at the same time.

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of yours proceeds more from your Observation, than your Experience. Your mighty Precaution against Ingratitude, shews less Hatred for it, than Aversion for Generosity; and really you don't less avoid the Thankful, than the Ungrateful. Both one, and the other, receive Favours, and your Intention is to bestow none; though, perhaps, you may forgive an Injury that is done you, yet you are irreconcilable when you have done a Kindness, if it doth not hook in a greater.

Since I am insensibly engag'd in this Matter of Benefits, I will carry it on a little further. There are some Men of the Humour of Cardinal *Ximenes*, who never agree to what is requested of them, because they would not be prevented, they say, in their Designs, nor disturb'd in the Order of the Good they intend to do. There are Men so jealous of the Honour of their own Actions, that they reject every Thing which is suggested them by others. This may come sometimes from a good Principle, and be found in lofty Souls; but, for the most part, they are dishonourable Jealousies, and false Niceties of Honour, which proceed from a real unwillingness to do Kindnesses.

Let us suffer the Miserable to explain their Necessities to us, since we do not so much as think of them in our Plenty. Let us not be ashamed of owing the Thoughts of a good Action to another; and let us leave all the Avenues free to those that advise us to do well. In the mean time, we should think our selves too easie, did we not shew our selves difficult to be persuaded to what is good, while we receive what is ill with the most implicit Credulity, and believe we are Masters of our selves. Every one fears the Ascendant of his Friends, if they intend to procure a good Office from him; every one takes a malicious Secret, and the Artifice of those ill Impressions that are given

given him, to come from a Sincerity of Heart, and a real Friendship. And yet 'tis in this latter Case, our Caution is warrantable; 'tis here we may be upon our Guard with Jealousie; 'tis here we ought to defend our selves from nice Insinuations, which insensibly lead us to do ill.

But to leave Discourses that are too general; What are you the better for making all Access to you so difficult? What signifies that great Art, which rules every Line of your Face; which governs your *Smiles* and *Frowns*? To give seasonably, and to refuse with Reason, would be more beneficial for others, and more advantageous for your self. There is no great Merit in being able to over-reach those who have their Dependance upon you. You think you shew the Subtlety of your Wit, while you only discover the Malice of your Nature.

The great Pains you take to delude the Expectations of others, will delude the Designer, and come home to your self at last. Every Day brings you Riches, and every Day retrenches the Use of them; your Wealth increaseth, and your Senses, which should enjoy it, decay. You acquire Things that are wholly foreign to you, and in the mean time lose your self.

What are you the better then for all these fine Advantages of Nature? What Benefit do you reap by this Noble Genius of Interest? You pass your Life amongst superfluous Treasures, while Covetousness doth not allow you the Disposall, and Nature deprives you of the Enjoyment of them. How unhappy is your Fortune, both in relation to your self and others, which persecutes you with Inquietudes within, and Envy without!

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The S E N S E

Of an honest experienc'd Courtier, upon
Rigid Virtue, and Base Interest.

I Am concern'd, Sir, that a Virtue too rigid should animate you so strongly against Vice. Have more Indulgence, I beseech you, for the Vicious, or at least shew a little more Gentleness in the manner of your Correction.

I know that Reason was given us to regulate our Morals: But Reason, heretofore savage and austere, was civiliz'd with Time, and, at present, preserves very little of its primitive Rigour. It wanted Austerity, at first, to establish Laws, in order to prevent Outrage and Violence: It was afterwards soften'd, to introduce Civility into Humane Society: It became nice and curious in the search of Pleasures, to render Life as agreeable, as before it was endeavour'd to be made secure and civil. Thus, Sir, we ought to forget that time, when it was enough to be severe, to be thought virtuous, since Politeness, Gallantry, and the Knowledge of Pleasures, make up greatpart of our Merit at present.

As for the Hatred of villainous Actions, it ought to continue so long as the World does; but give leave to Gentlemen of refin'd Palates, to call that *Pleasure*, which Clowns and ill-bred People call *Vice*; and don't make up your Virtue of old musty Notions, which the primitive Mortals deriv'd from their natural Savageness.

In my Opinion, you begin but ill with the Courtiers, to preach up incessantly to them the Moderation of their Desires, since they particularly value

value themselves upon their Ambition. You might, perhaps, possess them with a Disgust of the World: But while they live at Court, to pretend they should regulate their Pretensions, is unpracticable Doctrine. Indeed, when a Man has left the Court, he may make a Shift to fling up every Thing; but 'tis difficult, while he resides upon the Spot, not to desire much; and Ungentleman-like, to confine himself easily to a small Matter.

Among so many different Interests, where your own is concern'd, Ambition and Virtue are not easily reconcil'd. We ought to commend the Dexterity of those who know to adjust them together; we ought to satisfy our selves sometimes with a Good which is not entirely so, and sometimes submit contentedly to a small Ill; we should not exact a scrupulous Probity, nor cry out, that all is lost, when the *Corruption* is but light.

The Gods, says a certain Person, never gave a greater Present to Mankind, than the Soul of the latter *Cato*; but, *with Submission*, they mistook their time when they gave it: His Virtue, which would have been justly admir'd in the Beginning of the Republick, prov'd fatal to it towards its End, by being too pure and upright. This just *Cato*, who might have sav'd his Country, if he could have contented himself with making his Citizens less vicious, destroy'd both that and himself, by endeavouring, to no purpose, to make them virtuous. A Man of a less perfect Probity, who could have born with the Vices of some particular Persons, had hindred a general Oppression. It was necessary to connive at the Irregularities of some Men in Power to prevent Tyranny; for, by that means, the Republick might have been preserv'd: 'Twould have been a cor-

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Therefore, Sir, let us not so fix our Eyes on the World, as it ought to be, as not to be able to suffer it as it is : However, let not this Indulgence be shewn to our selves. Let us shew Forbearance and Temper to others, but be severe to our selves ; Enemies to Vice in our own Consciences, let us not express any Horror for the Vicious, lest we make the whole World our Enemy.

For what can you propose to your self, by railing at covetous and ungrateful Men, as so many Monsters that affright you ? I know that Ingratitude and Avarice are abominable Qualities ; but since they are so common in the World, either you must resolve to bear with them, or retire into a Desert ; and carry that Virtue along with you into your Retirement, which will make you be hated at Court:

If you would reform the Ungrateful, persuade Great Men to make a better Choice of the Persons, whom they intend to oblige. When we find them more nice and careful in the Distribution of their Favours, those that are oblig'd by them, will make it their particular Study to be grateful to their Benefactors. If you would change the Humour of a sordid Miser, don't think to effect it by fine Speeches : All the Morality in the World may be preach'd to him without effect ; Represent to him the considerable Fortunes which some have rais'd by being at a small Expence ; possess him with the Contempt which a penurious way of living draws upon a Man ; shew him what Advantages Persons of the same Rank, with himself, have above him, meerly by using a prudent Liberality ; and to cure him of this base Interest, don't be wanting to set before his Eyes another that is honourable.

Repre-

Represent to your Man of Artifice and Self-Ends, that all his Machines will turn against himself. He would have his Servants faithful to him, yet the Example of his own Treachery will corrupt them. As he values himself upon his ingenious Address, in promising much, and performing nothing; so others will claim a more ingenious Right to cheat him, and every one will reward himself at his Expence. He entertains his Friends in a scandalous unprofitable Familiarity, whereby he gives them an Opportunity to spy out his Faults, and to pry into his Affairs, without engaging them, by any Tie, to Reservedness and Secrecy.

As for those premeditated good Offices, that proceed purely from Design and Artifice, as they are only a slight Intermiſſion of a Knavish Conduct, so they produce no more than a light Suspension in our Affections; and so soon as the designing Miser returns to his former Practice, the World is immediately even with him, and turns to its former Aversion.

By the like Reasons you may make him sensible of the Advantages he may draw from Virtue, and the Prejudice which a sordid pursuit of one's Interest carries with it. This is the Niceness I expect in the Manner of your Reproofs: For I cannot endure that you should set up for a Philosopher, or a profest Casuist, and declaim with a splenetick and supercilious Vehemence against Vice. In short, Sir, what can you hope from this fine Harangue? *Every Day brings you Riches, and every Day retrenches the Use of them. Your Wealth increases, and your Senses, that ought to enjoy it, decay; you gain external Things, and lose your self.* These People now take the Thing quite otherwise; the Money which comes to their Coffers, makes them amends for the Day that is spent

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spent in getting it. The Weakness of their Senses is repair'd, as they imagine, by the Increase of their Riches; and when they decay in Vigour, they think that in some manner they make up the Loss, by the Improvement of their Wealth. Your Wisdom, Sir, is too refin'd for Men that are so corrupted; there is too great a distance between you and them, to be able to meet together: Let us be content to be virtuous, in regard of our selves, and not affect a Probity which will render us troublesom to others; let us court the Acquaintance of Men of Integrity, without having any Aversion for those who are not so. Let us bear with all sorts of Persons, but converse most with those who can best please us.

As there are few Men of so consummate a Virtue, that they can wholly satisfy you; so, on the other Hand, there are few so extreamly vicious, that you must be forc'd to break off with them. Besides, as we may find Defects in the most virtuous Man, when we study him diligently, we may likewise discover some good Qualities in the Man who is least so, if we will be at the Pains to examine him. We very rarely find either all Virtue, or all Vice in any Man: The good and the bad Qualities are blended together, and a nice Discernment may easily distinguish them.

A Covetous Man has his Friends, and is not wanting to serve them, although he loves his Money much better than them. If he be a Man of Interest, he will use it in their Behalf, and be glad to employ his Diligence, to be excus'd from more substantial Offices of Friendship.

Another Man will deserve your Intimacy, by his disinterested Friendship, and his agreeable Conversation, though his Laziness, and want of Application, may render him unserviceable to
you,

you, when he ought to act vigorously in your behalf. I know some Persons of this Temper, who are at Death's Door, if they are to stir never so little for you, and whose natural Supineness will not let them move one step for you; but, at the same time, you may command their Purse and Fortunes, if you'll excuse their Application and Industry.

As some Persons are too frugal in their Nature, but at the same time very agreeable, to take from them all Suspicion of Expence, frequent their Houses but seldom, and enjoy with Pleasure their Company in your own.

Another Man is very ready to serve you, that would not acknowledge any Obligation you should lay upon him; and being himself not very punctual, in Point of Gratitude, will leave the Acknowledgment of the Favour he does you, to your own Discretion.

There are some light-headed, extravagant Persons in the World, whose ordinary Acquaintance you ought to avoid; but whose Rashness may be more serviceable to you, upon some Occasion or other, than the Prudence of the Wise. Prudent Men will not act so vigorously in your Interest, but their Judgment will help to regulate your Conduct.

Besides, we are not always the same. We do too much Honour to Human Nature, when we assign Uniformity to it. He that neglects you to Day with Coldness, will, by some extraordinary Turn of Mind, seek out an Opportunity to serve you to Morrow. In short, Men are changeable, various, made up of good and ill Qualities. Let us make all the honest Use of them that we can, and not avoid Men for their Defects, who might, with as much Reason, shun us for ours.

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It is time to sum up, in a few Words, all that may be said upon Opinions so opposite: They have this common in their Opposition, that they keep us too devoted to our selves, tho' in a different manner.

The one, through Fondness of a Vertue, which is only beneficial to our selves, would carry us into a Desert, and deter us from the common Offices of a civil Life; The other brings us into Society, that we may make our own private Advantage of the Publick. If we follow the first, every Thing will be Vice with us, because we frame to our selves an Idea of Vertue that the World never practis'd. If we will be govern'd by the latter, there will be no more Faith, nor Honour, nor Integrity, left amongst us. We must live among Men, as if we were not of the same Species; indifferent to their Merit, exempt from their Passions, insensible of their Pleasures, and studious of nothing but our own Interest.

On one side, the Speculations are too pure and refin'd; on the other, too base and corrupted: But we can better make Shift without a Good, which produces not an unprofitable Vertue, than suffer the Effects of so dangerous a Corruption.

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A L E T-

A LETTER

To the Count DE LIONNE.

SIR,

Perhaps you are not at *Paris*: Perhaps you are; and in this last Case, your Silence may be rather the Effect of your Forgetfulness, than of your Absence. But, suppose it were, I am too much beholden to you for your past Services, to complain of your present Indifference. I don't inquire after you, to fatigue you for an Answer, or renew a Correspondence that would rob you of some Hours, which you know how to bestow to better Purpose. But, Sir, you still owe something to our Friendship, and you will discharge the Obligation, if you can find some way, either by your self, or any Body else, to let me know that you are in Health. This Piece of News will give me a Joy, in which you are more concern'd than any other; and if you were of my Temper, you would be of my Opinion, that to be well, is better than to command the whole World. No Treasures are worth one Year's Health.

Pardon, Sir, the Chat of an infirm Man, who enjoying a quarter of an Hour's Health, thinks no other Subject so proper to be talk'd on. You were, perhaps, of my Humour, when you enjoy'd some Ease of the Pains occasion'd by your broken Arm, and your other Wounds. Now you are perfectly cur'd, relish the Pleasure of it, and let me make melancholy Reflections on the Song you have taught me:

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*But oh! when Age benums our Veins.
No longer sprightly Joy remains!*

If there be any Airs as agreeable as this in the Musick of the FEAST OF VERSAILLES, I desire you to send them me prick'd, and you will oblige one who is more than ever, &c.

To the same.

I Receiv'd, just now, the Letter you have done me the Honour to write to me, with the Airs you have sent me. I should have a Thousand Thanks to return to you; but knowing, as I do, your Inclination to oblige me, you will, I hope, allow me to be somewhat slow in making Acknowledgments; for the continual Repetition of Favours, might fatigue so tender a Gratitude as mine. Be persuaded, however, that I have a due Sense of your Kindness; and that you may more absolutely dispose of me, than of any Man you know.

I never was more surpriz'd in my Life, than to see expos'd to Sale here, three little Books that are father'd upon me, and are now Printing at *Amsterdam*. It is about Twenty Years since I made some short Discourses on the Reflections that are contain'd in one of those little Books; but know not who got them from me. Continue, I beseech you, to love me always: And be persuaded, that you'll never have a surer Friend, or one more passionate to serve you. When there is something Curious and Diverting, I entreat you to send it me: Particularly *Monsieur Arnaud's*

ANSWER to Monsieur * Claude, as soon as 'tis printed; with Mr. Claude's REPLY, which, undoubtedly, will soon follow: *Habitâ ratione* of Postage, that is, any other way than by the Post.

Do not forbear obliging me: For let my Gratitude be never so tender, yet it will last as long as my self; nor shall I ever forget what you do for my Interest.

* *A Book entitled, La Perpetuité de la Foy de l'Eglise Catholique touchant l'Eucharistie, defendue contre le Livre du Sieur Claude Ministre de Charenton. Mr. Claude soon answer'd that Book, and the Jansenists never made but a general Reply to that Work. See Mr. BAYLE's Dictionary, in the Articles of Messieurs ARNAUD and CLAUDE.*

To the same.

AS irksom and heavy as my Disgraces are, yet I find some Alleviation, when I find a Person of so much Honour as your self, who has the Tenderness to pity them; and the Generosity to endeavour to put an End to them. I am infinitely oblig'd to Madam * * * for her Kindness, and to you for your zealous Endeavours: But I should be glad, that, for the future, no Body would stir up Count *de Lauzun* to serve me; for I am sure he'll do, of his own accord, all that shall lie in his Power for me, without doing himself Hurt; and I should be very sorry to draw upon him the least Mortification. He ought to entertain his Master with nothing but what's agreeable: And hear nothing from him, but what brings him some Satisfaction: For when a Master has once begun to refuse, he easily gets a Habit

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of not granting what's ask'd of him. I have heard a great Courtier say, That a Man ought very carefully to avoid the first Repulse; and I should be extream sorry to have occasion'd one, to a Person I honour so highly, as I do Count Lauzun.

Not but that I lie under a sort of Necessity of going to France, for two Months, unless I will resolve to lose the Little I have there, and All that makes me subsist in Foreign Countries. There is, as I take it, about Forty Thousand Livers still due to me, of which I can get nothing: However, I fear more than Want, the Relief of Nature, which might put an End to the ill Treatments I receive from Fortune. I am tormented with devilish Vapours; but as soon as they are over, I am as merry as ever. In one Hour all that is sad, and all that is pleasant, presents its self, by Turns, to my Imagination: So that I am more sensibly affected with the Effects of Humour, than by the Power of Reason. I should easily fall to Moralizing; which is the Inclination of all the Unfortunate, whose Imagination is generally taken up either with melancholy, or, at least, serious Thoughts: But, as I fear the Ridicule that attends Gravity, I step short, to tell you only, Sir, that no Man is more absolutely yours, &c. I beseech you, when Occasion offers, to assure Madam*** of my most humble Acknowledgments, for all her Kindnesses.

Since I had the Honour to write to you last, I have pass'd my tedious Hours in Trifles. I have made some OBSERVATIONS on our Historians, on TRAGEDY, on the Spanish, French, Italian, and English COMEDY, on OPERAS, &c. But these were only particular Observations, without much Design or Regularity, tho' grounded on the different Genius of those respective Nations. I have lost part of them,

and the rest is still in Confusion : However, such as it is, I shall transmit it to you. You will infinitely oblige me to send me all that's New, provided it be Curious, and scarce.

To the * *same*.

IF I consulted nothing but Discretion, I might save you the Trouble of receiving some of my Letters, and the Fatigue of an Answer, which your Civility will incline you to write ; but as 'tis my Temper to consult my own Satisfaction as much as yours, you will not take it ill if I enjoy that which I find in entertaining you ; and all that I can do for you, Sir, is not to abuse it, by too frequent an Enjoyment. If you knew what a great Trouble it is to me to forbear it, you would easily forgive what I do, for the Violence I undergo in not doing more.

I am return'd to a Court, after having liv'd Four Years in a Republick, without either Pleasure or Entertainment : For I think the *Hague* is the true Seat of Indolence. I know not how I put new Life into my Sentiments : But, however, the Fancy took me to feel something more quick and lively ; and a fond Imagination that I might return to *France*, made me pitch upon *London*, as a Medium between the French Courtiers, and the Dutch Burgomasters. Hitherto, I was contented to take up with the *Heaviness*, or to speak more obligingly, the Gravity of the Gentlemen of *Holland* ;

* Mr. de St. Evremond wrote this Letter, immediately upon his Return to England.

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land; But as I do not find my self much nearer France than I was, so the *Vivacity* I have studied, is very injurious to my Repose; since it draws me back from *Indolence*, without advancing me to *Pleasure*. That I mean, which I fancied to my self in seeing you at *Paris*: For, to speak the Truth, I find here a great deal, amongst abundance of Men of Honour.

Your Friend the Duke of *Buckingham*, has told me, that I was very much beholden to Mr. *de Lionne* the Minister: To whom I intreat you to return a Thousand Thanks from me. I am one of his Admirers; But my Admiration is not worth the Pains he has taken: And indeed, 'twas only his Generosity that prompted him to act so nobly. Pray, be your self so generous, as now and then, to remember.

Your most Humble and

Obedient Servant.

To the same.

Altho' I should not regret Monsieur *de Lionne* the Minister, out of my own Interest, yet, out of meer Regard to you, I would have receiv'd the News of his * Death, with great Sorrow. I am inform'd he is generally lamented at *Paris*; and I can assure you, that the Foreigners honour his Memory with the same Sentiments that the *French* entertain of him. Whatever was the Merit of the great Ministers of our State,

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* In the Year 1671.

foreign Nations did ever rejoice at their Death; and 'twas a long time before they could pass from the Hatred of their Persons, to the Veneration of their Virtues. Monsieur de Lionne is the only Man whose Death was apprehended, and who has made the World sensible of their Loss, at the same Instant he died. To enlarge on the Death of Great Men, is to add Grief and Affliction to Death herself: She has no need of such Helps to be ghastly; which makes me break off that Discourse, to assure, that no Man can be more truly than I am, &c.

T O T H E
M A R E S C H A L D E C R E Q U I,

*Who ask'd the Temper of my Mind, and
my Thoughts of Things in general, in
my Old Age.*

WHEN we are Young, the Popular Opinion sways us, and we are more solicitous to gain the Esteem of others than of our selves. But when arriv'd to Old Age, we are apt to have a less Value for foreign Things; and are most taken up with our selves, when we are ready to be wanting to our selves. It is with Life as with our other Possessions: All is wasted when we think our Stock greatest; and we are seldom frugal but when there remains little to be managed. Hence we see young Men squander (as it were) their Being, in which they think they

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they they have a long Term of Years to come :
But we become more dear to our selves, as we
are nearest losing our selves.

Heretofore my roving, wandering Fancy, raim-
bled after all manner of foreign Objects : At
present my Mind contracts it self to the Body,
and unites more straitly with it : Not, indeed, out
of any Sense of Pleasure from such an Alliance,
but out of Necessity of the mutual Succour and
Assistance, which they endeavour to afford one
another.

In this languishing Condition, I yet retain some
Pleasures ; but I have lost all Sense of Vice, with-
out knowing whether this Change be owing to
the Infirmary of a decay'd Body, or the Modera-
tion of a Mind better improv'd in Wisdom than
heretofore. I fear my Age has a greater Share in
it than my Virtue ; and that I have more Reason
to complain, than brag of the Obedience of my
Inclinations. And, indeed, it were preposterous
for me to ascribe to my Reason the Power of sub-
jecting my Desires, if they are too weak to re-
volt : So that what Wisdom soever Men at my
Years may boast of, it is hard to distinguish, whe-
ther those Passions, we now no longer feel, be
subdued or extinguish'd.

Whatever it be, when our Senses are no longer
affected by external Objects, nor our Souls mov'd
by their Impressions, it is properly no more than
a State of Indolence : Yet is not this Indolence
without its Charms. For to think himself
exempt from all Uneasiness, is enough to give Joy
to a reasonable Man. The Enjoyment of Plea-
sures is not always required ; the Privation of
Pain well managed, renders our Condition suffi-
ciently happy.

When any Misfortune besel me, I was natural-
ly little sensible of it, without dashing this hap-
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py Constitution with any Thoughts of Constancy: For Constancy is only dwelling longer upon our Miseries. It appears the most amiable Virtue in the World to those who are under no Afflictions; but is truly an additional Torment to such as suffer. Resistance only frets us; and instead of easing the first Pain; begets a second: Without Resistance we suffer only the Evils inflicted on us; with it, our own Improvements too. For this Reason, under my present Calamities, I resign all to Nature; and reserve my Prudence for such a Juncture of Time, as I have nothing to suffer. Then by reflecting upon my own Indolence, I turn into Pleasure the Pains I endure not; and by this Means make happy the most indifferent State of Life.

Experience is form'd with Age; and Wisdom is commonly the Result of Experience. But when this Virtue is ascrib'd to Old Men, it does not follow that they are always Masters of it. This is certain, that they have always the Liberty to be wise; and to knock off decently, those Fetters which Prejudice has put upon the World. They only are allow'd to take Things for what they really are. Reason does, as 'twere, plant every thing in our Education; which is afterwards in a manner quite over-run by Fancy. Now Age only has the Power to drive out the one from what she had usurp'd, and to restore the other to what she had lost.

For my part, I observe religiously all real Duties. The imaginary I decline or admit, as I like or dislike 'em. For in things to which I am not oblig'd, I think it equal Wisdom to reject what does not please me, or to accept what does. Every Day frees me from one Link at least of the Chain, nor is it less for the Advantage of those from whom I disengage my self, than me, who regain
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my Liberty. They are as great Gainers in the Loss of a useless Man, as I should have been a Loser, by idly devoting my self any longer to 'em.

Of all Ties, that of Friendship is the only one that is endearing to me ; and were it not for the Disgrace of having my Affection slighted, I cou'd love meerly for the Pleasure of loving ; even where I should not be belov'd again. In Love ill plac'd, the Sentiments of Amity entertain us purely by their own agreeable Sweetness : But we ought to divest our selves of a just Hatred for the Interest of our own Quiet.

Happy were that Mind which could entirely resist some Passions, and only unbend it self to some others. It would then be void of Fear, Sadness, Hatred, or Jealousie. It wou'd desire, without Violence ; hope, without Uneasiness ; and enjoy, without Transport.

The State of Virtue is not a State of Indolence. We suffer in it, a perpetual Conflict betwixt Duty and Inclination. Sometimes we admit what's shocking to us, and sometimes oppose what we like ; being generally under a Constraint, both in what we do, and in what we forbear. *On the contrary*, the State of Wisdom is sweet and calm. It reigns peaceably over our Movements, being only to govern well as Subjects, what Virtue was to combat as Enemies.

I can say one thing of my self, as extraordinary as true, *viz.* that I never felt in my self any Conflict between Passion and Reason. My Passion never oppos'd what I resolv'd out of Duty ; and my Reason readily comply'd with what a Sense of Pleasure inclin'd me to. I don't aim at Praise on account of this easie Agreement ; on the contrary, I confess I have often been the more vicious for it. Not out of any perverse Dispo-

Disposition to Evil, but because the Vice was entertain'd as a Pleasure, instead of appearing as a Crime.

It is certain, the Nature of Things is much better discover'd by Reflection on 'em, when past, than by their Impressions when felt. Besides, the great Commerce with the World, hinders all Attention in Youth. What we see in others hinders us from examining well our selves. Crowds please us at an Age, when we love (as one may say) to diffuse our selves. Multitudes grow troublesome at another, when we naturally return to our selves, or, at most, to a few Friends, who are most strictly united to us.

'Tis this Humour, that insensibly withdraws us from Courts. We begin through that to seek some Medium between assiduous Attendance and Retirement. We grow afterwards asham'd to shew an old Face amongst young Fellows, who, instead of taking our Gravity for Wisdom, laugh at us for appearing in publick Places, where nothing but Gallantry and Gaiety is to be seen.

Let us not flatter our selves with our Judgment: A brisk Buffoonry will run it down; and the false Glittering of a youthful Fancy, will turn to Ridicule, the most Delicate of our Conversations. If we have Wit, let us make a better use of it in private Companies; for in a Crowd the Qualities of the Mind maintain themselves but ill, against the Advantages of the Body.

This Justice which we are oblig'd to do our selves, ought not to make us unjust to the young Men. We ought not superciliously to cry up our own Times, or with Moroseness, perpetually run down the present, which is favourable to them. Let us not rail at Pleasures when we are past them, or censure Diversions, whose only Crime is our Incapacity to enjoy them.

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Our Judgments ought to be always the same. We may live, but must not judge by Humour. There is in mine something singular, which makes me attend more the Trouble, than the Pomp of Magnificence. Shows, Feasts, and great Assemblies, invite me to the Sight of 'em: But the Inconveniencies I must suffer deter me. The elegant Harmony of Consorts engages not me so much, as the Difficulty of adjusting 'em tires me. Plenty disgusts me at Meals; and Rarities seem to be an affected Curiosity. My Fancy cannot recommend any thing to my Palate by the Scarcity. But I am for the Choice of Things easily to be had, that I may preserve a Delicacy independent upon Fancy.

Of READING, and the CHOICE of BOOKS.

I Am as fond of Reading as ever, because it depends more particularly on the Mind, which decays not like the Senses: But in truth, I seek in Books my Pleasure, rather than my Instruction. As I have less time for Practice, I have less Curiosity to learn. I have more need of a Stock of Life, than of Methods of Living; and the little that remains, is better entertain'd and cherish'd by things agreeable, than instructive. The Latin Authors afford me the most, and I read whatever I think fine, a Thousand times over, without being cloy'd.

A nice Choice has confin'd me to a few Books; in which I seek rather *sound* than *fine Wit*; and the *true Taste* (to use a *Spanish* Expression) is generally found in the Writings of considerable Men. I

am pleas'd to discover in *Tully's* EPISTLES, both his own Character, and that of those Persons of Quality that wrote to him: As for *Tully* himself, he never divests himself of his Rhetorick; and the least Recommendation to his most intimate Friend, is as artificially insinuated, as if he were to prepossess a Stranger in an Affair of the greatest Consequence in the World. The Letters of the rest have not those Turns; but in my Mind, they have more good Sense than his; and this makes me judge very advantageously of the great and general Abilities of the *Romans* at that time.

Our Authors perpetually cry up the Age of *Augustus*, upon the account of *Virgil* and *Horace*; and perhaps more yet upon the score of *Mæcenas*, who encouraged Men of Learning, than for those Men of Learning themselves. It is certain, nevertheless, that their Parts, as well as Courages, began at that time to decay. Greatness of Soul was converted to circumspect Conduct, and sound Discourse to polite Conversation: And if we consider what remains of *Mæcenas*, I know not whether he had not something effeminate, which was made to pass for delicate. *Mæcenas* was *Augustus's* great Favourite; the Man that pleas'd, and whom all the polite and sprightly Wits endeavour'd to please: Now is it not likely that his Judgment over-ruld the rest, that they affected his Air, and aped, as much as they cou'd, his Character?

Augustus himself leaves us no great Idea of his *Latinity*. What we see of *Terence*; what was reported at *Rome* of the Politeness of *Scipio* and *Lælius*; the Remains of *Cæsar*; and what we have of *Cicero*, with the Complaint of this last for the Loss of what he calls, *Sales*, *Lepores*, *Venustates*, *Urbanitas*, *Amanitas*, *Festivitas*, *Jucunditas*; all these

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these together, I say, make me believe, upon better Consideration, That we must pitch on some other time than that of *Augustus*, to find the sound and agreeable Wit of the *Romans*, as well as the pure and natural Graces of their Tongue.

It may be said, That *Horace* had a very nice Palate in all these Matters; which perswades me that the rest of his Cōtemporaries had not. For the Nicety of his Relish consisted chiefly in finding the Ridicule of others. Were it not for the Impertinencies, false Manners, and Affectations which he laugh'd at, his Sense wou'd not at this very Day appear so very just.

Of POETRY.

I Own the *Augustean* Age to have been that of excellent Poets; but it follows not, that it was that of sound Judgment. Poetry requires a peculiar Genius, that agrees not overmuch with good Sense. It is sometimes the Language of Gods; sometimes of Buffoons; rarely that of a Gentleman. It delights in Figures and Fictions, always besides the Reality of Things, tho' it be that only, that can satisfy a sound Understanding.

Not but that there is something Noble in making agreeable Verses; but we must have a great Command of our Genius, otherwise the Mind is possess'd with something foreign, which hinders it from the free management of it self. *He's a Blockhead (says the Spaniard) that can't make two Verses, and a Fool that makes four.* I own, if this Maxim prevail'd over all the World, we should want a Thousand fine Works, the reading of

of which gives us a very delicate Pleasure; but this Saying respects Men of Business, rather than profess'd Poets. Besides, those that are capacitated for such great Performances, will not resist the Force of their Genius, for what I can say; and it is certain, that amongst Authors, those only will write few Verses, who find themselves more cramp'd by their own Barrenness, than by my Reasons.

Excellent *Poets* are as requisite for our Entertainment, as great *Mathematicians* for our Use: But it is sufficient for us to be acquainted with their Works; and not to engage our selves in the solitary Enthusiasm of the one, or to exhaust our Spirits in Meditation like the other.

Comick Poets are of all most proper for the Converse of the World: For they make it their Business to draw to the Life what passes in it, and to express the Sentiments and Passions of Men.

How new a Turn soever may be given to old Thoughts, that sort of Poetry is very tedious which is fill'd with Similes of the Morning, Sun, Moon, and Stars. Our Descriptions of a Calm and a Tempestuous Sea, represent nothing which the Ancients have not express'd much better.

Now a-Days we have not only the same Ideas, but the very same Expressions, and Rhymes. I never hear of the Harmony of Birds, but I prepare my self for purling Streams; the Shepherdesses are always lolling upon Fern, and you may sooner find a Grove without a Shade in its proper Seat, than in our Verses. This must necessarily, at length, be very tedious; which cannot happen in Comedy, where with Pleasure we see those Things represented which we may perform, and where we feel Motions like those we see express'd.

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A Tale of Woods, Rivers, Meadows, Fields, and Gardens, makes but a very languishing Impression upon us, unless their Beauties be wholly new : But what concerns Humanity, its Inclinations, Tendernesses, and Affections, finds something in the inmost Recesses of our Souls prepar'd to receive it : The same Nature produces and receives 'em, and they are easily transfus'd from the Actors to the Spectators.

Of some SPANISH, ITALIAN,
and FRENCH BOOKS.

THE Delicacy of Love soothes me, and its Tenderness touches me ; and as in *Spain* they love the best of any Country in the World, I am never weary of reading in their Authors amorous Adventures. I am more affected with the Passion of one of their Lovers, than I shou'd be with my own, were I yet capable of any. The very Imagination of those Amours raises in me certain Motions for the Gallant, which I cou'd never feel for my self.

There is, perhaps, as much Wit in the other Writings of that Nation, as in ours ; but it is a kind of Wit that gives no Satisfaction, except that of *Cervantes* in *Don Quixot*, which I cou'd read all my Life, without being disgusted one single Moment.

Of all the Books I ever read, *Don Quixot* is that, of which I shou'd be most ambitious to have been the Author. Nothing in my Opinion, can contribute more to the forming in us a true Taste of every thing. I wonder how *Cervantes* cou'd, as it were out of the Mouth of one of the greatest

Fools in the World, shew himself Master of all the Understanding and Knowledge imaginable. I admire the Variety of his Characters, which are of the most uncommon Stamp in the World, and, at the same time, the most Natural.

Quevedo, indeed, appears a very ingenious Author; but I esteem him more for his Thought of burning all his own Books, when he read *Don Quixot*, than for having been able to compose 'em.

I am not acquainted enough with *Italian* Poetry, to taste its Delicacy, or admire its Graces and Beauties; I meet with some Histories in that Tongue above all the Moderns; and some Treatises of Politicks, even above what the Ancients have written.

As for the Morality of the *Italians*, it is full of *Conceits*, or pointed Witticisms, which rather shew a Fancy that endeavours to glitter, than a solid Sense founded on deep Reflections.

I have a great Curiosity for every thing that is fine in *French*; and am very much distasted at a thousand Authors, that seem only to have written for the Reputation of being Authors. I read not for the Credit of having read abundance; which ties me up to certain Books, where I'm assur'd to meet Satisfaction.

Montaigne's ESSAYS, *Malherbe's* Poems, *Corneille's* Tragedies, and *Voiture's* Works, have established to themselves, as it were, a Title to please me during Life.

Montaigne has not the same Success with others, through the whole Course of their Lives. As he particularly lays open Men, the Young and the Old are pleas'd to see themselves in him, by the Resemblance of their Thoughts. The Space intermediate to these Ages, takes 'em off from Nature to other Professions; and then they find less

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in *Montaigne* that fits 'em. The Art Military employs the General ; Politicks the Statesman ; Divinity the Churchman ; and Law the Judge.

Montaigne returns upon us, when Nature has brought us back again to our selves ; and when an advanc'd Age, in which we truly feel what we are, recalls the Prince as well as his meanest Subjects, from a Concern for his Dignity, to the more near and sensible Concern for his Person.

I write not this out of any Impulse of Vanity, which prompts Men to make their Fancies publick. I feel my very Soul (*if I may so speak*) in what I say ; and understand my self better by expressing the Notion I have form'd of my self, than I could by private Thoughts and inward Reflections.

The *Idea* a Man has of himself by a bare Attention to internal Meditations, is always a little confus'd. The Image which is outwardly express'd, is much more exact, and gives us a much truer Judgment of our selves, when it is again submitted to the Examination of the Mind, after having been laid before our Eyes. Besides, the flattering Opinion of our own Merit, loses half its Charms, as soon as it comes into the Light ; and the Complacency of Self-Love insensibly vanishing, leaves behind it only a Disgust of its Sweetness, and Shame for a Vanity as foolishly entertain'd, as judiciously quitted.

To equal *Malherbe* to the Ancients, I require nothing finer than his own Compositions. I wou'd only strike out of his Works what is not worthy of him. It were Injustice to make him yield to any one : But it will suffice for the Honour of our own Judgments, if we make him give place to himself.

We may say the same of *Corneille* ; he wou'd be above all the Tragedians of Antiquity, if he were not

not in some of his Pieces much below himself. He is so admirable in what is fine, that he takes away all Patience for what is indifferent. What in him is not excellent, methinks is naught; not that it is really so, but because it wants the Perfection of the rest. It is not enough for him to please us lightly, he's bound to touch us to the very quick. Some Authors may be allow'd simply to move us: And these Emotions are pleasing enough, when we have nothing else in view, than to be tenderly affected; But with *Corneille* our Souls are prepar'd for *Raptures*; and if they be not transported, they are left in a Condition more uneasie than Languor.

It is, I confess, difficult always to charm: Very hard at Pleasure to raise a Mind from its Temper, and, as it were, to unhinge a Soul: But *Corneille* by having done it so often, has laid upon himself an Obligation to do it always. Let him expunge what is not Noble enough for him, and he will leave us in a full Admiration of those Beauties which no one can parallel.

I should not excuse *Voiture* for a great many of his Letters, which he ought to have suppress'd, had himself been the * Publisher: But he was like some Fathers, equally Kind and Prudent, who have a natural Affection for their Children, and, in secret, cherish those that want Worth, thereby to avoid exposing their Judgments to the Publick by their Indulgence. He might have shew'd all his Fondness to some of his Works; for there is something in 'em so Ingenious, so Polite, so Fine, and so Agreeable, that it takes away all Relish of the *Sales Attici*, and the

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* VOITURE's Works were publish'd after his Death, by his Nephew *Pinchéne*, assisted by *Contart* and *Chapelain*.

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Roman Urbanitas ; Eclipses quite through the Wit of the *Italians*, and the Gallantry of the *Spaniards*.

We have in *French* some particular Pieces of admirable Beauty ; such are the Funèral ORATIONS of the Queen of *England*, and that of *Madame* (the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*) by the Biſhop of * *Condom*. There is a certain Spirit diffus'd through theſe Diſcourſes, which gives us as great an Opinion of the Author before he is known, as of his Work after 'tis read. His Character is impreſs'd on all that he ſays ; ſo that altho' I never ſaw him, I paſs eaſily from the Admiration of his Diſcourſe to that of his Perſon.

OF CONVERSATION.

HOW great ſoever the Pleaſure of Reading is to me, yet that of Converſation will ever moſt ſenſibly affect me. The Acquaintance of the Ladies would afford me the ſweeteſt, if the Satisfaction we find in converſing with the Lovely, did not put us to the Trouble of being upon our Guard againſt their Charms. Yet this is a Violence I rarely ſuffer : As my Age renders me unacceptable, my Experience makes me nice ; and if they can't be pleas'd with me, I am, by way of Return, as hardly ſatisfy'd with them. There are ſome indeed, whoſe Merits make a conſiderable Impreſſion on my Mind, but their Beauty has little Influence on my Heart : And if I am at any time ſurprized by it, I preſently re-

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* James Benigne Boſſuet, firſt Biſhop of Condom, and then of Meaux. He died the 12th of Auguſt N. S. 1704.

duce my Passion to a pleasing reasonable Friendship, that has none of the Uneasiness of Love.

The first Merit with the Ladies is to be in love with them ; the next, the being the Confident of their Inclinations ; the third, the ingenious improving and setting off all that is amiable in them: If nothing will win their Hearts, we may, at least gain upon their Minds by Praise ; for next to the Lover, to whom all must yield, he pleases 'em most, who affords 'em Means of being better pleas'd with themselves. When you converse with them, take great Care never to leave 'em in Indifference ; they are, from their Souls, averse to such Coldness : Wherefore, either make your self belov'd, or indulge their Passions, or make 'em find themselves more lovely. For, after all, Love of some sort or other, they must have ; their Hearts are never void of that Passion. Direct a poor Heart how to employ it.

'Tis true, some of 'em can have Esteem, and even Tenderness without Love ; and others there are as capable of Secrecy as the most Trusty of our Friends. I know some that have no less Wit and Discretion, than Charms and Beauty : But those are Rarities, that Nature wantonly bestows on the World, either by Design or Caprice ; and we can draw no Consequences in Favour of the Generality from Things so particular, and from Qualities so uncommon. Women so extraordinary, seem to have borrow'd the Merit of Men ; and perhaps, 'tis a kind of Revolt from their Sex, to shake off the natural Conditions of it for the real Advantages of ours. I confess, I have formerly been more difficult in the Choice of the Men with whom I convers'd, than at present I am ; and I think my self not so much a Loser in point of Delicacy, as a Gainer in point of Sense. I then sought for Men that cou'd please me in every

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every thing, I now seek every thing that may please me in any Man.

A Man in all Respects agreeable, is too great a Rarity, and it is no Wisdom to hunt for what we are hardly ever like to find. That Delicacy of Pleasure, which our Imagination paints to us, is what we seldom enjoy; the sickly nice Fancy gives us a Disrelish of those things which we might possess, during the whole Course of our Lives.

Not that, to say Truth, it is impossible to find such Jewels; but it is very rarely that Nature forms 'em, and that Fortune favours us with 'em. My good Stars made me know one of this Rank in *France*, and another of equal Merit in a foreign Country, who was the whole Delight of my Life. Death has robb'd me of this Treasure, and I can never think on that cruel Day, on which my Lord *d'Aubigny* died, but I may say, with a true and sensible Regret,

*Quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic Dî voluistis, habebo. Virg.
Æneid V.*

In the Measures you will take for Society, you must reckon not to find good things separately. Expect to meet Solidity with Prolixity; Agreeableness with Want of Sense; and Science with Ridicule. You will find these Qualities promiscuously blended, not only among those Men whom we may, at Pleasure, make choice of, or avoid, but even among those whom our Interest, or other Ties as obligatory, shall bind you to.

I have convers'd with a Man of the brightest natural Parts in the World, who being sometimes weary of the happy Facility of his Genius, engag'd in Arguments of Science and Religion, in

which he betray'd a ridiculous Ignorance: I know one of the most learned Men in *Europe*, * of whom one may learn a Thousand things, curious or profound; in whom, nevertheless, you will find a foolish Credulity in every thing extraordinary, fabulous, or exceeding Belief.

That great Master of the Stage, to whom the *Romans* are more beholden for the Beauty of their Sentiments, than to their own Wit or Virtue, *Corneille*; who sufficiently discovers himself without being named, becomes an ordinary Man when he speaks for himself. He dares say any thing for a *Greek* or a *Roman*: A *French-man* or *Spaniard* abates his Courage; and when he speaks for him, he is quite dispirited. He racks his Imagination for all that is Noble to adorn his Old *Heroes*, and you would say, that he debarr'd himself the Advantage of his own Wealth, as if he were not worthy the Use of it.

If you know the World perfectly, you will find in it abundance of Men valuable for their Talents, and as contemptible for their Failings. Expect not they should always exert their Abilities, and discreetly cover their Infirmities. You shall see 'em often slight their Virtues, and fondly indulge their Defects. It rests upon your Judgment to make a better Choice than themselves, and by your Address, to draw from 'em that Worth, which they cou'd not easily communicate.

For these Ten Years past, which I have spent in foreign Countries, I have found as much Pleasure, and been as happy in the Enjoyment of Conversation, as if I had been all the time in *France*. I have met with Persons of as great Worth as Quality, whose Society has been the greatest

* Dr. Isaac Vossius.

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greatest Comfort of my Life. I have known Men as witty as any I have ever seen, who have join'd the Pleasure of their Friendship, to that of their Company. I have known some Ambassadors of such bright Parts, that they seem'd to me to make a considerable Loss, whenever the Duty of their Character suspended the Exercise of their private Excellencies.

I formerly thought that there were no well-bred and polite Men but in our Court; that the Effeminacy of warmer Climates, and a kind of Barbarity in the Colder, hinder'd the Natives from being rais'd to this Pitch, except very rarely. But Experience has, at length, convinc'd me, that there are such every where; and if I have not discover'd it soon enough, it is because it is difficult for a *French* Man to relish any but those of his own Country. Every Nation has its Excellence, with a certain Turn proper and peculiar to its Genius. My Judgment, too much wedded to our own Air, rejected as faulty what was foreign to us. Because we see 'em imitate us in the Fashion of things exterior, we wou'd impose upon 'em the Imitation of us, even in the Dress of Virtue too. In truth, the Grounds of any essential Quality, are every where the same; but we endeavour to fit the Extrinsics to our Humour; and those among us that pay the greatest Deference to Reason, must have with it something to gratify their Fancies. To speak ingenuously, the Difference I find between us and others, in the Air, or Manner that distinguishes Nations, is, that ours is industriously affected, and that of other Nations impress'd by Nature, as it were in an indelible Character.

In all my Life, I have never known but two Persons that were universally taking, and those too differently. The one had agreeable Qualities
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of all sorts ; for the ordinary sort of Men, for the Humorists, and even for the Fantastical ; and he seem'd to have in his Nature, wherewith to please every Body. The other had so many rare Accomplishments, that he might assure himself of Esteem where ever Virtue is rever'd. The first was insinuating, and never fail'd to gain the Affections. The second was somewhat proud, but yet commanded Esteem. To compleat this Difference, a Man gave himself up with Pleasure to the Insinuations of the former, and submitted oftentimes, tho' with Reluctance, to the Worth of the latter. I had a strict Friendship with 'em both, and can say, That I never saw any thing in the one, but what was agreeable ; or in the other, but what deserv'd Esteem.

Of LITERATURE *and the* CIVIL LAW.

WHEN I am depriv'd of the Conversation of the Men of the World, I have Recourse to the Learned ; and if I meet with Men skill'd in polite Literature, I think my self no great Loser by exchanging the Delicacy of the present, for that of past Ages. But we rarely meet with Persons that have a true Judgment : Which in many Scholars, renders Literature a very tiresome Knowledge.

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Of all the Men I ever knew, Antiquity is the most indebted to Mr. * *Waller*; he lends it his beautiful Imagination, and his nice and delicate Judgment; so that he enters into the Genius of the Ancients, not only to understand rightly what they thought, but still to embellish their Thoughts.

I have seen within a few Years abundance of Criticks, and but few good Judges. Now, I don't affect that sort of learned Men, that rack their Brains to restore a Reading, which is not mended by the Restitution. The whole Mystery of their Learning lies in what we might as well be ignorant of, and they are absolute Strangers to what's really worth knowing. As they are incapable of having nice Sentiments and Thoughts, so 'tis impossible for them to enter into the Delicacy of a Sentiment, or the Fineness of a Thought. They may succeed well enough in expounding Grammarians, who applied themselves to the same Study, and whose Genius was the same; But they can never hit that of a polite, well-bred Man among the Ancients, because theirs is diametrically opposite to it. In History, they neither mind Men, nor Affairs: They lay the whole Stress on Chronology; and for the Date of a Consul's Death, will neglect the Knowledge of his Character, and of the Transactions during his Consulship. *Tully*, with them, will never be any more than a Declaimer of *Orations*; or *Cæsar* than a Writer of *COMMENTARIES*: The *Consul* and the *General* escape their Notice; the Spirit that

* *Mr. Edmond Waller was generally admir'd for the Delicacy and Elevation of his Genius. There's something so Polite, so Noble, and so great in his Poems, that no English Author has ever yet come up to it.*

that animates their Works is unperceiv'd ; and the principal Matters they treat of, unknown.

I own I value infinitely a *Criticism on the Sense*, if the Expression may be allow'd. Such is the excellent Work of *Machiavel* upon the *DECADES* of *Livy* ; and such wou'd be the Reflections of *Monfieur de Roban* upon *Cesar's COMMENTARIES*, had he penetrated deeper into his Designs, and expos'd to a clearer Light the secret Springs of his Conduct. I must own nevertheless, that he has equal'd the Penetration of *Machiavel* in his Remarks upon the Clemency of *Cæsar* in the Civil Wars. But we may see, that his own Experience of such Wars, furnish'd him with abundance of Hints for those judicious Observations.

Next to the Study of Polite Learning (for which I have a more particular Affection) I love the Science of those great *Lawyers* and *Civilians*, who might themselves be Legislators ; who re-ascend to that Original Justice that settled Humane Society ; that know what Liberty Nature allows in establish'd Governments ; and how far the natural Liberty of private Persons is restrain'd for the Publick Good, by necessary Politicks. These Instructions might be found in the Conversation of Mr. * *Sluse*, with as much Pleasure as Profit. From *Hobbs*, that great Genius of *England*, we might also receive these noble Lights ; tho' with less Exactness, because he carries some things too far, and is altogether upon Extreams in others.

Were *Grotius* yet alive, all things might be learn'd of that Universal Scholar, who is yet more valuable for his Reasonings than for his Learning.

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* *A Canon of St. Lambert at Liege ; and Brother to Mr. Sluse, Secretary of the Briefs to the Pope, and afterwards a Cardinal.*

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Now he is dead, his Writings resolve the most important Difficulties ; and were Justice only regarded, they might be a standing Rule to all Nations in Points of War and Peace. His Book, *De Jure Belli & Pacis*, ought to be the chief Study of Sovereign Princes, their Ministers, and generally of all such as have any Share in the Government of the People.

Nay, even the Knowledge of that Law which descends to the Affairs of private Men, ought not to be slighted. But this is left to the Care of the Gentlemen of the *Gown*, and denied to Princes as a thing below them ; tho' every Moment of their Reign, they give Decrees, or issue out Warrants that extend to the Fortunes, Liberties, and Lives of their Subjects. They are only entertain'd with Harangues about Valour, which is only an Instrument of Destruction ; and Discourses of Liberality, which is but a more regular Method of squandering, unless they be bound by Justice. 'Tis true, the Doctrine of every Virtue, ought to be suited to the Necessities of every one's Temper : To infuse Liberality into the Covetous, to excite the Unactive with the Thirst of Glory ; and curb, as much as is possible, the Ambitious with the Reins of Justice. But amongst all the Diversity of Tempers, Justice is still most requisite ; for it keeps up Order as well in him that does it, as in them to whom it is done. Nor is this a Constraint that limits the Power of a Prince ; for in doing it to others, he learns to do it to himself ; and so it is in him a voluntary Act, tho' we necessarily receive it from his Power.

I read not an History of any Prince better educated, than *Cyrus* the Great. They were not contented exactly to inform him what Justice was in all Respects, but they made him put their Instructions

structions in Practice, as often as Occasion offer'd; so that they did, at the same time, imprint the Notions of Justice on his Mind, and establish an Habit of being just in his Soul.

The Education of *Alexander* was of somewhat too large an Extent: He was taught the Knowledge of every thing in Nature, but himself. His Ambition went afterwards as far as his Learning; and having endeavour'd to know all, he grew desirous to conquer all. But he had little or no Method in his Conquests, and abundance of Irregularity in his Life; for want of knowing what he ow'd to the Publick, to private Men, and to himself.

No Men whatsoever can take too effectual a Care to be just, for they have naturally too strong a Bias the contrary way. Justice is the Foundation and the Fence of all Society; without it we should still be Savages and Vagabonds; and our Impetuosity would soon reduce us to our Primitive Confusion, out of which we are happily extricated. Yet instead of chearfully acknowledging the Benefit, we find some Reluctance in submitting to that happy Subjection it keeps us in, and still long after that fatal Liberty which would prove the Unhappiness of our Lives.

When the Scripture tells us that the Just are few, it means not, in my Opinion, that no Men are inclin'd to good Works: But it seems to intimate, how little they are inclin'd to act as they should, out of a Principle of Justice. And indeed, were Men's good Actions examin'd, they would most of 'em be found to have their Source from the Consideration of some other Virtues. Good Nature, Friendship and Benevolence, are the ordinary Springs from whence they flow: Charity relieves our Neighbours Wants; Liberality bestows; and Generosity obliges: Justice, which ought to partake

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in all, is laid aside as burthenfome ; and Necessity alone gives it a Share in our Actions. Nature endeavours to find a kind of Self-Complacency in those first Virtues, where we act upon pleasing Motives : But in this she finds a secret Violence, where another's Right extorts from us what we owe, and we rather acquit our selves of our own Obligations, than lay any upon them by our Beneficence.

It is a secret Aversion to Justice that makes us fonder of Giving than Returning, of Obliging than Acknowledging. Thus we see the most Liberal, Generous Men, are not usually the most Just. Justice includes a Regularity that lays a Constraint upon 'em, as being founded on a constant Method of Reason, and opposite to those natural Impulses, which are the Hinges upon which Liberality almost always moves.

There is, I know not what Heroical in great Liberality, as well as in great Valour ; and there is a great Analogy between those two Virtues ; the one raising the Soul above the Consideration of Wealth, and the other pushing on Courage beyond a Concern for Life. But with all these gay and generous Motives, without good Conduct, the one becomes ruinous, and the other fatal.

Those whom cross Accidents of Fortune have undone, are pitied by all the World, because it is a Misfortune attending the Condition of Humanity, to which every Body is liable : Those that are reduc'd to Misery by vain Profusion, raise more Contempt than Commiseration ; because it is the Effect of a private Folly, from which every Man has the good Conceit to think himself free. Add to this, that Nature always suffers a little by Compassion, and to relieve her self of an uneasy Thought, She contemplates the Folly of the Prodigal,

digal, instead of resting upon the Prospect of the Beggar. All things consider'd, it is enough for private Men to be beneficent; nor ought this to be thought a Facility of Nature, that lazily parts with what it has not Strength to keep. I despise the Weakness which is preposterously call'd *Liberality*; and hate no less the Vanity of those that never do a Kindness but for the Pleasure of boasting of it.

Of INGRATITUDE.

THere are not so many ungrateful Men as 'tis generally thought; because there are not so many generous Men as we imagine. He that in Silence suppresses a Favour receiv'd, is an unthankful Fellow, that deserv'd it not. But he that proclaims one that he has done, turns it to an Injury, shewing to your Disgrace the Necessity you had of him, and the Relief he has given you through Ostentation. I would have a Man of Honour somewhat shy of receiving Obligations, and sensible of 'em when receiv'd: I would have him that obliges, satisfied with the Generosity of the Action, and not think of any Acknowledgment from the Party oblig'd. When a Return is expected, it is no longer *Liberality*; it is a sort of Trade, which the Spirit of Interest would introduce into Favours.

'Tis true, there are some Persons whom Nature has made ungrateful: Ingratitude is the main Ingredient in their Composition; with that their Heart, their Soul, and every Part is season'd: They make no Returns to Love, not because they are hard and insensible, but because they are ungrateful.

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This *Ingratitude*, which is rooted in one's *Heart* or *Constitution*, is, of all the Kinds of it, the most opposite to Humanity : For generous Persons may sometimes shake off the Remembrance of a Benefit, to ease themselves of the Trouble that some Obligations are apt to give. But Friendship knits, not fetters us together ; and without some extraordinary Violence to Nature, it is impossible to resist its tender engaging Charms.

I am inclin'd to believe that Women ought not to resist so generous a Sentiment, whatever Pretence may be suggested, from a Regard for Virtue. And indeed, they think themselves virtuous, and are only ungrateful, when they refuse their Affection to passionate Lovers, who sacrifice every thing for 'em. To be too kind, would be a Trespass on the Rights of Honour ; not to be sensible enough, is to cross the Nature of their Hearts, which they ought to keep free from Perturbation, if possible, but not from a Tender Impression.

The *Ingratitude of the Soul* is, a natural Propensity, not to acknowledge a Service, without a Regard to Interest. Avarice may sometimes suppress an Acknowledgment, to avoid the Expence of a Return ; but pure Ingratitude is, without farther Design in it self, averse to all Requitals.

There is another sort of Ingratitude, founded on a Conceit of our own Worth, when Self-Love represents a Favour bestow'd upon us, as a Piece of Justice done to us.

The Love of Liberty has likewise its Ingratitude, as well as Self-Love. The only Subjection it allows, is to the Laws ; but out of Abhorrence of a Dependance, it hates the Memory of Obligations that shew a Superiority in the Benefactor. This makes *Republicans ungrateful*. They think

that a Diminution of their Liberty, which is allow'd to Gratitude. Thus *Brutus* thought it meritorious to sacrifice his Obligations to Liberty. All the Kindnesses heap'd on him were converted to Injuries; when he began to look upon 'em as Fetters. To sum up all, he cou'd kill a Benefactor, that was like to become a Master. An abominable Villany amongst the Partisans of Gratitude! An admirable Virtue with the Sticklers of Liberty!

As there are Men purely ungrateful, out of a meer Sense of Ingratitude, so there are some meerly thankful, out of a pure Sense of Thankfulness. Their Hearts are sensible not only of good Turns, but even of good Will too; and have of themselves a Propensity to acknowledge all manner of Obligations.

According to the great Diversity which is found both in Gratitude and Ingratitude, there are some poor Spirits that think themselves oblig'd by every thing, as well as vain Humours, that think themselves oblig'd by nothing.

If Self-conceit has its proud Ingrates, Distrust of Merit has its weak Thankful ones, that take common Justice for a particular Obligation.

This Diffidence produces an *Inclination to Subjection*, and the latter is the distinguishing Character of this kind of thankful Men. As they are incumber'd with Liberty, and asham'd of Servitude, they raise up chimerical Obligations, to give an honourable Colour to their Dependence.

I will not reckon among the Grateful, those poor Wretches that think themselves oblig'd, for not being hurt. They are not only Slaves, but Slaves that have not even the Courage to hope well. To these Wretches, all Treatment that is not rigorous is favourable, and every thing that is not an Injury, they think a Benefit.

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I have but one Word more to say about a certain Gratitude of Courtiers, which has not so much Respect to the Past, as Design upon the Future. They acknowledge Obligations to those whom Fortune has plac'd in any Post to oblige 'em; and by an affected Gratitude for Favours never done, insinuate themselves into those, in whose Power it is to do 'em, and industriously put themselves in the way of 'em. This artificial Acknowledgment, as 'tis undoubtedly no Virtue, so neither is it a Vice, but rather a Dexterity, which it is lawful for a Man either to make use of, or guard himself against.

The Great ones in Requitall, have a Trick as artificial to excuse themselves from doing Kindnesses, as the Courtiers can have to engage 'em to it. They reproach Men with Services never done, and complain of Ingratitude, tho' they have hardly ever obliged any one, to draw from hence a specious Pretence to oblige no Body.

But let us dismiss this affected Gratitude, and these mysterious Complaints of Ingratitude; and let us see what is to be wish'd for in the Pretences to, and the Distribution of Benefits. I cou'd wish in those that claim them more Merit than Address, and in the Disposers more Generosity than Ostentation.

Justice respects every thing in the Distribution of Favours; it regulates the Liberality of the Giver, and weighs the Merit of the Receiver. Generosity thus circumstantiated is an admirable Virtue: otherwise, it is the Motion of a Soul truly noble, but ill-govern'd; or a wild vain-glorious Humour, that thinks Reason a Clog to it.

There are so many things to be consider'd in the Distribution of Benefits, that the safest way is always to observe strict Justice, and consult Reason equally, both as to those we make the Objects of

'em, and about what we are able to give. But even among those that intend strict Justice, how many are mis-guided by the Error of their Temper, either in rewarding or punishing? When we give way to Insinuation, and yield to Complaisance, Self-Love represents to us as Justice, a Lavishness to them that flatter us; and we reward 'em for the Artifice they use, to deceive our Judgments, and impose upon the Imbecillity of our Wills.

They deceive themselves yet more easily, who mistake a morose severe Temper for an Inclination to Justice. The Itch of punishing is ingenious in 'em to set an ill Gloss upon every thing. Pleasure, with them is Vice, and Error a Crime. A Man must divest himself of Humanity to escape their Rigour. Misled by a false Notion of Virtue, they think they chastise Criminals, while they delight in tormenting the Miserable.

If Justice appoints a great Punishment, (which is sometimes necessary) it is proportion'd to some great Crime; but is never harsh or rigorous. Severity and Rigour are no part of it, but spring from the Humours of those Persons that think they practise it. As these sorts of Punishments flow from Justice without Rigour, so likewise does Pardon in some Cases, rather than from Clemency. To pardon Faults of Error, is but Justice to the Failings of our Nature. The Indulgence we shew to Women that have Intrigues, is likewise rather a Justice to their Weakness, than a Pardon of their Sin.

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Of RELIGION.

I Might descend to several other Particulars relating to Justice ; but it is now high time to proceed to Religion, which ought to be our principal care. None but Mad-men can depend upon a Life that must certainly have an End, and which may end every Hour.

Meer Curiosity will make us inquisitive to know what shall become of us after Death. We are too dear to our Selves to consent to the irrecoverable Loss of our Souls. Self-Love secretly opposes the Notion of Annihilation. We are desirous to exist always, and the Mind, which is concern'd in its own Preservation, improves this Desire, by affording some Light into a thing of it self so obscure. On the other hand, the Body finding by certain Experience that it must die, and being unwilling to die alone, furnishes Reasons to involve the Soul in one common Ruin ; whilst the Soul frames one to believe, it may subsist for ever. I have Searched for all the Light I could both from the Ancients and Moderns to assist my Reflections in diving into so abstruse a Mystery : I have read all that has been Written on the Immortality of the Soul, and after I have done so with all possible Attention, the clearest Proof that I find of the Eternity of my Soul, is my own constant Desire that it may be so.

I wish I had never read *Monsieur Descartes's Meditations* : The great Reputation of that excellent Man among us, would have given me some implicit Belief of the Demonstration he promises us ; But there appeared to me more Vanity in the Assurance he gives us, than Solidity in his Arguments ; and how desirous soever I was to be con-

vinc'd by his Reasons, all that I can do in his favour or my own, is to remain in the Uncertainty I was in before.

I leave the Study of *Metaphysics* to make an Enquiry into Religions, and tracing it up to that Antiquity of which I am so fond, I find among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, nothing but a Superstitious Idolatrous Worship, or Politick Humane Contrivances, establish'd for the Government of Men. It was not difficult for me to see the Advantages of the Christian Religion over all the rest; and submitting my self the best I can, with Reverence to the Belief of its Mysteries, I leave my Reason to taste with Pleasure the Purest, and most perfect Morality in the World.

Amidst the Diversity of Beliefs that divide Christianity, the true *Catholick* engages me as well by my own free Election, were I yet to chuse, as by the habitual Impression it has long since made upon me.

But this Adherence to my own, does not Animate me against other Peoples Belief; and I never entertain'd that indiscreet Zeal which inspires a Hatred for some Persons, because they do not agree with us in Opinion. This False Zeal is the Result of Self-love, and a secret Deceit represents to us an Excess of Complacency in our own Sentiments, under the Form of Charity towards our Neighbours.

What we now call RELIGIONS, is indeed but a *Difference in Religion*, and not a *Different Religion*. I rejoyce that my Faith is more sound than a *Protestant's*: yet instead of Hating him for this Difference of Opinion, I Love him because he agrees with me in the *Fundamentals*. The Means at length to agree in the whole, is always to communicate in something. A Desire of Re-union can never be inspir'd, till the Enmity that arises from

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from Division be suppress'd. Men may seek one another as Sociable, but they never re-unite with their Enemies.

Diffimulation and Hypocrisy in Religion, are the only Things that ought to be Odious: For whoever believes *bona fide*, altho' his Belief should be wrong, deserves Pity, and not Persecution. *Blindness* in the Body bespeaks our *Compassion*; why then should that of the Mind excite our *Hatred*? Under the severest Tyranny of former Ages, the Understanding was allow'd its full Liberty; But now a-Days there are Notions among Christians, wherein the Perswasion of what one cannot believe is impos'd as a Law! In my Opinion, every Body ought to be Free in his Belief, provided it does not tend to raise Factions that may endanger the publick Tranquility. Churches do of Right belong to Sovereigns; according to whose Will and Pleasure they are either open'd or shut up; But our own Hearts are a private Church, wherein we are allow'd to worship * their Master.

Belides, the Difference of Doctrine in some Points peculiar to every Sect, I observe, as it were, a sort of particular Spirit that distinguishes them. The Catholick tends particularly to the Love of God, and Good Works. We look upon this first Being as an Object sovereignly amiable, and tender Souls are touch'd with the sweet and agreeable Impressions it makes on 'em. Good Works follow necessarily from this Principle; for

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Love

* The Emperor Constantius Chlorus, tho' a Pagan, was contented to pull down the Churches of the Christians, and would permit no other Violence against them, CONSTANTIUS, ne dissentire à Majorum Præceptis videretur, Conventicula, id est Parietes qui restitui poterant, dirui passus est; verum autem Dei Templum quod est in Hominibus, incolume servavit, LACT de Mort. Pers. §. 15.

Love once receiv'd within, actuates us without, and puts us upon endeavouring all we can to please him we love. All we have to fear in this case is, lest the Source of this Love, the Heart, should be corrupted by the mixture of any Passion altogether Humane. It is likewise to be feared, that instead of obeying the Ordinance of God, we should frame Methods of serving him according to our own Fancies. But if this Love be real and pure, nothing in the World yields such true Sweetness and Satisfaction. The inward Joy of devout Souls, rises from a secret Assurance they have of being agreeable to God; and the true Mortifications, and holy Austerities are nothing else but affectionate Sacrifices of themselves.

The *Reformed Religion* divests Men of all confidence in *their own Merit*. The Opinion of *Predestination*, which they begin to be disgusted with, but dare not forego, lest they should be thought to recant, leaves the Mind languid, unmov'd, without Affection, under pretence of waiting with submission for the Will of Heaven. They are Content barely to obey, and seek not to please; and in a set common Worship, make God the Object rather of their Regularity than their Love.

To preserve Religion in its *Purity*, the *Calvinists* endeavour to reform every Thing that appears Human; but sometimes to debar Man of what is Human, they retrench too much of what is address'd to God. Their dislike of our Ceremonies, makes 'em industrious to refine upon us: Yet when they have attain'd to this dry naked Purity, they find not in themselves a sufficient stock of Devotion; and those that are Pious amongst 'em excite in themselves a particular Spirit, which they think Supernatural; so much are they disgusted with a Regularity which to them seems too common.

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There are in matters of Worship two sorts of Humours. The one wou'd be always adding to, and the other always retrenching what is Eftablifhed. In the firft, there is a Hazard of giving too much Out-side to Religion, and covering it with fo many Exteriors, that the real Ground of it cannot be feen through 'em. In the other, the Danger is, left after having retrench'd all that appears fuperfluous, Religion it felf fhould be cut off. The Catholick might, indeed, fpare fome Ceremonies; yet that hinders not, but that Men of Underftanding may fee well enough through 'em.

The Reform'd ufe too little, and their ordinary Worship is not fufficiently diftinguifh'd from the common Functions of Life. In Places where it is not tolerated, the Difficulty prevents their Difguft, and the Difpute raifes a Warmth that animates them. Where it rules, it produces only an exact Compliance with Duty, fuch as either the Civil Government, or any other Obligation might do.

As for Good Works among the Reformed, they are only the Effects of their Faith, and the Result of their Belief. We are agreed on both fides, that every Chriftian is bound to Believe, and Live aright, but our ways of expreffing it differ: They fay, that *Good Works without Faith are but Dead Works*; and we, that *Faith without Good Works is but Dead Faith*.

The Minifter *Morus* was wont to fay amongft his Friends, ' That his Church had something ' too hard in its Tenets; and he advifed People ' never to read St. PAUL's EPISTLES, ' without ending with that of St. *James*: For fear, ' faid he, left St. *Paul's* Heat againft the Merit of ' *Good-Works*, fhould infenfibly make us fomewhat ' remifs in the Practice of 'em.

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It may, in my Opinion, be affirm'd, That St. Peter and St. James, who preach'd to People sunk into such deep Corruption as the *Jews* were, had Reason to enforce the Necessity of Good-Works; for thereby they prescrib'd to 'em what they wanted, and of which they might themselves be convinc'd. But these Apostles would have little advanc'd their Ministry by a Discourse about *Grace*, with a People who thought they had more Faith than all the World besides; who had seen the Miracles perform'd in their Favour; and who had a Thousand Times experienc'd the visible Assistances of a GOD.

St. Paul acted no less wisely with the *Gentiles*; it being certain that he would have converted but few People to JESUS-CHRIST by the Argument of GOOD-WORKS. The *Gentiles* were just and temperate; upright and innocent; firm and resolute, to such a Degree as to die for their Country. Now to preach *Good-Works* to them, was no more than what the Philosophers did, who taught 'em to live well. I own, JESUS-CHRIST's Morals were purer, but they had nothing that could make any Impression on their Minds. It was therefore, fitting to preach to 'em the Necessity of GRACE, and, as much as was possible, to suppress the Confidence they had on their Virtue.

Methinks, that since the REFORMATION, of which the Immorality of the Clergy was either the Pretence or Reason: Methinks, I say, that since that time *Christianity* has been made to consist in the Doctrine of *Articles of Belief*. Those that set up the Reformation arraign'd our Corruption and Vice, and now a-Days we object against them our *Good-Works*. The very same Persons that reproach'd us with ill Living, will now take no other

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ther advantage of us than that of an imaginary Purer Faith. We allow the Necessity of Belief, but Charity was commanded by JESUS-CHRIST, and the Doctrine of Mysteries was not establish'd till a long Time after his Death. He did not himself express so clearly what he was, as what he required; from whence we may conclude, that he rather chose to be obey'd; than to make himself known. Our Faith is obscure, but our Law is very clearly Expressed. The necessary Points of our Faith, are above our Apprehension; but those of our Duty are suited to the Capacities of all the World. In a word, GOD has given us Light enough to do well; and we would indulge with it our Curiosity of knowing too much; and instead of acquiescing in what he is pleased to discover to us, we would pry into what he has conceal'd from us.

I know that the Contemplation of Heavenly Things does sometimes happily disengage us from the World: But it is frequently no more than meer Speculation, and the Result of a Vice very Natural to Mankind. The immoderate Ambition of Knowledge, extends it self beyond Nature, even so far as to enquire into what is most Myste-rious in its Author, not so much out of a Design to adore him, as out of a yain Curiosity of knowing all things.

This Vice is close attended by another: Curiosity breeds Presumption, and being as bold in De- fining, as indiscreet in Enquiring, we erect, as it were, an infallible Science of those that are to us altogether inconceivable. So depravedly do we use the Will and Understanding! We proudly aspire to know every thing, and cannot; we may Religiously observe every thing, and will not: Let us be Just, Charitable, and Patient, accord-
ing

ing to the Principles of our Religion, and we shall know and observe at the same Time.

I leave it to our Doctors to refute the Errors of the *Calvinists*, 'tis enough for me to be persuaded that our Opinions are the Sounder. But if rightly apprehended, I dare say the Spirit of both Religions is indifferently grounded on good Principles; only one extends farther the Exercise of Good Works; with the other, the Cautions to avoid Evil, are more exact.

The *Catholick* with an active Resolution, and loving Industry, is perpetually seeking some new way of pleasing God. The *Reformed* stinted by Circumspection and Respect, dares not venture beyond a known Precept, for fear by imagin'd Novelties, of giving too much Sway to his Fancy.

To be always disputing Points of Doctrine, is not the Means to reunite us. Arguments being inexhaustible, the Controversie will last as long as there are Men to manage it. But if We would leave these Disputes, that only serve to exasperate us, and return without Passion to that particular Spirit that distinguishes us, it will not be impossible to find a General one in which we may agree.

Let us *Catholicks* bridle the restless Zeal, that makes us act a little too much of our own Heads. Let the *Reformed* shake off their unactive Regularity, and animate their Languor, without departing from their Submission to Providence. Let us retrench something in Condescension to them, and let them admit something more in Complaisance to us. Then without thinking either of *Free-will* or *Predestination*, we shall Frame insensibly a true Rule for our Actions, which will be follow'd by that of our Opinions.

If we come to a Reconciliation of Wills upon the good Conduct of *Life*, it will soon produce a good

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good Understanding in *Doctrine*. Let us but join in *Good Works*, and we shall not long be of separate *Faiths*.

I conclude from this short Discourse, that it is an ill Method of converting Men, to attack 'em by affronting their Judgments. A Man * defends his Notions either as true, or as his own; and however it be, he raises a hundred Objections against the Person that wou'd convince him.

Nature has given to every one his proper Sense, and seems to have engag'd him to it by a secret fond Indulgence; he can submit to the Will of another, tho' he be free; he can own himself inferiour in Courage and Virtue; but he is asham'd to confess a Submission to another Man's Sense. And his most natural Reluctance is to acknowledge a Superiority of Reason in any one whomsoever.

As our chief Advantage is to be born reasonable, so our greatest Jealousie is to find that others pretend to be so, more than our selves. If we consult the Conversions of ancient Times, we shall find that the Souls were mov'd, but the Understandings very little convinc'd. The first Disposition to receive the Truths of *Christianity* is form'd in the Heart. In Things purely natural, 'tis the Mind's Part to conceive, and its Knowledge goes before the Affection for the Objects: But in Things supernatural, the Soul is taken, it is affected, it adheres, and unites it self, without ever comprehending 'em.

Heaven has better prepar'd our Hearts for the Impressions of GOD's Grace, than our Understandings for Illumination. His Immensity confounds

* This is one of Montaigne's Thoughts.

found our narrow Intellects: His Bounty agrees better with our Love. There is I know not what within us, that secretly pleads for a GOD, whom we cannot comprehend; and hence it is, that to succeed in the Conversion of Men, we must settle a pleasing Commerce with 'em, by Means of which we may inspire 'em with the same Movements: For in Disputes of Religion the Mind in vain strains it self to make us see, what we see not: But in a sweet and pious Familiarity, it is easie for the Soul to infuse Sentiments.

To consider well the Christian Religion, wou'd make one think, that God had depriv'd it of the Light of our Minds, that it might turn more upon the Motions of our Hearts. *To love God and our Neighbour* includes all, says *St. Paul*. And what is this, but to require a Disposition of Heart as well towards God as Man? It is properly to oblige us to do out of a Principle of Love, what the Civil Government enjoins by rigorous Laws, and Morality prescribes by a severe Order of Reason.

Charity makes us relieve and succour, while Justice forbids us to do Wrong. The latter with Difficulty hinders Opposition; the other, with Pleasure procures Relief.

Those who have the true Sentiments that our Religion inspires, can't be unfaithful to a Friend, or ungrateful to a Benefactor. With these good Sentiments, a Heart innocently loves those Objects God has made amiable, and the most Innocent Part of our Loves is the most charming and tender.

Let gross and sensual Persons complain of our Religion for the Constraint it lays upon 'em; yet the Nice and Refined will commend it for

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sparing them Disgusts and Repentance. More skilful than voluptuous Philosophy in the Science of Pleasures; and wiser than severe Philosophy in Point of Morality, it refines our Taste to Delicacy, and our Sentiments to Innocence.

Look upon Man in a civil Society, if Justice be necessary, yet 'tis a Restraint to him. In the pure State of Nature, his Liberty will have something of Barbarity in it; and if he govern himself by Morality, his Reason is austere. All other Religions stir up in the Mind tempestuous Thoughts, and troublesome Passions. They raise against Nature superstitious Fears, or a furious Zeal: Sometimes to the sacrificing our Children, like *Agamemnon*; at other times to the Devoting our selves, like *Decius*. Only the Christian Religion composes all our Iniquities; softens all our Fierceness; sets all our tender Movements a-going, not only for our Friends and Neighbours, but for the Indifferent, and even for our Enemies.

This is the End of the Christian Religion, and this was once the Practice of it. If it be otherwise now, it is because we have let it lose its Influence on our Hearts, and given way to the Encroachments of our Imaginations upon it. Hence springs the Division of our Minds about *Faith*, instead of the Union of our Wills in *Good Works*; insomuch, that what ought to be a Band of Charity betwixt Men, is now become the Subject of their Quarrels, Jealousies and ill Nature.

From this Diversity of Opinions has arisen that of Parties, and the Adherence to Parties, has caus'd Persecutions and Wars. Many Thousands have died in disputing about the *Manner* of Receiving, what, 'twas agreed on all Hands,

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we do receive in the Sacrament. 'Tis a Mischief that still continues, and will last till Religion quits the *Curiosity* of our Minds for the *Tenderness* of our Hearts; and disgusted with the foolish *Presumption* of our Enquiries, returns to the sweet *Motions* of our *Love*.

The End of the First Volume.
